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Vol. 1

HARRISBURG, PA., AUGUST, 1886.

No. 8

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FIELD AND POST ROOM.

Vol. I.

HARRISBURG, PA., JANUARY, 1886.

No. 1.

" * * * To those who, crippled, pine,
Let us give hope of happier days,
Let homes, for all those sad wrecks of war,
Through all the land with speed arise;
They cry from every gaping scar,
'Let not one brother's tomb debar
The wounded living from your eyes.' "

G. A. R.

An Historical Sketch, by Comrade Robert E. Booth, Post 5,
Dep't of Penn'a, Post Commander-in-Chief.



THE "Grand Army of the Republic" is an organization composed exclusively of those who served in the Union Army or Navy during the Rebellion; and is the outgrowth of a natural desire on the part of the participants in the conflict of arms, to strengthen

and perpetuate friendships formed amidst hardships and dangers, and through the strong bonds of fraternity, enjoy the social advantages of frequent meetings with old comrades, and with them plan for the care and comfort of the sick and disabled or destitute of their number; to honor the memories of the dead, and to cherish and maintain the principles upon which the order is based.

Although but nineteen years have elapsed since the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, the names of those to whom the order owes its conception are not on record, and the data concerning the initiatory movements is unattainable.

It is generally agreed, however, that Dr. B. F. Stephenson, now dead, was the organizer, if not the originator, of the first post, which was formed in Decatur, Illinois, in the Spring of 1866, and it was through his exertions that posts were organized in that and adjoining States. These lacked a central or general organization and regulations, until a meeting was held in Springfield, Illinois, in July, 1866,

by the representatives of over forty posts of that State. General John M. Palmer was there chosen Grand Commander. Dr. Stephenson acted as Provisional Commander-in-Chief, with Colonel J. C. Webber as Adjutant General, and headquarters at Springfield; and when 8 kts had been formed in several States, Col. Stephenson, in pursuance of General Order No. 13, dated October 31, 1866, convened their representatives for the formation of a national organization. A convention was accordingly held in Indianapolis, on November 20, with representatives present from posts in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and the District of Columbia.

The meeting was a large one and attracted general attention. General John M. Palmer, of Illinois, presided, and the encampment adopted plans for the organization of posts, state departments, and a national encampment, substantially as they are in force to-day.

Eligibility to membership was declared in the following terms: Soldiers and sailors of the United States army, navy or marine corps, who served during the late rebellion, and those having been honorably discharged therefrom after such service, shall be eligible to membership in the Grand Army of the Republic. No soldier or sailor who has been convicted by court-martial of desertion or any other infamous crime shall be admitted. No person shall be eligible to membership who has at any time borne arms against the United States.

The objects to be accomplished by the organization were stated to be:

1. To preserve and strengthen those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion.

2. To make these feelings efficient in works of kindness and material aid to those who fought with us by land or by sea for the preservation of the Union, and who now need our assistance for themselves or their families, by making provision where it is not already made.

For the protection of such as have been disabled either by wounds, sickness, old age, or misfortune.

For the maintenance of the widows of such

as have fallen, and the support, care and education of their children.

3. To establish and secure the rights of these defenders of their country by all moral, social and political means in our control.

To inculcate upon the whole country a proper appreciation of their services, and a recognition of their just claims.

But this association does not design to make nominations for office, or to use its influence as a secret organization for partisan purposes.

To maintain true allegiance to the United States of America, based upon a paramount respect for and fidelity to the national constitution and laws, to be manifested by the discountenancing of whatever may tend to weaken loyalty, incite to insurrection, treason or rebellion, or in any manner impair the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions, together with a defense of universal liberty, equal rights and justice to all men.

Section three, as given above, has been since stricken out, and the introduction of partisan questions has been prohibited: "No officer or comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic shall in any manner use this organization for partisan purposes, and no discussion of partisan questions shall be permitted at any of its meetings, nor shall any nominations for political office be made."

Rules and regulations for the government of the order were adopted, and the encampment adjourned, intrusting to the officers selected the work of systematizing and perfecting the organization. These officers were: Commander-in-Chief, General Stephen A. Hurlbut; Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief, General James B. McKean, of New York; Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief, General Nathan Kimball, of Indiana; Adjutant General, Col. B. F. Stephenson.

The second national encampment met in the council chambers, Philadelphia, January 15, 1868; the following departments being represented in addition to those named in the first meeting: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Michigan, Minnesota, Tennessee and Louisiana.

The convention found itself in anything but a proper condition for intelligent action. There had been no intercommunication among the different departments, no correspondence with head-quarters, and no general interchange of opinions, theories and ideas, but each delegate had apparently come with his own more or less de ideas. Neither the Commander-in-Chief the Adjutant General laid before the con-

vention any suggestions as to the result of their experience. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the delegates, with great harmony, constituted the proper committees, and succeeded during the session, in revising the regulations and ritual, a labor which, by no means perfect, resulted in great improvement upon the previous regulations and ritual. More was accomplished, however, at this convention, by the opportunity offered to compare various views, and the bringing together for discussion of the different opinions entertained by members from all parts of the North, as to what the organization should be, than in the mere matter of revising regulations or remodeling the ritual.

The national encampment which convened in Philadelphia, was, therefore, an era in the history of the order. It resulted in the establishment of head-quarters at the National Capitol, which, to a certain extent, not only nationalized the order, but gave great facility of communication, and for the first time enabled a correspondence to be opened with the leading members of the organization, and with the various departments and commands throughout the United States. At this encampment the following officers were elected: Gen. John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief; Comrade Joshua T. Owen, of Pennsylvania, Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief; Comrade Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief; Comrade Ed. Jardine, of New Jersey, Inspector General; Comrade T. C. Campbell, of Ohio, Quartermaster General; Comrade Jno. Bell, of Iowa, Surgeon General; and Comrade A. B. Quint, of Massachusetts, Chaplain General. Gen. N. P. Chapman was appointed Adjutant General.

The unoccupied States and Territories were organized into departments as rapidly as possible, and all those who had been comrades in arms, encouraged to establish Posts and bring themselves within the benefits and influences of the order, and at the next annual encampment, which assembled in Cincinnati, on the 12th day of May, 1869, we find thirty-seven departments reported, representing two thousand and fifty posts, and an increase of sixteen departments during the year.

General Logan was re-elected at the encampment held in Cincinnati, May 12, 1869, and again at Washington, May 11, 1870.

In 1868, General Logan directed the observance of May 30th as a MEMORIAL DAY, and the national encampment, on his recommendation, incorporated the same in its organic law, making the observance of that day general and binding on the organization.

At first this met with considerable opposition and unfavorable criticism on the part of those outside of the order, as threatening a revival of sectional animosities which should be buried forever; but the results have justified the wisdom of the action. There having been no *personal* hatred to the Confederate soldier, even in the field, there certainly was none after they laid down their arms. The ceremony was intended to honor the Union dead, and to teach the rising generation lessons of patriotism, and not to stir up strife between the victor and the vanquished. All adverse criticisms have, however, been silenced, as year after year the ceremonies grow in impressiveness and in the number participating.

Several of the States have made this Memorial Day a legal holiday, and throughout the country its public observance attracts general attention and respect.

The order of General Logan upon this subject reads as follows:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 5, 1868.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 11.

1. The 30th of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late Rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village and hamlet church-yard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors and marines who fought to suppress the Rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes? Their soldier lives were the reviville of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations, that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free or divided Republic. If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remains to us. Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains, and garland the passionless moulds above them with the choicest flowers of spring-time; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

2. It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order, and lend its friendly aid in bringing to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

3. Department Commanders will use every effort to make this order effective.

By order of JOHN A. LOGAN,
Commander-in-Chief.

N. P. CHIPMAN,
Adjutant General.

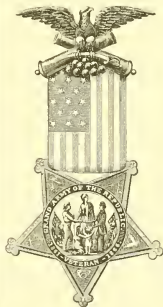
A special meeting of the national encampment was convened in the city of New York, in October, 1868, when a committee was appointed to consider suggested changes in the rules, regulations and ritual, and report to the next encampment. It was particularly designed to incorporate in our order a system of "degrees," such as in vogue in some other organizations.

The committee, composed of excellent material, with Comrade James Shaw, Jr., of R. I., as chairman, presented to the encampment at Cincinnati, in 1869, a code of laws and a ritual dividing the membership into three classes—Recruits, Soldiers, Veterans, and this report, with a few immaterial changes, was adopted by that encampment.

It was there decided that all the post, department and national officers (and representatives to the latter) and all who had been members of the order for eight months, should be entitled to the higher grade, on taking anew the obligation imposed on each member. Recruits were required to serve on probation for a certain time without the right to vote, before advancement to the second grade.

The radical action of the national encampment met with most serious opposition, the entire membership seemed awakened to the fact that a great mistake had been made, and their rights jeopardized by their representatives. During the time this system was in force, posts were lost by the hundred, and members by the thousand, and after two years trial the national encampment abolished the system and returned to the first principles.

At the special meeting above mentioned, on motion of Comrade F. A. Starring, of Illinois, a committee was appointed to consider the subject of a badge for the membership.



The badge is bronze, made of cannon captured during the late rebellion, in form a five-pointed star, similar in general design to the two hundred medals of honor authorized by act of Congress to be given to soldiers and sailors most distinguished for meritorious and gallant conduct.

The reverse side represents a branch of laurel—the crown and sword of the bravest—in each point of the star. In the centre the national shield, surrounded by the twenty-four corps badges, arranged numerically, each on a keystone, and all linked together, showing they are united, and will guard and protect the shield of the nation. Around

the centre is a circle of stars, representing the States of the Union and the departments composing the Grand Army of the Republic. Credit for the design is due to Comrade F. A. Starring, at that time Inspector General of the order.

With some slight modification, the cut here presented shows the design of the face of the badge adopted by the committee, and which is now used.

General Ambrose E. Burnside, of Rhode Island, was elected Commander-in-Chief at the encampment held in Boston, May 10, 1871, and served two years with distinguished ability, doing much to place the order on a higher plane than it had before occupied.

General Louis Wagner, of Pennsylvania, succeeded Governor Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, as Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief, acting as Commander-in-Chief for some months, during General Burnside's absence in Europe. General James Coey, of California, was elected Junior Vice Commander. Head-quarters were transferred to the city of New York, and Captain Roswell Miller was appointed Adjutant General, giving for two years valuable service, for which he declined any recompense. Under his supervision the books and records were so systematized that no important change has since been required. Captain Miller is now manager of one of the most extensive railway corporations in the country, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

General Burnside having positively declined a third term, General Charles Devens, Jr., of Massachusetts, afterwards Attorney General of the United States, was chosen his successor at New Haven, Conn., May 11, 1873. He was re-elected at the session in Harrisburg, Pa., May 12, 1874. During his administration the headquarters were in Boston, Mass.

Governor John F. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, was elected Commander-in-Chief, at Chicago, May 12, 1875, and he established headquarters at Philadelphia, with Colonel Robert B. Beath as Adjutant General. Governor Hartranft was re-elected at Philadelphia, June 30, 1876.

At the Providence encampment, in June, 1877, General John C. Robinson, of New York, was elected Commander-in-Chief, and headquarters were removed to New York city. Colonel James L. Farley was appointed Adjutant General. Comrade Robinson was re-elected at the encampment in Springfield, Mass., in June, 1878.

The twelfth annual session was held in Albany, in June, 1879, and was a meeting of considerable interest. Comrade William Earnshaw, Chaplain of the National Home, Dayton,

Ohio, was elected Commander-in-Chief. Headquarters during his term were at Dayton, where the thirteenth session was held in June, 1880.

At Albany the rule or custom of re-electing the Senior and Junior Vice Commanders-in-Chief was broken, in order that the honors of the highest positions might be passed around to a greater number of comrades, and this rule was afterward applied to the position of Commander-in-Chief.

General Louis Wagner, of Pennsylvania, was elected Commander-in-Chief at Dayton, and he appointed Colonel Robert B. Beath as Adjutant General, with headquarters in Philadelphia.

A very large gain in membership was made during this year. Commander-in-Chief Wagner, at his own expense, visited a large number of departments, and attended meetings and reunions of soldiers at distant points, with a view of making more widely known the objects of the Grand Army.

Comrade Geo. S. Merrill, of Massachusetts, was chosen to succeed Comrade Wagner, at the fifteenth annual meeting, held at Indianapolis, June, 1881. Col. Wm. M. Olin was appointed Adjutant General, and the headquarters were removed to Boston.

In June, 1882, the national encampment was held in the city of Baltimore, and Comrade Paul Van Der Voort, of Nebraska, was chosen Commander-in-Chief. Comrade F. E. Brown was appointed Adjutant General and headquarters were established at Omaha.

The seventeenth annual session was held in Denver, Colorado. Comrade Robert B. Beath, of Pennsylvania, was elected Commander-in-Chief, and the headquarters were established at Philadelphia, with Comrade John M. Vanderslice as Adjutant General.

At the encampment held in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in July, 1884, Comrade John S. Koontz, of Ohio, was elected Commander-in-Chief, and he appointed as Adjutant General, Comrade W. W. Alcorn, and established headquarters at Toledo, Ohio.

The nineteenth annual session was held in Portland, Maine, June, 1885, and was largely attended. Comrade Samuel S. Burdett, of the Department of the Potomac, was elected Commander-in-Chief. Headquarters were established at Washington, D. C., and Comrade John Cameron appointed Adjutant General.

Several meetings of the national encampment were held in conjunction with the meetings of the Army of the Potomac and its corps societies. At all the meetings the members have been most cordially welcomed and most hospitably entertained.

The following statement exhibits the condition of the order at the date of the last compilation of returns, March 31, 1885.

DEPARTMENTS.	MARCH 31, 1885.		EXPENDED FOR CHARITY DURING THE YEAR.
	POSTS.	MEMBERS.	
Arkansas,	17	519	\$ 780 00
California,	58	3,449	1,145 35
Colorado,	55	2,388	2,163 48
Connecticut,	59	4,901	1,904 42
Dakota,	69	2,184	293 90
Delaware,	11	512	206 90
Florida,	6	120	23 55
Gulf,	4	322	697 35
Illinois,	420	19,775	4,924 19
Indiana,	390	16,437	3,502 57
Iowa,	388	16,720	3,652 16
Kansas,	345	17,952	6,097 37
Kentucky,	19	970	28 75
Maine,	130	8,076	4,243 98
Massachusetts,	180	16,849	37,366 26
Maryland,	36	2,275	1,054 51
Michigan,	308	14,697	3,354 81
Minnesota,	126	5,944	1,470 85
Missouri,	176	7,642	1,512 03
Montana,	12	344	
Nebraska,	124	4,369	1,121 03
New Hampshire,	81	4,320	4,407 20
New Jersey,	93	5,713	6,961 56
New Mexico,	8	284	13 50
New York,	544	31,377	31,614 64
Ohio,	488	27,461	10,360 12
Oregon,	26	817	224 78
Pennsylvania,	476	34,412	33,031 73
Potomac,	10	1,774	1,533 82
Rhode Island,	16	1,296	495 74
Tenn. & Georgia,	30	1,087	67 80
Texas,	6	283	
Utah,	9	258	207 25
Vermont,	86	3,541	548 57
Virginia,	16	711	607 76
Washington Ty.,	18	822	274 10
West Virginia,	22	667	403 93
Wisconsin,	164	8,426	3,176 81
<i>Totals,</i>	5,026	269,684	\$170,092 77

The twentieth session of the national encampment will be held in the city of San Francisco, Cal., during the coming summer, the time not having been definitely fixed.

THE WORKING DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY.

In the last of the series of annual reports of the operations of the quartermaster's department of the army for the year ending June 30, 1865, there is a total of nearly five hundred millions appropriated for that branch of the service. All of this amount was spent up to the 30th of June, 1865, except twenty-seven millions.

This money was expended to provide means of transportation by land and water for the

troops and their material of war. It furnished the horses for artillery and cavalry, the horses and mules for the wagon trains, supplied tents, camp equipage, forage, lumber, and all material for camps and for the shelter of the troops. It built barracks, hospitals, and store-houses, provided wagons, ambulances, and harness, except for cavalry and artillery horses, ships and steamers, docks and wharves, constructed railroad and other bridges, bought clothes for the army, and was charged generally with the payment of all expenses attending military operations not assigned by law or regulation to some other army department.

That department transported the stores of all other departments from the depots to the camps, upon the march and to the battlefield, until they were finally issued to the troops.

What can surpass 1,769 miles of military railways repaired, maintained, stocked, and operated by the agents of this department! What quantities of iron used to repair so many miles of track, and what great quantities of iron destroyed by the contending forces! Rolling mills were established by the troops; mills capable of re-rolling fifty tons of railroad iron a day. Three hundred and sixty-five locomotives, 4,203 cars were operated by General McCallum in the last year of the war.

The number of army railway men employed in April, 1865, when the war was closing, was 23,533. The military telegraph lines were kept up at an expense of \$75,000 a month. The number of miles in operation during the last year of the war, was 8,201 on land, 121 sub-marine. During the whole time of the war, 15,000 miles of military telegraph were constructed and operated. In the year 1863, the telegraphic expense averaged \$38,500 per month. The total expenditure of the telegraphic business from May 1, 1861, to June 30, 1865, was \$2,655,500. The amount of forage, fuel, and regular supplies handled and consumed is simply too great to calculate.

Major C. R. Prentiss, of the Sixth Union Maryland, was shot through the breast at the final and successful assault on Lee's lines near Petersburg. He fell on the inside of the last line of rebel works, near where his rebel brother lay also badly wounded, him a captain in a Maryland Confederate regiment. They were both taken to the rear in the same ambulance, and both died in the same hospital. Though divided in life, they were united in death. The Union brother before his death was commissioned a lieutenant colonel of the regular army for "conspicuous gallantry."

"Who comes there?" "A friend!" "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." "Field and Post Room."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
FRANK B. KINNEARD AND WILSON C. FOX,
No. 34 NORTH THIRD STREET, HARRISBURG, PA.

ENTERED IN THE HARRISBURG POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

OUR SALUTE.

"FORWARD, MARCH!" In obedience to the command of many Grand Army men, we go forward into the line of the American Press, firm in patriotic resolution—strong in loyal purpose. The bugle call sounds grandly clear, "Onward," and this initial number of FIELD AND POST ROOM is before you. No class of men are better readers than those of the Grand Army of the Republic. They delight in preserving the stories of that war which made them Comrades, and they revel in the exciting narratives rehashed around the camp-fire or in the post-room. We propose to give prominence to these incidents—to preserve them in our columns—so that not only those who fought by our side on many a memorable occasion, may recall these reminiscences to mind, but also a record for the future, when the Veteran shall have passed Life's final Grand Review. We shall aim to make this journal a welcome visitor, not only in every Post Room, but in the family of every member of the Grand Army. Each Comrade will learn to prize it, for it will always bring to him the truthful ex-implications of those three great and cardinal principals of our Order—"FRATERNITY, CHARITY, AND LOYALTY." Established for the benefit of all who venerate these principles, we shall look to them for that support which will insure this journal a successful "Onward March!"

WHAT WAR COSTS.

It is almost impossible for human calculation to estimate, even approximately, the waste, losses, and miseries attendant upon the late civil war. These can be understood only by looking, not merely at the immense columns of the Union army and its 2,800 battles, but at the great columns of figures which indicate the immensity of the expenditure.

The number of men in the United States armies from 1861 to 1865, was 2,859,132. This, of course, includes terms of service as short as thirty days, a large proportion of three months men and two years terms, besides a great number of veteran re-enlistments after three years service. The amount of bounties paid was

\$285,941,036. The number of casualties in the volunteer and regular armies, reported by the Provost Marshal General, was 61,362 killed in battle; 34,727 died of wounds; 183,287 died of disease; making the total deaths, 278,386. The total number of desertions was 199,105. The number of United States soldiers captured was 212,608. The number of United States soldiers paroled on the field was 16,437. The number of United States soldiers who died as prisoners of war was 29,725.

A special report of the Secretary of the Treasury to the U. S. Senate, dated June 10, 1880, gives an itemized statement of the gross expenditures of the government from July 1, 1861, to June 30, 1879; showing the expenditure other than for the war, and the expenditure growing out of the war.

The gross expenditure was . . . \$6,844,571,431

The ordinary expenditure was . . . 654,641,522

The war expenses were, therefore, \$6,169,929,909

The aggregate, of course, includes the public debt, and interest on it for that period, but not the interest paid since June 30, 1879. Nor does it include the vast sum paid since June 30, 1879, for pensions and arrears of pensions, and for the pay of retired army and navy officers. These additional expenditures will amount to at least \$800,000,000 more.

BONDHOLDERS VS. PENSIONERS.

Secretary Lamar, in his report as chief of the Department of the Interior, says regarding pensions:

"I know of no burden of Government that is more cheerfully borne than that of the pension system. I concur fully in all efforts to demonstrate that it is universally regarded as a noble beneficence, and in the view that when well and cleanly administered it is noble in its purpose and good in its results, diffusing with a liberal and just hand the wealth of a wealthy people among those who suffer from the strokes of war, and have become impoverished by its misfortunes. * * * It appears that the amount of money paid as pensions does not equal the amount of interest paid upon the public debt incurred during the war. *So long as the premium paid to those who contributed the money exceeds that paid to the defenders of the country, I THINK THE COMPLAINT OF EXCESSIVE PENSIONS IS NOT WELL FOUNDED.*"

He might have went further, and said that the man who contracted disease in the army, which develops as the soldier grows older, and who is unable to provide his family with the necessities of life, should be aided by the Government he assisted in saving, by standing up manfully in the ranks during his term of service, although he has no hospital record. When that soldier went to the front, the people said,

"God bless you, my boy, you shall never be forgotten." How do they feel about it now? Grumbling about excessive pensions, after the soldier has suffered the hardships of the field, perilled his life in front of batteries, slept upon the cold ground with the heavy dews drenching him, contracting disease, enduring that which now brings on old age rapidly, until the soldier of fifty is where the civilian of sixty stands—after all this to see the prayers and tears of 1861 turned into curses and groans in 1885, because of the pension fund, is disgraceful in the extreme. Is this the way to instill patriotism and teach the rising generation loyalty? If it is, God save the Republic.

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UNKNOWN.

It is stated from authority that of 308,000 Union soldiers who gave their lives for the Union in the war of the Rebellion, fully 100,000 are buried in unknown graves. This is occasioned by reason of the fact, that many bodies were hurriedly buried in isolated spots with only temporary marks, or with none at all, and that the ground was often in the hands of the enemy for a considerable period after the action; when, of course, it could not be expected that any permanent marks of identity would be established.

In the Fredericksburg National Cemetery are the graves of 15,068 Union soldiers, of which 12,601 are marked "Unknown." These bodies have been gathered from various battlefields in Virginia.

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CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

was the first scholar of his year (1856) at Harvard. He had visited Europe for health, and made long riding tours in Spain and Algeria, where he became a consummate horseman. On the day after the Sixth Massachusetts were fired on in Baltimore, Charles Lowell heard of it, and started by the next train to Washington, passing through Baltimore. All communication between the two cities was suspended, but he arrived on foot at Washington in forty-eight hours. In those first days of confusion, he became agent for Massachusetts at Washington, and brought order out of chaos, for his own State, before joining the army. His powers of command and organization gained him rapid promotion. He served with distinction in the Peninsula campaign of McClellan, and, after Antietam, was selected to carry the captured standards to Washington. He raised a second cavalry regiment at home in the winter of 1862. He was placed in command of the

cavalry force which protected Washington during the dark days of 1863. In Sheridan's brilliant campaign of 1864, he commanded the cavalry brigade of four regular regiments and the Second Massachusetts volunteer cavalry. He had thirteen horses shot under him before the battle of Cedar Creek; was badly wounded early in the day, and lifted on his fourteenth horse to lead the final charge, so faint that he had to give his orders in a whisper. Urged by those around him to leave the field, he pressed on to the critical point of attack; and himself led the last charge, which ended one of the most obstinate battles of the war. He died of his wounds next day, less than thirty years of age.

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INCIDENTS.

A private soldier received ten wounds, and yet sat on a log and fired as long as he could see the enemy.

Another had the pictures of his wife and mother in separate cases in his blouse pocket, and a ball passed through both, and lodged in the inside one, the cases thus saving his life.

In the same company of one of the Ohio regiments, were sixteen brothers by the name of Finch, all from Dayton, in that State, though born in Germany. This remarkable circumstance—sixteen members of one family in one company—is unparalleled.

Among the wounded who arrived in Louisville, after the battle of Murfreesboro, was Joseph Rock, a private in company B, 23d Kentucky, aged eighteen years, who was in the thickest of the fight. He was shot in the right breast, a minie ball striking the buckle of his suspenders, driving it through a portion of the lungs, and lodging under the skin in his back. The surgeon cut through the skin and took out the ball and buckle, which were fastened together. Besides this, he had three balls to pass through the leg of his pants; and the stock of his gun was shivered by a ball while he was taking aim.

The following is a specimen of the news dealt out to the Southern people. It is from a New Orleans journal: "All the Massachusetts troops now in Washington are negroes, with the exception of two or three drummer-boys. General Butler, in command, is a native of Liberia. Our readers may recollect old Ben, the barber, who kept a shop in Poydras street, and emigrated to Liberia with a small competence. General Butler is his son." As General Butler had the pleasure of taking possession of New Orleans, the people of that city had an opportunity of testing his "quality."

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

A soldier who belonged to General Logan's command was in the habit of becoming intoxicated, and the colonel of his regiment remonstrated with him; the conversation which took place was something like this:

"You are a remarkably clean man, sir."

"Thank you, colonel."

"But, sir, you have bad habits."

"I am sorry for that, colonel."

"You drink, sir."

"I am sorry for that."

"Oh, I know you are sorry, but why don't you drink like me?"

"Colonel, I could'nt do it, it would kill me."

* * *

Among the relics of the late war stowed away in the United States Ordnance Museum, on Seventeenth street, Washington, is a sabre, fully five feet long, which was found on the battlefield of Manassas. This formidable looking weapon was evidently made in some village blacksmith's shop, from the fabled plowshare, at the outbreak of the war, and its handle appears to have been carved with a jack-knife from a cow's horn. A Virginian who visited the museum recognized the sabre as one that had been used by a giant cavalryman in "Jeb" Stuart's command.

"The cavalryman in question," said the Virginian, "was nearly seven feet high and broad in proportion. He had that big sabre made by a cross-roads horseshoer, and promised to hew his way through the Yankee lines with it, and enter Washington, but, poor fellow, he was shot at Manassas before he could carry out his rash purpose."

* * *

"Judge, don't be hard on an old vet," said a drunkard who was arraigned at the Central Station court Monday morning.

"Were you in the war?"

"I was, your honor."

"What regiment?"

"No regiment. I sloshed around by myself."

"What army were you attached to?"

"None of 'em."

"Were you in any battles?"

"Heaps of 'em, your honor."

"Give me the name of any one battle."

"Bunker Hill," was the prompt reply.

"Bunker Hill! why, that battle was fought a hundred years ago!" exclaimed the court.

"Of course, she was, your honor—of course, she was. Do you think I'd be mean enough to ask you to go light on me for having sloshed around in any of these riots of the last fifty years?"

* * *

It used to be told of certain Army of the Potomac colonels that when they were displeased with one of their subordinate officers they sent him before the examining board. This was very likely to prove the last of the officer. The examinations were very rigid. One colonel caught a Tartar in this manner. He duly sent the officer before the board. One of the first questions was:

"Your regiment in line of battle. Position of the colonel?"

"In Washington," was the prompt reply.

This was in the days when many colonels preferred the solace of capital streets to the troublesome tented field. The officer retained his position.

* * *

"I never had enough oysters at one meal excepting upon one occasion," remarked a Denver gentleman, "and that was just after the war, at Norfolk, Va. I had been a prisoner at Andersonville, and was one of the very last to be released. I was on my way north, and you can imagine that I wasn't very rich or very fat. I took my time getting toward the north, and so I stayed around Norfolk for some time waiting for health and money enough to proceed on my journey. Two or three times I got pretty hungry on my way to Norfolk, but I wasn't hungry after I got there.

"Early the first morning I went down to where the oyster boats lay. I had just ten cents in my pocket, and you know that oysters are as cheap as mud there. I saw an old darkey sitting on the side of an oyster schooner and nobody else around.

"I asked him how many oysters he would sell me for the dime, and he said that I could have as many as I could eat. I gave him the money and got on board the schooner. I commenced to eat raw oysters and throw the shells overboard.

"After a while I ate all the oysters above the hold, and then I began to dig down into the hollow part of the vessel. That made the distance too far for me to throw the shells overboard, so I just threw them up on to the deck. I was careless about it, though, and I threw too many on one side, and it was the side of the boat furthest from the wharf, and along about noon the weight got too much and the schooner capsized. Over she went, just as I had got enough, and was thinking it nearly time to go up town and rustle for a dinner, as I'd spent all my money. I got an awful ducking, and I never came so near getting drowned in my life."

* * *

THE SONG OF THE LIGHT ARTILLERY.

On the unstained sward of a gentle slope,
Full of valor and full of hope,
The infantry sways like a coming sea,—
Why lingers the Light Artillery?

"Action, front!"
Whirling the Parrotts like children's toys,
The horses strain to the rushing noise:
To right and to left, so fast and free,
They carry the Light Artillery.

"Drive out!"
The gunner cries, with a tug and a jerk,
The limbers fly, and we bend to our work:
The "hand-spike" in, and the "implements" out,—
We wait for the word, and it comes with a shout!—

"Load!"
The foes pour on their billowy line:
Can nothing check their bold design?
With yells and oaths of fiendish glee,
They rush for the Light Artillery.

"Cannoneer bring!"
Hurrah! hurrah! our bull-dogs bark,
And their triple line is a glorious mark:
Hundreds fall like grain on the sea,
Mowed down by the Light Artillery.

"Fire!" and "Load!" are the only cries
Thundered and roared to the vaulted skies:
Aha! they falter, they halt, they flee,
From the hail of the Light Artillery.

"Cease firing!"
The battle is over, the victory won,
Ere the dew is dried by the rising sun;
While the shout bursts out, like a full-voiced sea,
"Three cheers for the Light Artillery!"



CUSHING'S BATTERY AT GETTYSBURG.

The letter of Comrade Department Commander Hall, of Maine, in your last issue, is one of thousands that ought to be written and published in every paper of our land. There has been altogether too much history (?) manufactured. The incident of which I am about to relate is the death of as brave a commander as this or any other country ever knew, Lieutenant Cushing, 4th U. S. Artillery, whom history (?) has created anything but a calm cool, collected officer, such as he in reality was.

I am engaged in painting the death of Cushing, and to be accurate I corresponded with every person I could learn anything from in relation to his services at Gettysburg and his death, and was surprised to find that even Rothermel's picture is faulty, that in fact there is no truth in anything so far that I have read or seen. For instance, Rothermel has General Armistead mortally wounded, fully fifty yards in front of a battery while having his hat on his sword, and on another portion of the field he has a rebel officer mounted on a Union gun, sword uplifted. As General Armistead was the

only rebel officer who came so close at the time of Pickett's famous charge, he must be represented twice. Then Cushing is said to have had his bowels shot out, and, with one hand holding them together, he pushes a piece down to the stone wall and pulling the lanyard, discharges his piece, and expires.

I will now give you the version of a participant to whom I was referred by no less a person than General A. S. Webb, who was on foot (and not on horse as in Rothermel's picture) among his men, pistol in hand, with which he did good service at that time. First Lieutenant Fuger, of the 4th U. S. Artillery, was at that time Lieutenant Cushing's first sergeant, and says:—

"On the morning of July 3, 1863, Battery A occupied a position with their six guns about 150 feet from the stone wall, which was directly in front, and we kept that position until the artillery duel ceased on both sides. After the firing ceased, General Webb came up to where Cushing stood, and said to Cushing: 'It is my opinion that the rebels will now advance their infantry and attack our position in force.' Cushing replied: 'Then I had better run my guns right up to the stone fence, and bring all the cannister along side of each piece,' to which General Webb said, 'do so.' The command was immediately given, and the six guns were run by hand to the stone fence, leaving just room enough between the wall and wheels for cannoneers Nos. one and two to load; limbers and caissons did not move. At this time Lieutenant Cushing was not wounded. Within fifteen or twenty minutes after we had our guns in the new position the rebel infantry were seen advancing. The 72d Pennsylvania (Baxter's Zouaves) were directly in our front on the skirmish line, and were obliged to fall back as the enemy advanced in force. As soon as our battery was unmasked by the 72d P. V., and the enemy were within 400 yards of us, we commenced firing single charges of cannister, and at about that time Lieutenant Cushing was wounded in the right shoulder. (Gen. Webb says the right shoulder strap was shot completely off, yet not wounding him.) When the enemy came within 200 yards we fired double charges of cannister with terrible effect. Cushing, about this time, was again wounded, in the scrotum, but still he stuck to his post and would not leave the battery. All this time I was right along side of Cushing, and imparted his orders to the men. Still, the enemy advanced, and Cushing ordered the men to triple the charges in the guns. While finishing the command he was shot through the mouth and instantly kill-

ed. At this time he was about one yard from the trail handspike, and to the right of it, it being No. 3 piece of the battery. I stood to his right, about two feet from him, with my pistol in my right hand. When I saw the Lieutenant fall forward, I dropped my pistol and caught him around the body with both arms. I saw that he was dead, and ordered Wright, of the battery, to carry Cushing's body to the rear. Lieutenant Niemi, a volunteer officer, (1st R. I. battery,) detailed July 2d to fill Lieutenant Canby's place, made vacant by his being wounded, and who had command of the left half of our battery, was killed just a moment before Cushing, which left me in command. The insinuation of history that but one gun was run down to the stone wall is wrong. The report that Lieutenant Cushing's bowels were shot out is all nonsense. Again, Lieutenant Cushing never fired a gun; there was no occasion for him to do so. We had enough men left to do that. The lieutenant had enough to do to watch the enemy and give the necessary commands. After sending Cushing's body to the rear, I fired a few rounds of cannister; when the enemy was almost on top of us, I ceased firing, and told the men to pitch in with anything they had in their hands, such as pistols, sabres, sponge-staves, and handspikes, which, I am glad to say, they did in good style. General Webb's brigade was now right with us, led by the general in person. A few minutes and all was over, the rebels retreating. General Armistead was instantly killed right in front of the muzzle of No. 3 piece. Understand there was a stone wall between that gun and General Armistead. The wall was about fourteen inches in thickness, and the muzzle projected over it. The general was dressed in a gray uniformed coat, buttoned up, and wore a black slouched hat, with sabre in his right hand."—*H. E. Brown, of Bethlehem, Pa., in Scout and Mail.*

♦♦♦♦♦ MEN IN BATTLE.

Gen. Grant, in his "Memoirs," describes his life in the army of invasion and the battles of the Mexican war in considerable detail. Perhaps the most interesting portions of his narrative are the descriptions of incidents in which he took a leading part, and his comments on the men of the day. His first impressions of a battle are thus given:

As we lay in our tents upon the seashore, the artillery at the fort on the Rio Grande could be distinctly heard. The war had begun. There were no possible means of obtaining news from the garrison, and information from the outside could not be otherwise than unfavorable. What

Gen. Taylor's feelings were during this suspense I do not know; but for myself, a young Second Lieutenant, who had never heard a hostile gun before, I felt sorry that I had enlisted. A great many men when they smell battle afar off chafe to get into the fray. When they say so themselves they generally fail to convince their hearers that they are as anxious as they would like to make people believe, and as they approach danger they become more subdued. This rule is not universal, for I have known a few men who were always aching for a fight when there was no enemy near, who were as good as their word when the battle did come. But the number of such men is small.

An incident in the battle of Monterey, Mexico, is given:

We had not occupied this position long when it was discovered that our ammunition was growing low. I volunteered to go back to the point we had started from, report our position to Gen. Twiggs, and ask for ammunition to be forwarded. We were at this time occupying ground off from the street in the rear of the houses. My ride back was an exposed one. Before starting I adjusted myself on the side of my horse farthest from the enemy, and with only one foot holding to the cantle of the saddle, and an arm over the neck of the horse exposed, I started at full run. It was only at street crossings that my horse was under fire, but these I crossed at such a flying rate that generally I was past and under cover of the next block of houses before the enemy fired. I got out safely without a scratch.

Grant thus describes his course at the crisis of the battle of Fort Donelson.

I saw the men standing in knots, talking in the most excited manner. No officer seemed to be giving any directions. The soldiers had their muskets but no ammunition, while there were tons of it close at hand. I heard some of the men say that the enemy had come out with knapsacks and haversacks filled with rations. They seemed to think this indicated a determination on his part to stay out and fight just as long as the provisions held out. I turned to Col. J. D. Webster, of my staff, who was with me, and said: "Some of our men are pretty badly demoralized, but the enemy must be more so, for he has attempted to force his way out, but has fallen back; the one who attacks first now will be victorious, and the enemy will have to be in a hurry if he gets ahead of me." I determined to make the assault at once on our left. It was clear to my mind that the enemy had started to march out with his entire force, except a few pickets, and if our attack could be made on the left before the enemy could redistribute his forces along the line, we would find but little opposition except from the intervening abatis. I directed Col. Webster to ride with me and call out to the men as we passed, "Fill your cartridge boxes, quick, and get into line; the enemy is trying to escape and he must not be permitted to do so." This acted like a charm. The men only wanted some one to give them a command.

Capt. Geo. W. Stone thus relates his experience in the *Cincinnati Times-Star*.

I don't believe any man ever went into battle without feeling frightened. I know I never did. I'll tell you when a man feels real badly. It's when he's forming his men into line for a big battle while a little skirmishing fire is kept up all the time. Every minute or so some one, maybe your best friend, standing right next to you, will shriek out, "Oh, my God," and fall back dead, yet you cannot let your men fire, for the army must be drawn up first. There is plenty of time to think. You don't dare to retaliate in any way. The next bullet may find your heart, and your children be left fatherless. It is a moment that tries the bravest man, because he has to stand quietly and take it all. But when the order comes to fight, and the excitement of the battle arises, fear passes away. You have something to do. You have a duty to perform at any cost. Bullets drive into the ground at your feet, sending up little clouds of dust; they whistle past your ears and maybe cut holes in your clothing. Shells and scrapnel kill your comrades and leave you living, and soon there comes a feeling that some good fortune has preserved you and will protect you, and the desire to do all the damage possible to the enemy alone fills your mind. That was my experience in the army, and I don't believe that the man lived who did not feel at the commencement of the fight that he would rather be somewhere else.

A WAR STORY.

Four days before I went to the front with my regiment we had a little girl baby. She is now grown, and you always see her with me at any social gathering. Well, in our army, the furloughs came very rarely. When we got into line, there was no great chance for a man to go home. It was about three years afterward that a few of us were one night going down the Mississippi on a river steamer. I had been sick, and was returning to my command, but pretty well broken up even then. As for money we did not have any, and the night was hot as I laid down on the deck, my throat almost parched with thirst. Pretty soon a little girl came along with a big glass of lemonade. I tell you it looked good to me. She saw me eyeing it, stopped a minute, looked doubtfully at me, and finally came up to my side. "You look as though you wanted something to drink," she said, and offered me the glass. It wasn't quite the square thing to do, but I took it and handed it back empty. It was like nectar to me. Then I thanked the little creature and sent her away. Soon after, just like every child, she came back, leading her mother to see the poor soldier. By Jupiter, it was my wife, and the girl was the baby whom I had last seen as a baby but just born. You can imagine the re-union. They were with my brother's family, and happened to be going down the river. That was the only time dur-

ing the four years fighting that I saw my wife and baby, and under these circumstances what man would ever forget it.—*Congressman Blackburn.*

CURTIN AND STANTON.

On the files of the War Department, Governor Curtin says, are two rather spicy dispatches, one addressed to him by Secretary Stanton, and the other his reply.

It was late in the war, probably in the spring of 1864, that Governor Curtin went to Washington to see the Secretary of War, and, after giving him a harrowing description of the condition of Federal prisoners in Andersonville, he appealed to him to save them.

Mr. Stanton said he did not see how he could do anything. "Why," said the Governor of Pennsylvania, "we have thousands of Confederate prisoners; let there be an exchange." With some heat, the Secretary asked if he meant to propose that we should take back a lot of diseased and enfeebled men, who could not return to the ranks, and give the Confederates an equal number of healthy and well-fed men, who would at once recruit their armies.

Governor Curtin said that was exactly what he was after. "Well, sir," said Stanton, "a man who professes to be loyal to the Government ought to be ashamed to make such a treasonable suggestion." Curtin is an irascible gentleman, and he left in a choleric condition.

Immediately after he got home, he received from the Secretary a dispatch about as follows: "In the interests of loyalty to the Government and the speedy suppression of the rebellion, you should resign at once, and retire to private life, which you never should have left." Curtin replied to the Secretary: "In the interest of humanity, you should die and go to the devil, where you ought to have gone long ago." This shows how courteous great men sometimes are.

WHY HE WAS HAPPY.

The Greensboro (S. C.) *Journal* says: Capt. J. M. Storey, of this county, probably was struck by bullets oftener than any other soldier from this State. He was hit some twenty odd times. Once on picket something awful struck him. As he regained consciousness he thought it must have been a cannon ball. But it wasn't. The captain's expression was: "I never felt so good in my life as when I found it was only lightning!" The same thunderbolt knocked down seventeen of Capt. Storey's comrades.

Casualties in Pennsylvania Regiments during the Rebellion.

Compiled from the Muster-out Rolls, as given in Bates' History

ELEVENTH REGIMENT.

	<i>Officers.</i>	<i>Men.</i>
Killed in action	8	127
Died of wounds received	5	86
Died from other causes	5	120
Died as prisoners of war	43
Discharged for wounds received	7	27
Discharged on surgeon's certificate	10	247
Discharged for various causes	18	574
Absent on furlough, at muster out	11
Absent in hospital, at muster out	159
Absent in arrest, at muster out	5
Resigned	7	.
Transferred	5	89
Deserted	114
Dishonorably discharged	3
Deserted to enemy	2
Not accounted for	65
Mustered out with regiment	24	307
<hr/>		
Entire strength	98	2016
Wounded in action	7	346
Taken prisoners	7	90

Mustered into service, Sept., 1861.

Discharged July 1, 1865.

Term of service, three years and ten months.

ACCOUNT OF THE STATE FLAG.—The State flag was presented to the regiment by Governor Curtin, Nov. 20, 1861, and placed in the hands of Sergt. Chas. H. Fonlke, of company A, who carried it until August 11, 1862, at Cedar Mountain, where he was accidentally wounded in the foot, when it was delivered to Sergt. Robert H. Knox, of company C, who carried it August 21st to 24th, at Rappahannock Station, August 28th, at Thoroughfare Gap, and August 30th, at Bull Run, where he was severely wounded, losing his right leg, the flag passing on the field, into the hands of First Sergt. Samuel S. Bierer, of company C, who was immediately wounded; it was then taken by Second Lieut. Absalom Schall, company C, who was severely wounded, when it was again taken by Sergt. Bierer, who carried it to Centreville. Daniel Mathews carried it Sept. 1st, at Chantilly, Sept. 14th, at South Mountain, Sept. 16th and 17th, at Antietam, where he was severely wounded, and it was taken by Private Wm. Welty, company C, who was almost immediately killed; it then passed into the hands of Corporal Fred. Welty, company C, who was soon severely wounded, and obliged to leave it on the field, where it remained sometime, all of the men near it having been killed or wounded. It was next carried by Second Lieut. Edward H. Gay, of company F, who received two gun-shot wounds, and passed the flag to Sergt. Henry Bitner, of company E, who retained it until the close of the action, Dec. 12th and 13th, 1862, at the battle of Fredericksburg, it was carried by Corporal John V. Kuhns, of company C, until he was three times severely wounded, losing his leg. It was then borne by Cyrus W. Chambers, who was killed, when it was taken by Corporal John W. Thomas, who was severely wounded. It was brought off the field by Captain Benj. F. Haines, of company B.

Corporal John H. M'Kulip, of company C, was next made color bearer, who carried it April 30th to May 5th, 1863, at Chancellorsville, and July 1st, at Gettysburg, where he was severely wounded in a charge upon Iversen's North Carolina Brigade, the flag falling amongst some bushes, where it was afterwards discovered by Private Michael Kepler, of company D, who carried it during the remainder of the engagements of July 1st, 2d and 3d, and also at Mine Run, Dec. 1st, 1863; in April, 1864, he being absent, sick, it was delivered to Corporal J. J. Lehman, of company D, who carried it May 5th and 6th, in the Wilderness, and May 8th at Spottsylvania, where he was killed, and the flag was brought off the field by Second Lieutenant M'Clutchen, of company F. The next color bearer was severely wounded in the foot, May 12th, at Spottsylvania. Corporal Wm. Mathews, of company C, carried it during the remainder of the engagement at Spottsylvania, and at North Anna, Cold Harbor, Bethesda Church, in front of Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, and until Dec. 3d, 1864, when he was relieved by Sergt. Albert Carter, of company A, who bore it in the Hickford raid, Dec., 1864; Feb. 6th and 7th, 1865, at Hatcher's Run and Dabney's Mills; March 29th, Quaker Road; March 30th, White Oak Ridge; April 1st, Five Forks; April 9th, Appomattox Court House, and until May 28th, 1865, when he was honorably discharged. Jno. C. Schenman, of company A, then carried it until the regiment was mustered out of service.

TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

	<i>Officers.</i>	<i>Men.</i>
Killed in action	4	55
Died of wounds received	1	35
Died from other causes	5	60
Died as prisoners of war	6
Discharged for wounds received	1	9
Discharged on surgeon's certificate	4	131
Discharged for various causes	4	30
Dishonorably discharged	2	.
Absent in hospital, at muster out	30
Absent in arrest, at muster out	1
Absent, detached, at muster out	4
Resigned	19	.
Transferred	15	335
Deserted	258
Not accounted for	45
Mustered out with regiment	23	277
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Entire strength	78	1276
Wounded in action	2	14
Taken prisoners	8

Mustered into service, Aug. 14, 1861.

Discharged Sept. 8, 1864.

Term of service, 3 years, 25 days.

The rolls of this regiment are imperfect, as evidenced by the small number reported wounded. Upon the expiration of its term of service the men whose term had not elapsed were transferred to the Eighty-second regiment, thus accounting for the large number of transfers.

FIELD AND POST-ROOM.

VOL. I.

HARRISBURG, PA., FEBRUARY, 1886.

No. 2.



COL. SENECA G. SIMMONS.

Among the bravest of the heroes of the Rebellion, who early fell in that great struggle for the perpetuity of the Union, was SENECA GALUSHA SIMMONS. He was born on the 27th of December, 1808, in Windsor county, Vermont, the son of Alfred Simmons and his wife, Deborah Perkins. He was brought up on his father's farm, receiving the limited education obtained at the country school. At the age of fourteen he entered the military school of Captain Alden Partridge, then located at Middletown, Conn., subsequently accompanying the school on its removal to Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. In July, 1829, he entered West Point, by the appointment of President Jackson, from which institution he graduated with distinction in 1834, and was assigned to the Seventh U. S. Infantry, as Brevet Second Lieutenant, July 1, 1834; promoted to Second Lieutenant on the 31st of December following.

Previous to joining his regiment he was assigned to topographical duty under Major Wm. G. McNeil, and assisted in the survey of the harbor of Apalachicola, Florida. During the summers of 1835 and 1836, he was engaged, under Col. Stephen H. Long, upon surveys in the State of Maine; first on the coast and then on a contemplated line of railway between Belfast and Quebec, Canada. He was promoted First Lieutenant January 19, 1837, when he

joined his regiment, shortly after receiving the appointment of Aid to Gen. Matthew Arbuckle, then in command of the Department of the South-West. He was also made Assistant Adjutant General, which position he held for several years, retaining it after General Taylor assumed command, and until relieved by Col. Bliss, the General's son-in-law. His regiment was then, the spring of 1842, serving in Florida, and thither he immediately repaired. At the conclusion of the Florida war, his regiment was detailed for duty in garrisoning posts on the Gulf of Mexico, and he was stationed at Fort Pike, Louisiana, where he remained during the years 1842 and 1843, transacting, in addition to the duties of his position in his company, those of commissary and quartermaster to the Post. When his turn came for being detailed on recruiting service, he was ordered to Syracuse, New York, and was engaged in that duty until the breaking out of the war with Mexico. On his arrival in the field, he was immediately assigned as assistant commissary and quartermaster at Matamoros. During the year 1847 he remained at that point, but on receiving his commission as Captain, to date from February 16, 1847, he rejoined his regiment, then under Scott on the way to the Mexican Capital, and distinguished himself at the battle of Huamantla, on the 9th of October, that year.

At the close of the war he was stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, a portion of his regiment, including his own company, having been ordered to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on special duty. In 1849 and 1850, he was sent to Florida, owing to the hostile attitude of the Seminole Indians. In 1850, he was stationed at Fort Leavenworth, and while there received a severe injury, which for a time placed his life in a critical condition, and from the effects of which he never fully recovered. Lame, and on crutches, he was, in the year 1851, ordered to Pottsville, Pennsylvania, on recruiting service. While stationed there he so far recovered as to attend to the duties of active service, and was sent to the command of Fort Arbuckle upon the frontier. His regiment was soon afterwards ordered to Utah. Here he remained four years. During the years 1858 and 1859, he was stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and at New-

port Barracks, Kentucky, but unable through the disability referred to, to perform the active duties required of him, Capt. Simmons sought and obtained a furlough, and joined his family at Harrisburg.

He was here when the slave-holders' rebellion commenced; and when the first call was made for troops, Capt. Simmons was made mustering officer for the Pennsylvania Volunteers. To him more is due than has generally been given credit for, the organization, the discipline, and the efficiency of that notable body of volunteers, the Pennsylvania Reserves. From April to June, 1861, notwithstanding the physical infirmity from which he suffered, he labored most assiduously, and such was the high appreciation in which he was held by the men of that brave organization, that he could have had the command of any one regiment. That of the Fifth was unanimously tendered him, although personally unknown to any of the officers of that body. His commission as Colonel bears date June 21, 1861.

Colonel Simmons' first service was to march, in connection with the celebrated "Bucktail" regiment and some artillery, to the support of General Wallace in West Virginia, and thence to Washington City, where he drilled his command and prepared it for service in the division (Gen. McCall's.) During the remainder of 1861, he continued at the National Capital, engaged in covering its approaches.

It was during this period that the poet, S. P. Willis, in writing from the camps of the army around Washington City, said: "I had never before thought that water could embellish a soldier. As we sat in our hack, at the outer edge of the encampments, watching an incipient rainbow, and rejoicing in the prospect of holding-up, a general officer rode past with his aid and orderly, on the return to his tent just beyond. Of a most warlike cast of feature; his profuse and slightly grizzled beard was impregnated with glistening drops, and with horse and accoutrements all dripping with water, he rode calmly through the heavy rain like a Triton taking his leisure in his native element. It was the finest of countenances and the best of figures for a horseman. He looked indomitable in spirit, but unsubject also to the common inconveniences of humanity—as handsome and brave when tired and wet, as he would be when happy and dry! I was quite captivated with the picture of such a man, and did not wonder at the comment which was appended to the reply by a subaltern officer, of whom I inquired his name. 'General Simmons,' said he, 'a man whom anybody would be glad to serve under.'"

On the 9th of September he was promoted Major of the Fourth Infantry, but preferred to remain with the volunteer troops. He participated in the action at Drainesville, Dec. 20, 1861, and until May of the year following his command was performing guard duty on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, the subsequent months on picket near Fredericksburg, Va. In the Seven Days' fight before Richmond he took a decisive part, especially in the actions at Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mill. At Charles City Roads, or as frequently termed White Oak Swamp, on the 30th of June, 1862, while leading the first brigade with true Spartan valor, he fell in the thickest of the fight. Gen. McCall, who was captured on the evening of the battle just spoken of, while reconnoitering, sent to Mrs. Simmons, the following account of her brave husband's death:

"RICHMOND, VIRGINIA,
"TOBACCO WAREHOUSE PRISON,
"JULY 15, 1862.

"My dear Madam: It is not to say that I mourn the loss of a friend that I write to you, although twenty years knowledge of his worth, and very many most estimable qualities, had truly endeared your husband to me; nor is it to attempt to offer consolation in your bereavement, which One above alone can give you. I write to inform you that after Col. Simmons, who on the 30th of June, commanded the first brigade of my division, was wounded, he was captured by the enemy, carried to their hospital, and laid by the side of Captain Biddle, of Philadelphia, my Assistant Adjutant General, who was also severely wounded and a prisoner. During the night of the 1st of July, as I am informed, the Colonel sank under the effects of his wound, and calmly expired at Biddle's side. This I have from Biddle himself, who is here in the hospital.

"I have only to add, that the Colonel's body has been brought to this city and is interred here, where it may be conveyed to his friends at the proper time.

"Believe me, dear Madam, very truly and sincerely, your friend and obedient servant,

"Geo. A. McCall,
"Brigadier General, U. S. A.

"To Mrs. Seneca G. Simmons, Harrisburg, Pa."

Twenty years after, in October, 1882, an officer in the Confederate service, Captain R. L. Lewis, of Pickens county, S. C., wrote Mrs. Simmons, giving her the following reminiscence:

"It was on the 30th of June, 1862, in one of the fights around Richmond, that our brigade was called on to make a charge on a

battery of twelve pieces, supported by a brigade from Pennsylvania, commanded by Col. Simmons, acting as Brigadier General. M. Jenkins was our Colonel, of a South Carolina regiment, and was also acting as Brigadier General. Col. Simmons' brigade was stationed in a field to the right of the battery, his right resting on or near a house. The place was called Frazier's Farm, or Glendale. Our brigade marched right across the field, with fixed bayonets, against his. We did not fire a gun until we were within twenty or thirty paces. When Col. Simmons' brigade gave way or broke ranks, he sat on his horse trying to rally them, until he received a fatal wound and fell from his horse. We gained the field and took the battery, but suffered severely. Our loss was heavy; I had twenty-five men wounded, six killed, and one lieutenant wounded. Some companies lost more. After the fight I went on to the battle-field to look after my men. I found your husband lying where he had fallen from his horse. He told me who he was, that he was badly wounded, and then asked me to help him. I called some of our ambulance corps, and had him carried to a vacant house near by. I took off his spurs and sword, which he gave to me, placed him upon a bed, and gave him all the help I could. He asked me who was commanding the fight. I told him General Q. U. Anderson. He said, "I know him. I was with him in the Mexican war." He then asked me to tell the General that he would like to see him. I conveyed the message to General Anderson, but he said he could not see him. The next day I called to see how Mr. Simmons was doing, but found him in a comatose state. He could not communicate anything. When I placed him upon the bed, I noticed he had on a watch, I think a guard or chain made of hair, but it was gone. Some one had taken it. As I had to go out to the Malvern Hill fight, I saw no more of him, but made inquiries concerning him, and was told that he was carried to the field hospital, where he died. Dr. Gaston, our brigade surgeon, took from his person three medals, one for services in the Mexican war, one from the State of Pennsylvania, and one from the United States for gallant services. Colonel Sims, our Adjutant General, said he took a pin from his shirt, marked with the letter "G." I presume it was a Masonic emblem. I gave the Colonel's sword to Gen. M. Jenkins. He was killed in the battle of the Wilderness on the 6th of May, 1864, with it on. I presume his family have it."

On the 3d of May, 1882, Dr. O. M. Doyle, of Toceoa, Georgia, in a letter to Mrs. Simmons, gives the following interesting information:

... "At the time of the battle referred to, I was regimental surgeon, and with others of the brigade, in charge of the field hospital. I was told that Col. Simmons fell in front of our part of the line, and as our line advanced he was taken up and brought to the field hospital by my ambulance corps. He was wounded by a minie ball, through the liver and lung, and died, I think, the second day. I treated him in the best manner possible under the circumstances, and had him buried as decently as could be done there at such a time. He was reported by our officers as acting conspicuously brave on that sanguinary field, as being the cause, in their opinion, of that part of the Federal line standing as long as it did. That report did much towards stimulating a greater desire on our part to do all that was possible for a brave but fallen foe. Before death he thanked us sincerely for our attentions. He gave to some one of our party, (I do not recollect in whose hand he placed them,) a gold watch, a picture of his wife, and I think \$60 in gold coin, with the request that the watch and picture, (I do not think he included the coin,) be sent to his wife. I have no knowledge or recollection of a masonic pin or badge. If I had seen one, I am sure I would recollect it from my association with the order. These articles were placed in possession of Dr. Gaston, our brigade surgeon, (now dead,) with the request made by Col. Simmons, (coin and all.) A few days after this occurrence there was a Federal surgeon at our quarters, temporarily in our lines. We were all together, this surgeon, Dr. Gaston and myself. Dr. Gaston told me that he had turned those articles of Col. Simmons over to this surgeon, to be sent to his widow. I suppose I heard the name of the Federal surgeon when I met him, but I have no recollection of what it was. Such is a hasty account of what I know of your husband's death."

The foregoing is all the information gained concerning that intrepid officer. No braver man drew a sword in defence of the Union. No nobler life was sacrificed in that fratricidal strife. Strict in discipline, amounting to sternness, he had a generous spirit. His face presented ordinarily a calm and benevolent expression, but when excited every feature seemed to flash fire. He had a big heart, and was as grandly lenient as he was severely rigid. In person he was nearly six feet in height, of strong and robust frame, florid complexion, brown hair, heavy beard, and light blue eyes.

Col. Simmons married in August, 1834, Elmira Adelaide Simmons, of Harrisburg, Pa., who, with a daughter to comfort her in her

widowhood, survived the death of her distinguished husband. The first portion of this article had already gone to press, when there came the sad news of the sudden decease of her whom the members of the Grand Army of the Republic had eminent cause to hold in grateful esteem. Mrs. Simmons was born on the 2d of January, 1808, and died on Saturday, February 6, 1886, having entered upon the 79th year of her age. As woman, wife and mother, she had few superiors. Those who knew her best appreciated her goodness and nobleness of heart; and the citizens of Harrisburg, through her long years of widowhood, honored and revered her, not alone as the relict of a gallant soldier who lost his life in defence of the Union, but for her services in the camp and hospital during the darkest hours of the fratricidal strife; for her devotion to the wearied soldier "going home from the war," and for an unostentatious charity, which will preserve her memory green in the hearts of many long after all that was mortal of her has crumbled into dust. Being a member of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church, the funeral services were conducted at the late residence of the deceased on Tuesday afternoon by her Rector, the Rev. R. J. Keeling, D. D., assisted by the Rev. Leroy F. Baker. Dr. Keeling paid a loving tribute to her life and services; but no word of ours can convey the impressiveness of the sad occasion. The family vault being at Pottsville, the remains were removed to that city on Wednesday morning for interment. Post No. 116, G. A. R., acting as a military escort. The citizens who served as pall bearers were Messrs. John B. Cox, A. O. Hiestler, Hamilton Alricks, and William K. Verbeke; they accompanied the body to Pottsville. The Post's guard of honor were John Harvey, Henry Wolhaver, Jacob Reese, B. Kemerer, Frank Mathers and Chas. C. Davis. Over seventy members of Post No. 116, in addition to Mayor Wilson and a number of other citizens of Harrisburg, accompanied the remains.

On the arrival of the train at Pottsville, the funeral cortege was met by Edward Gowen Post No. 23. The procession then formed and marched to the cemetery, on entering which the Rev. Dr. Powers of Pottsville, repeated the impressive burial service of the church, after which the G. A. R. services were held. Comrade J. R. Cockley advanced to the open grave, deposited a wreath and said: "A wreath to the memory of her whose devotion to this Post ended only in death." Comrade J. D. Saltzman deposited a rose, with the beautiful sentiment: "I offer this rose as a tribute of re-

spect in behalf of Post No. 116, G. A. R., in memory of one whom we all loved." Comrade George W. Adams, dropping a sprig of laurel on the coffin lid, said: "A last token of affection from the comrades of Post No. 116 to their esteemed friend, Mrs. Colonel Seneca G. Simmons—I crown the remains with the symbol of victory." And this was the close of a sad duty, while the comrades turned away with sorrowing hearts. Long will they cherish the loving memory of Mrs. Simmons, who has passed to her great reward. The daughter of the veterans has the heartfelt sympathy of every Grand Army man who knew her father's bravery or mother's devotion.

* * *

The comrades of Edward Gowen Post No. 23, at Pottsville, have greatly endeared themselves to the comrades of Harrisburg for the kindly hospitality on the occasion of the funeral of the late Mrs. Simmons. The words of thanks uttered by Mayor Wilson, of this city, were but the echo of the fraternal gratitude of the comrades whom he accompanied.

* * *

Post 116.—The biographical sketch of the brave and chivalric Col. Seneca G. Simmons will no doubt be appreciated by every member of that body. When it was deemed proper to organize a second G. A. R. Post at Harrisburg, it was named in memory of him. Col. Seneca G. Simmons Post No. 116, Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R., was chartered February 28, 1879. It is one of the most flourishing Posts in the Department, and its present membership, in good standing, is 237. It deserves the success it has met with, and the officers are to be congratulated.

* * *

A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

When the disputes, removals and appointments, and what is known generally as "non-keying" with the commanders of the Army of the Potomac, is considered, the fact that it cohered as an organization through the war is little short of the miraculous. The trouble seemed to arise from the demand that that army should "do" something, whether it was in condition or not.

In less than two weeks after his costly and useless attempt to cross the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg General Burnside decided to try it seven miles further down.

Generals Cochrane and Newton departed at once for Washington to remonstrate against it as dangerous, in the dispirited temper of the army. They were admitted without trouble to the presence of Mr. Lincoln. General New-

ton, since distinguished for his operations at Hell Gate, spoke, urging these views, at which the President showed some feeling, thinking that it was a movement to supersede Burnside. Newton and Cochrane both protested against this view, declaring only that the movement was very dangerous and might involve the existence of the whole army and the nation itself. They only wanted the President should investigate for himself.

Finally an understanding was had. Lincoln thanked them for coming and telegraphed Burnside to make no general movement without letting him know. General Burnside was surprised and at once went to Washington to see the President, who informed him that some general officers of the Army of the Potomac, whose names he declined giving, had protested against any general movement because the army was demoralized. Burnside was amazed at this feeling in his army which was known to every one but himself, and demanded that these officers should be dismissed, which Lincoln declined doing.

Burnside went back to the army, but his plans having thus become known he requested authority to make another, promising to take the sole responsibility. Halleck, General-in-Chief, announced himself in favor of a forward movement, but would not take the responsibility of ordering one. Burnside, therefore, decided to make one on his own responsibility.

When everything was ready a storm of rain came on, converting everything into mud, in which all the pontoon wagons and guns were so badly stuck that neither men nor animals could move them.

Lee discovered the movement and massed his army to prevent the crossing. The enemy cried out to the toiling Federal soldiers: "Say, Yanks! we'll be over in the morning and haul your guns out of the mud for you;" "We'll build you bridges and escort you over," etc.

But the more tenacious the mud, the more tenacious was Burnside, and he determined to cross the river in such pontoons as he had, in the very face of Lee's army. Hooker and other generals protested so vigorously that Burnside finally abandoned it, but ordered General Hooker's and General Brooks' dismissal from the service for unjust and unnecessary criticisms of their superior officers, and by the general tone of their conversation creating distrust in the minds of their associates; also Generals Cochrane and Newton. He also relieved General Franklin, General "Bully" Smith, and other officers, from duty.

Burnside handed these orders to President

Lincoln together with his own resignation, giving to the President the alternative of approving these orders or accepting his resignation.

Mr. Lincoln, after consultation with his advisers, told Burnside that with the best and kindest feeling toward him he was compelled to relieve him and place General Hooker in command.

Burnside, who expected this to be the outcome, urged the acceptance of his resignation. Lincoln said he could not do that, and it was finally arranged that Burnside should have thirty days' leave of absence. Another hitch occurred because Burnside was announced as relieved "at his own request." He was indignant and again insisted on the acceptance of his resignation, but by the persuasion of his friends was finally induced to recall it.

Hooker took his place, but in about three months ended his career at Chancellorsville, and was succeeded by Meade.

In view of this mishandling of the Army of the Potomac, Mr. W. H. Mills, who has recently reviewed these events in the American Magazine of history, pays the following tribute to its virtues and its endurance:

"Victims of swamp and typhus fevers; baffled time and again by flood; battling at every disadvantage with the flower of the enemy; long denied a victory; matured plans jeopardized; fighting all day, marching all night; advancing until they saw the spires of Richmond, then back again within sight of the white dome of the nation's Capitol; never elated by victory or depressed by defeat; disaster following disaster, but buoyant to the close—until at Appomattox that grand army of the Republic wore its crown just before that other grand army of the Republic under the 'great flanker,' General William T. Sherman, after its march from 'Atlanta to the sea,' was ready to appear upon the scene and divide its honors."

Considering that nearly 225,000 were killed, wounded or captured, to say nothing of those who died of gun-shot wounds and disease, it is easy to understand why so large a part of the pension roll is devoted to the Army of the Potomac.

A queer relic is a Confederate musket, in the barrel of which two bullets met, splitting the barrel open like a banana-peel. The bullets can be seen. The rebel bullet had got about one-third of the way out when it met the prying Yankee bullet on its way in, and then there was trouble at once. Of course the Yankee bullet had no business in there, or at least it should have waited until the other got out.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

The subject of this sketch, Geo. B. Buzzee, only son of David B. and Eliza M. Buzzee, of the city of New Brunswick, State of New Jersey, who entered the army, May 28th, 1861, having just reached his eighteenth year, deserves some mention of the service done his country during the late rebellion.

When the call for troops was made, he manifested a great desire to give his services to his country, and but for the earnest opposition of his parents would have enlisted some time earlier than he did. It was not long, however, before his patriotic feelings became stronger than his love of home, and without his parents knowledge or consent, he enlisted as a drummer in company G, First New Jersey Volunteers, which Capt. Alexander M. Way was then recruiting, and was sworn into the United States service at Trenton, before his parents were informed that he had fully determined to go. As soon as the facts became known to them, they visited the boy and kindly reasoned with him as to the impropriety of his conduct, and the inexpediency of his course, being so young and inexperienced, and promised if he would agree to it to procure his release. All efforts to induce him to change his mind proving futile, his parents reluctantly withdrew their objections, and endeavored to comfort and strengthen him in the discharge of his duty. He passed safely through the marches and battles, beginning at the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, until the battle in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, when he was taken prisoner, with many of his comrades, and hurriedly carried to the Rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga., where he was kept until the 12th of the following September, at which time he was taken to another prison pen at Florence, S. C., and from which he, along with many more, on the 17th of September, escaped, for the purpose of getting back to the Union lines. After traveling several days and nights through the woods and swamps of that region, his feet became extremely sore and his strength so greatly exhausted that he gave himself up to a rebel farmer, and was returned to his miserable captivity. The poisonous briars and mud of the swamps caused gangrene in his feet, which was soon followed by dumb palsy, and chronic bronchitis, and the combined effects, with the bad treatment received from the rebel prison keepers, soon ended his life.

He was taken to the gangrene hospital, being almost helpless at the time of his arrival there. The hospital for our men was a shed similar to those used in brick yards in this locality, being built without any ends or side. Under this

shed we drove forked sticks in the ground, about one foot long, and on them placed young saplings, and upon these we would place pine boughs, which were picked from the stunted trees surrounding the hospital; our patients were placed on these cots, without any covering whatever, excepting what clothing they might be possessed of at the time of being brought to the hospital. This was in the month of December, and very cold; it being the coldest winter they had in South Carolina since the winter of 1856-7. To give warmth to the unfortunate patients we would build, every night, a fire of large logs, always making it at the windward end of the shed, so as much heat as possible would draw through. This did not afford much heat, and the smoke from the pine almost stifling. On the evening of December 16, 1864, it was bitter cold, we were sitting around our log fire, he attracted my attention by making a motion that he wanted to be carried to the fire to get warmed. I immediately went to him, and picking him up, started for the fire at the end of the shed, and was in the act of sitting down on a log, that we used as a seat, when he gave a faint shudder, and stretched himself out dead in my arms.

Although this bereavement in some respects was peculiarly sad, the boy being their only son, captured within less than a month of the expiration of his term of service, and daily expecting to go home with his company, the sadness which the relatives and friends would have otherwise felt, was to a great degree lightened, if not entirely removed, by the fact that his death was peaceful and full of hope—his last words were "tell mother I die happy."—*Geo. E. Reed, Post 58, Harrisburg.*

RECALLING A BRAVE DEED.

Bernard Harley, who died of Bright's disease at his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., was one of the daring band that accompanied Lieutenant Cushing on his seemingly reckless attempt to blow up the rebel ram Albemarle. He was born in this city and lived here all his life, excepting the years he was in the navy. Of late years he found employment in the navy yard, and was well known in the city, and had many friends among its old soldiers and sailors.

The exploit in which Mr. Harley was concerned was one of the most daring of the war, and was, perhaps, paralleled only by Decatur's scuttling of a stranded frigate, while it was in possession of Tripolitan pirates, and by the sinking of two Turkish gunboats in the Danube by a Russian lieutenant. The Confederate ram Albemarle had aided materially in the siege of

Plymouth, and, after wreaking much damage there, was decoyed down the Roanoke river into the midst of Captain Melancthon Smith's fleet of blockaders. The United States steamer *Sassacus*, fulfilling the implications of its name, steamed out from the ranks, rammed her, and engaged in a fight at close quarters, until a hundred pound shot from the *Albemarle* passed through her boiler, crippling her for a time and preventing pursuit. The ram escaped, but the mere fact that she was in existence, and was liable at any moment to bear down on transports and gunboats, rendered her a bugbear to the Union commanders, and one night Lieutenant William Cushing, a young naval officer, formed a wild resolve to undertake her destruction. Finding that she lay behind a bulwark of logs on the edge of a swamp, he took command of a little steam launch, and accompanied by thirteen daring spirits, of whom Mr. Harley was one, descended the river in the darkness, and managed to approach within sixty feet of the iron monster before the deck watch sighted him. Instantly a fusillade was opened, but the lieutenant pushed on, and planting a large torpedo under the overhang of the ram, exploded it. There was a terrific report, and almost at the same instant came the roar of one of the *Albemarle's* rifled cannon, hurling a heavy shot through the little launch, breaking it into splinters, and dyeing the water with the gallant blue jackets. All but two of the launch's crew were shot or drowned or captured, and Lieutenant Cushing, refusing to heed the calls to surrender, swam out into the darkness, seized a floating log and made his way to shore, where he found shelter in a freedman's cabin. The next night he took, single handed, a rebel picket boat, and sailed away to the fleet, where he was delighted to learn that his torpedo had been so carefully planted that the ram was hopelessly disabled and had settled nearly to her deck in the muddy bed of the river. The act of daring was performed on the night of October 27, 1864, and two days afterward the *Stars and Stripes* floated from the ram, and the Union forces were enabled to operate with more certainty and confidence.

CONVERSED WITH FORREST.

"Yes, I had a conversation once with Gen. Forrest," said a citizen of Arkansas, in reply to a question asked by a friend. "I had just joined the army and knew nothing of the rigid fashions of war. One night, after we had traveled all day, we stopped in the woods, and were told that we would remain there until morning.

I did not think it was right to keep us in the dark, and made a remark to that effect.

"Why don't you go and ask Forrest?" some one remarked.

"I am not acquainted with him," I replied.

"That makes no difference."

"That so?"

"Not a bit. He would be glad to see you. I would ask him, but I borrowed a couple of dollars from him the other day, and as I have been unable to repay him, I have been keeping out of his way."

"I found Forrest sitting under a tree, on a camp-stool, closely drawn up to an improvised table.

"Good evening," said I.

"What do you want?"

"My name is Dick Anderson."

"All right."

"I belong to your command. We have been riding all day without knowing where we are going, and so I thought I'd come around and ask you."

"You are very kind," said he.

"Not at all," said I.

"Now Anderson, I don't mind telling you confidentially, but I do not want the whole command to know it."

"That's all right, General. I won't tell anybody."

"Won't say a word?"

"No sir."

"You must not, you know, for the enemy might get hold of it. Lean over here and let me whisper to you." I leaned over, and he whispered, "We are going to hell." Well, sir, I hurried away, and I'll pledge you my word and honor if, by ten o'clock the next day, I didn't think we had already got there. That was the only conversation I ever had with Gen. Forrest."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

Our soldiers were loyal to the cause. Never for a moment did they consider it possible to let the Southern States secede. It was at home that the loyal people lost heart, and they were heard to say, "The sacrifice is too great." Nothing like that was ever heard in the trenches. They were always loyal. Even in the prisons they remained loyal to the Union. It is said of a prisoner at Andersonville, who was dying of confinement and festering wounds—his companions thought that he was unconscious, when he suddenly raised his head, and whispered "Don't give up, boys; never give up until—until the rebels are whipped." He fell back dead.

"Who comes there?" "A friend!" "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." "Field and Post Room."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
FRANK B. KINNEARD AND WILSON C. FOX,
NO. 34 NORTH THIRD STREET, HARRISBURG, PA.

ENTERED IN THE HARRISBURG POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I have frequently seen articles written on the subject of "*Bravery in Battle*," and, naturally, when a person who has been in battle reads them, he compares them with what he has seen or felt. That some men are constituted with stronger nerves and will power than others cannot be denied, but that we are all "*cowards in the dark*" is too true. I have seen men in battle who would stand up and fight nobly, while the same men in other battles seemed to have lost all nerve, and would cringe like very cowards. My own opinion is that a *sense of duty*, and the fear of being looked upon by your fellow soldiers as a coward, is what did the work.

The regiment I had the honor of belonging to left "old Camp Curtin" in March, 1862. Our first duty was that of guarding railroads. Up to this time not a great many battles had been fought, but I can remember how fearful we all were that the war would be over before we would see a fight. In fact the rank and file seemed to be spoiling for a fight. Well, we got it—commencing at Cedar Mountain, it was fight and march, and march and fight, till the campaign ended with the battle of Antietam. After this months work there was not so much "spoiling for a fight." Our regiment, at Cedar Mountain, was standing in close column by division, arms stacked, and details made to fill canteens. The enemy opened on us, and we were in for it, receiving our baptism, mostly of shell and solid shot. Our regimental commander did not happen to be with us at the time, and we had no one to give an order. One of the captains, who had been the big talker and brave blower, heretofore, lost all his nerve, and by his extreme anxiety to get away, came near stampeding the whole concern, and although the sensation was a new one to us all, his cowardice seemed to brace us all up, and we stood our ground till General Duryea, our brigade commander, rode up and said, "Boys, them things make a big noise, but seldom hurt anyone." He then marched us for that battery, and our first trouble was over, and that regiment went through three years and three months service and came out with a good record.

I remember an incident of one of the best soldiers in the regiment, an Irishman. At Antietam we marched in line of battle through a cornfield. The rebs. knew we were coming, and had removed the fence at the outer edge of the field, and when we developed from the corn, they gave us a terrible reception. We all lay down and hugged the ground as close as we could, (many lay down to rise no more.) The Irishman (by name Kennedy) would load and then stand up and fire, saying to his companions, "Why the devil can't you schand up and fight like an Irishman;" when leaving the field hastily he seemed to lag back, and I hurried him up, when he remarked "Howld on till I give them another volley." In another battle, this same man was fighting bravely when a bullet hit him in the fleshy part of the arm, he threw down his gun, yelling "Howly Moses," and ran to the rear. After the battle the boys had it on him good. He said to me, "When the thing hit me, I thought the whole Southern Confederacy was shot into me."

Another incident happened in this battle. After the fight had been on for some time, one of the men on the left crawled up through the corn and told us everything had gone back on the left, and the two color bearers were laying dead with the colors. Our ammunition was about out, and we had taken all from the dead men's cartridge boxes. We could see the enemy were about charging in force, and it was our duty to withdraw to prevent capture, but how about the colors, we had no right to leave them behind. I called out for some one to go down and get the colors, but not a man rose to do so. I then called on a sergeant near by, and told him to take some men and bring up the colors. No one arose to obey. I then said, "If no one will bring the colors, I will have to do so myself," but no response. I was then in for it, and telling an officer near by to hold the men in place until I got back, I rose up and ran down, and when I found the two color bearers laying dead, I threw myself down aside of them, and had quite a time breaking the grasp of one from his flag. Taking a flag in each hand I speedily got back, amidst a shower of bullets, but not one hit me. I then drew back the command and saved capture. Now this might be looked upon as a very brave action. Well, I never felt more like a coward in my life. I was almost sure I would be killed, and if I could have gotten any one else to bring them up, I am sure I would not have risked it, but I was too cowardly to go back without the colors, and have it said I left them for the rebs.

It always seemed to me, than an officer, in battle, had it better than the enlisted man; he had his men to look after and keep them in order. Something to distract his mind from the sense of being shot at, then the shame and disgrace of being thought anything but a brave man by his comrades—but as to bravery—well, we will let that go, but certainly the thousands of our comrades who stood up like men, from an honorable "sense of duty," were brave, but I know of none that would not have preferred being some other place than in battle, and many certainly felt like the Johnny when trudging through the mud on a hard march, when the column halted, he leaned against a fence, and said "*If I ever love another country damnme.*"

More anon. s.

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THE MUSTER OUT.

We never realized its resources as on the day when our armies at the close of the war returned and passed in review at Washington. God knew that the day was stupendous and he cleared the heaven of cloud and mist and chill, and sprung the blue sky as a triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington Heights the spring foliage shook out its welcome as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions as they came to the Long Bridge, and in an almost interminable line passed over. The capitol for whose defense these men had fought never looked so majestic as that morning, snowy white, looking down upon the tides of men. They came surging on, billow after billow. Darius and Xerxes saw no such hosts as those that marched in the three great armies of the Potomac, Tennessee and Georgia.

Passing in silence, yet I heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through which they had waded, and seemed to see dripping from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we stood and watched the filing on of what seemed endless battalions. Brigade after brigade, division after division, host after host, rank beyond rank, ever moving and ever passing, marching, marching, tramp, tramp, tramp. These fought in the Wilderness, those rode in lightning stirrups behind Cavalry Sheridan. These men were at Chattanooga, those stood on Lookout Mountain. These followed their captain from Atlanta to the sea, holding the same flag, lifting the same sword, marching, marching, tramp, tramp, tramp. Thousands after thousands, battery front, arms shoulder-

ed, columns solid, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril. Commanders on horses, with their manes entwined with roses and necks encircled with garlands, fractions at the shouts that rang along the line, increasing from the clapping of children clothed in white standing on the steps of the capitol, and the tumultuous vociferation of hundreds of thousands of enraptured multitudes crying huzza, huzza!

Gleaming muskets, thundering parks of artillery, rumbling pontoon wagons, ambulances whose wheels seemed to send out the groans of the crushed and dying that they had carried. These men came from balmy Minnesota; those from Illinois prairies. These were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon. These were New England lumbermen. These came out of the coal shaft. Side by side, brothers in peril, on their way home from Chancellorsville and Kenesaw Mountain and Fredericksburg. In lines that seemed infinite they passed on. We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our heads to see if the end had come. But no; looking from one end of that long avenue to the other, we saw them yet in solid column, battery front, host beside host, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril, coming, as it were, from under the capitol. Forward! Forward! Their bayonets, caught in the sun, glimmered and flashed and blazed till they seemed like one long river of silver, ever and anon changing into a river of fire. No end to the procession; no rest for the eye. We avert our head from the scene unable longer to look. We feel disposed to stop our ears, but still we hear it, marching, marching, tramp, tramp, tramp. But hush! Uncover every head! Here they pass—the remnant of ten men of a full regiment. Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on, wring their hands. Oh, wheel into the ranks all ye people, North, South, East, West—all decades, all centuries, all millenniums. Forward, the whole line! Huzza! Huzza!—*Rev. T. De Witt Talnage.*

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There was a funny scene on the second day of the battle of Gettysburg. A captured Confederate colonel was sitting comfortably sheltered behind a rock and laughing till the tears rolled down his cheeks, while a private of the 88th and one of the 69th New York had dropped their muskets and were hammering each other with their fists in order to decide which took the prisoner. Lieutenant Chas. M. Grainger, of the 88th, on his way to the rear with a shattered elbow, escorted the colonel away.

TRAPPING A YANKEE SPY.

BY AN EX REBEL.

In the winter of 1864, when Johnson's army lay at Dalton in winter quarters, I made two or three excursions in the direction of Chattanooga, picking up more or less valuable information, and was resting after one of these raids, when the incident I am about to relate occurred.

That Yankee spies were penetrating our camp was a well known fact. Two or three had been arrested, but it was only two or three out of a dozen, and orders had been issued to all regimental officers to be vigilant and alert in seeking to detect the presence of strangers. All the scouts had, as a matter of course, received the same instructions, but for a week nothing resulted from this combined watchfulness.

One afternoon, while sitting in the quarters of an old friend belonging to a brigade band, a crowd gathered outside, and I heard the music of a fiddle. Stepping to the door, I saw a German, about forty years of age, in the centre of a circle of soldiers, seated on a cracker box and playing the fiddle in a rude sort of way as if entirely unmindful of their presence. The man was in citizen's clothes, and for what seemed a very good reason. His right arm had been amputated at the elbow. I looked him over closely as he sat there, eyes half-closed and keeping time with his foot, and I could not say that I ever saw him before.

"Give us a song, Dutely!" cried a dozen men in chorus, after he had played for a spell, and he at once complied. The first verse ran as follows:

"Oh! doan' you see my falling tears?
Oh! doan' you know dat I vas sad?
Dot vvhile you laugh und merry vas,
No home I haf to make me glad."

He had not yet finished it when I was trying hard to remember where and when I had heard it before. His voice was soft and plaintive, and the air of the song was one to captivate a soldier. They crowded closer and were silent as he sang the second verse:

"Nopody vvaits to welcome me,
Nopody cares which way I go;
I chalks alone, adown life's path,
My happiness vas turned to woe."

I was struggling like a prisoner to break his bonds. Years ago I had heard that song, and had not heard it since. It was in vain I endeavored my brain, but just when I was in despair, I happened to notice how he was playing the fiddle. His right arm was gone, as I have told you, but with the stump he was holding the bow by a simple contrivance and with his left hand

he was fingering the strings. Indeed, those soldiers were remarking on the novelty of it. I had not watched him thirty seconds when memory came to my aid.

In the summer of 1859 I made a trip to a watering place in Wisconsin—a bridal tour. One evening, as my wife and I sat on the porch of the hotel, this man came along, having a little girl with him, and as he played that fiddle and sang she joined in the chorus and accompanied him on a banjo. This was one of the songs he sang that evening—seven or eight verses to it—and it was so sad and plaintive that we paid him to repeat it two or three times.

Now, I could not say that he was not a Confederate, but the fact that he was not in our uniform, and that I had seen him so far north, was enough to rouse a suspicion. As soon as he had finished his song, he offered for sale from his pack, buttons, thread, needles, pencils, and other small wares, and did a rushing business for half an hour. He could have sold everything right there, but he suddenly packed up and moved away, even when a dozen customers had money in their hands. This action seemed queer, if not suspicious, and I followed the man. In half an hour I was certain that he was a spy, and had been making an estimate of our strength.

Without entirely losing sight of the man, I communicated my suspicions to the officer-of-the-day, and the result was an arrest. The man did not change countenance when he found himself between the bayonets, but marched off as if such affairs were down on his programme.

Upon reaching the guard-house he calmly submitted to a thorough search of his person and pack. This lasted a full hour, but we made no discovery of importance. The man denied that he was ever north of the Ohio river, and claimed New Orleans as his residence. He learned the song from a vagabond musician who visited that city, and had sung it in hundreds of Confederate camps since the war. There was absolutely no evidence against him, and he would have been set at liberty had I not entreated the officer to give me until next day to look up something to confirm my suspicions.

I at once mounted my horse and rode through all the adjacent camps, and I found that the man had visited every one of them. He had certainly taken in a whole corps in his rounds, and was heard of among infantry, artillery, cavalry, and even the hospitals. As a pedler he would have done this, but as a spy he would have done the same thing. All the evidence I could get was that he appeared, played his fid-

dle, sang his songs and sold his notions, claiming to some to be selling on commission for a sutler, and to others that he was in business for himself.

I returned to headquarters clean done up and mad at myself for having made such a mess of it. The man was all right and I was all wrong. I went to the guard house to ask him a few further questions, and it seemed to me that my sudden entrance rather confused him. While I questioned I also watched, and presently I observed that he seemed to have a very large quid of tobacco in his cheek. Mind you, I was looking for trifles, and I no sooner noticed the fact I have mentioned than I watched to see him expectorate, and soon realized that he was not doing so. This wasn't at all natural, and I began at his head to look him over. When I came down to the third button on his blouse there was no button there. All the others were in place, but this one was missing.

The man was talkative and even jovial, and by and by I left him with the remark that I would go and report to the officer and have him set at liberty. I stepped out, walked around for fifteen minutes and then re-entered the guard-house. The third button on his blouse was now in place, and the quid of tobacco no longer bulged out his cheek. When ordered to "peel" his coat he hesitated for an instant, and I saw him change countenance, but off it came and I carried it to headquarters.

Every button on that blouse was not only a hollow cylinder made to screw together, but each cavity was filled with proofs to convict him as a spy. He had worked an entire corps, and he had the number of men, pieces of artillery, condition of arms, and whatever else might be asked for.

When he was brought before Gen. — he felt that the jig was up. There were his own notes to confront him. He refused to utter one single word, and seemed to have made up his mind to pay the penalty without flinching. It was brief work to try, convict and condemn him, but he was never executed. On the night before his execution he died on his blankets. He was in the full vigor of years and health, having a hearty appetite, and his death has ever remained a mystery. There was no wound of any sort on the body, and of the five surgeons summoned to investigate, all were certain that he did not take poison of any sort. After playing on his fiddle for half an hour he lay down on the blankets with the remark that it was his last night to sleep. A guard sat within ten feet of him, and saw him apparently fall into a slumber, but two hours later he was dead.

BATTLE PANICS.

The slightest cause has led to gravest results in battles. Let a battery change position with a rush, running through a brigade, and those men must be handled firmly to prevent a falling back. Caissons in search of ammunition have stampeded regiments time and again. Let one regiment fall back hastily to secure a new position, and it is a cool line of veterans indeed which will open to let the men pass, and then close up firmly after them. It is not the fear of being killed that unnerves a man fighting in the ranks. Men who have fired seventy-five rounds at close range have been afterwards stampeded by the fear of being surrounded and captured. With veteran fighters the fear of being made a prisoner is perhaps stronger than that of death itself. A man falling dead as a line advances produces no consternation. The gap is closed as quick as the men on either side can move up. But, let a man be wounded and call out at the top of his voice, as was sometimes the case, and a sort of quiver runs up and down his whole company. Let a second and third be hit, and it requires the stern "Steady, men!" of the captain to prevent disorder in the ranks.

The teamsters were the direct cause of more than one panic. Being non-combatants and unarmed, they were, of course, helpless, and for this same reason easily frightened. Let one single shell fall among the wagon train, and nine out of ten wagons were bound to move. If one teamster abandoned his wagon others were certain to follow his example, no matter how slight the danger.—*Field, Fort and Fleet.*

SHE GAVE IN AT LAST.

When Bragg evacuated Chattanooga, one of his colonels left a young wife behind. She was from South Carolina, and a thorough Yankee later. She was at first comfortably provided with provisions, but as the days went by and she divided with this neighbor and that, her stock ran low. She finally had nothing left but corn meal and dried peas, and one night a servant girl stole all the meal. Other women were appealing to the Federals, but this one determined to die first. She had pea soup, pea pudding, and peas cooked in various shapes, and when the peas gave out she gave a negro a dollar to cut her a steak from a mule which had fallen dead in a field across the way. She had made up her mind to brave it through, but the mule meat was worse than the blue coats, and she locked up her pride and applied for Federal rations.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

About daylight upon the Sunday of his death Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better that he should be prepared for the worst.

He was silent for a moment and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to Heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added: "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father."

He still expressed a hope that he would recover, but requested his wife, in case he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Saviour.

He replied: "O, no! You are frightened, my child. Death is not so near. I may yet get well."

She fell upon the bed weeping bitterly, and again told him, amid her tears and sobs, that the physicians declared that there was no longer any hope of his recovery. After a moment's pause he asked her to call the family physician.

"Doctor," he said, as the physician entered the room, "Anna informed me that you have told her I am to die to-day. Is it so?"

When he was answered in the affirmative, he turned his sunken eyes toward the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two as if in intense thought, then looked at the friends about him and said softly:

"Very good, very good; it is all right."

Then turning to his heart broken wife he tried to comfort her. He told her that there was much he desired to tell her, but that he was too weak for the undertaking.

Col. Pendleton, one of the officers of his staff, came into the room about 1 o'clock. Gen. Jackson asked him:

"Who is preaching at the headquarters to-day?"

When told in reply that the whole army was praying for him, he replied:

"Thank God! they are very kind." Then he added: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

Slowly his mind began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked in his delirium as if in command of his army on the field of battle. He would give orders to his aides in his old way, and then the scene was changed. He was at the mess table in conversation with mem-

bers of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of a return of his mind would appear, and during one of them the physician offered the dying man some brandy and water, but he declined it, saying:

"It will only delay my departure and do no good; I want to preserve my mind to the last, if possible."

A few moments before the end arrived the dying warrior cried out in his delirium:

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action!" "Pass the infantry to the front rapidly!" "Tell Maj. Hawks——" then his voice was silent and the sentence remained unfinished.

An instant later a smile of ineffable sweetness and purity spread itself over his calm, pale face, and then looking upward, and slightly raising his hands, he said quietly and with an expression of relief:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

And then without sign of struggle or of pain his spirit passed away. Was death ever so sweet and peaceful? Was ever rest so anticipated or Heaven so revealed?

AT APPOMATTOX.

While Generals Grant and Lee were in conference, arranging the conditions of the latter's surrender, Ward's battery from Mississippi occupied such an advanced position in the Confederate line as not to know what was going on at army headquarters, and having received no orders to cease firing, consequently its guns were opened upon the Federals whenever they were in sight or range, notwithstanding the latter called to them to cease firing, and, also, waved handkerchiefs at them. The officers of the battery thought it quite strange that firing had ceased everywhere else, and, after a consultation, dispatched Lieut. T. to Maj. Pogue, who commanded the battalion of artillery, for orders. As the Lieutenant rode along he noticed an unusual number of blue coats within the lines, and saw groups of Confederate and Federal officers in conversation, and said "the thought took possession of him that the Confederates had won the day and captured a terrible big lot of prisoners." Finally, he reached Maj. Pogue's tent, and, after saluting him, announced that "his battery had cleaned out the enemy in its front, and that the Captain was waiting instructions to move further to the front, and had sent him for orders."

"Orders!" exclaimed the Major, "why! the jigs up!"

"It is?" said the Lieutenant.

"Yes! the surrender occurred more than an hour ago," continued the Major, but before he could finish the Lieutenant wheeled his horse, and, giving a big hurrah, stuck his spurs to him and went dashing back to his comrades. As he reached them he whooped and yelled louder than ever. "Hurrah! boys the jigs up. We've scooped 'em in. Old Grant's surrendered to Marse Bob, and his fellows and our fellows are all up the road there a-shaking hands and a-swapping greenbacks and Confed. money for war relics. I swear it's a fact. I saw it with my own eyes, and Maj. Pogue told me so."

About that time the Major came galloping up, and the Lieutenant exclaimed:

"There he comes now. He'll tell you all about it." But before the Major could speak the Lieutenant asked: "Hasn't the surrender taken place, Major?"

"Yes," he said, and again the Lieutenant whooped and yelled:

"I told you so. Hurrah for our side!" and the officers and men joined in and yelled till their throats were sore.

All this time the Major, who was still in his saddle, was trying to get in a word or two, but all in vain. Great tears were coursing down his cheeks, and when the Lieutenant noticed this he called out:

"By granny, boys, the news is so good, see, the Major is actually crying."

At last there was a lull, when the Captain remarked:

"Tell us all the particulars, Major."

The Major, with some effort, and in a husky voice, complied; but when he told them Gen. Lee had surrendered to Gen. Grant, his eyes were not the only ones that were filled with tears.

The Lieutenant looked confounded, then bursting into tears, said:

"Well, boys, I don't believe it was ever intended for us to win."

ARMY JOKES.

Every old soldier knows how a good joke dispelled the blues and waked up some corner of the camp. One or two of these rise up before me and demand recognition.

When the Twentieth Ohio infantry entered Camp Chase not a few of them were up to any game that promised fun. One day a tall, awkward looking specimen, came to camp as a new recruit. The boys soon found out he was as he looked. They asked him if he had been mustered in and he answered, "No."

"Then," said one of the boys, "the sooner you are mustered in the better. You cannot draw pay till you are."

"Well, I am ready, but I don't know what to do."

"Boys," said the wag of the crowd, "let's us help the poor fellow; it won't take long to muster him."

A messenger was sent to the Hospital Steward for some mustard for a sick man. The recruit was taken to an empty shanty, a large mustard plaster applied to his chest, and he was required to lie still until it would draw. After ten minutes he began to wiggle, and exclaimed, "By Jove, boys, this bites."

"Pshaw," said one, "we've all been there."

Ten minutes later he yelled, "Fellows, this burns like h—ades."

"Oh," said one fellow, "ten minutes more; don't be a baby."

The thirty minutes elapsed and the poor fellow got up and walked about with the air of a conqueror. He was a soldier anyhow. In a few days he saw the joke, and no one laughed louder than he.

Poor fellow, in the battle of Raymond, Miss., the end of his tongue was shot off, it was said by the boys, while indulging in some tall swearing.

When the Twentieth reached Fort Gibson, Miss., some of the boys entered a deserted bank. Here they found a pile of notes or bills of various denominations which had never been signed. They took a lot with them, and some suggested that if signed they would pass for money.

Various signatures were appended, such as "Uncle Sam, President, and John Brown, Cashier." Just as the foragers thought, the country people accepted them gladly. J. C. Meracle, of Company I, bought a lot of honey and gave a twenty dollar bill in payment. The lady could not make the change, and he generously told her it made no odds. When he entered the road and joined his company some one said to him, "Meracle, you may never eat that honey." He answered, "The bullet that is to kill me has not yet been made." Poor fellow he was one of the first to fall, shot through the head.

When the Confederates retreated rapidly in our front, their double quick savoring of the run, one of our drafted men rushed after them in advance of the line. Colonel Force called out to him to know what he was doing there. The fellow stuttered badly and answered, "Co-co-cornal, I wanted another po-po-pop at them."

LAY ME DOWN WITH MY BADGE.

JAMES B. FAIRCHILD, POST 28, G. A. R., CHICAGO.

When the long roll has sounded my last long alarm,
 When the spirit and body shall part,
 When my name has been called and "at rest" returned,
 With my hand folded over my heart.
 When no more shall the reveille wake with the day,
 And call me from labor to rest,
 Then bury me like a soldier should be,
 With my beautiful badge on my breast.

Lef me sleep my last sleep with my beautiful star,
 With its banner and eagle and all,
 Close to my heart which has ever been true
 To the flag at my loved country's enll.
 In life 'twas the emblem of loyalty, truth,
 And charity—sweetest and best.
 Then bury me when the last summons shall come,
 With my beautiful badge on my breast.

'Tis a badge that no traitor breast ever can wear—
 'Tis an emblem of loyalty true,
 'Tis a broad shield of brotherhood, spotless and fair,
 The beautiful red, white and blue.
 'Tis an emblem that monarchs can never bestow;
 Of all emblems the bravest and best.
 And so I desire that I take my last sleep,
 With my beautiful badge on my breast.

And in the grand muster on that brighter shore,
 When we pass our great final review,
 It will shine on to show that my heart ever beat,
 To my country and flag ever true.
 'Twill be a prized emblem to show in that land,
 The beautiful land of the blest.
 Then bury me when my last "tattoo" shall sound,
 With my beautiful badge on my breast.

HISTORY OF POST No. 58, G. A. R.

In the Spring of 1867, John W. Geary, Governor of Pennsylvania, and late Major General U. S. V., and at the time a member of Post No. 1, of Philadelphia, in consultation with Lane S. Hart and William B. Hart, members of Post No. 11, of Norristown, but residents of Harrisburg, determined to withdraw from their respective organizations, and establish a Post of the Grand of the Republic at Harrisburg.

Authority was given for its organization by the issuance of the following charter:

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
 DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

To all whom it may concern, Greeting:

Know Ye, That the Commander of the Department of Pennsylvania, reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism and fidelity of John W. Geary, Thomas J. Jordan, E. C. Williams, John P. Brna, Lane S. Hart, William C. Armor, John T. Boyle, William B. Hart, M. S. Smith, Thomas M'Camant, T. B. Hurst, B. F. Lee and George W. Davis, does by the authority in him vested, empower and constitute them as Charter Members of an Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be known as Post No. 58, of Harrisburg, District of Dauphin County, Department of Pennsylvania; and they are hereby constituted as said Post, and authorized to

make by-laws for the government of said Post, and to do and perform all acts necessary to conduct and carry on said organization in accordance with the Constitution of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Done at Philadelphia, this 28th day of April, 1867.

LOUIS WAGNER,
 Grand Commander.

JAMES GIVIS,

Assist' Adjutant General.

The parties named in the above charter assembled in the Executive Chamber, date not known, and were mustered into the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic, by General Louis Wagner, Department Commander.

The Post records make no mention of its proceedings prior to the 4th of June, but from a register of members, it appears that P. F. Worseley and John W. Parks were admitted at the same time as those who applied for the charter, and on April 30, A. J. Rupp was mustered.

June 4, 1867.—From entries on the descriptive book it appears that up to this time, the members of the Post were as follows:

JOHN W. GEARY,	THOS. J. JORDAN,
Maj. Gen. U. S. V.	Col. 9th Pa. Cav., Bvt. Brig. Gen.
E. C. WILLIAMS,	JOHN P. BRNA,
Col. 9th Pa. Cav.	Maj. & Paymaster, U. S. A.
LANE S. HART,	WM. C. ARMOR,
Maj. 51st Pa. Vols.	Maj. 28th Pa. Vols.
JOHN T. BOYLE,	WM. B. HART,
Capt. Co. D, 96th Pa. Vols.	Capt. & A. A. G. U. S. V.
THOS. M'CAMANT,	M. S. SMITH,
2d Lt. Co. G, 129th Pa. Vols.	Sgt. Maj. 11th P. R. V. C.
T. B. HURST,	B. F. LEE,
2d Lt. Co. H, 7th P. R. V. C.	Capt. & A. C. S., U. S. V.
GEO. W. DAVIS,	P. F. WORSELEY,
Priv. Co. E, 201st Pa. Vols.	Corp. Co. D, 28th Pa. Vols.
JOHN W. PARKS,	A. J. RUPP,
Capt. Co. I, 147th Pa. Vols.	2d Lt. Co. F, 187th P. V.

The meeting was held in Odd Fellows' Hall, Exchange Building, (site of present post-office.) Comrade Thomas J. Jordan acting as Commander. No mention is made in the minutes of this meeting of the muster of any members, but entries on the descriptive book show that the following joined at this time:

GEO. W. SHOOP,	R. A. M'COY,
Priv. Co. J, 1st P. R. V. C.	Col. 11th P. R. V. C.
SAMUEL AKE,	BENJ. P. THOMPSON,
Q. M. S. 22d Pa. Cav.	1st Lt. Co. A, 51st Pa. Vols.
SAMUEL PATTON,	HENRY SOUTER,
GEO. A. SOUTER,	SAMUEL HAFFLEY,
2d Lt. Co. I, 91st P. V.	1st Lt. Co. K, 26th Pa. Vols.
THOS. D. RHEEME,	
Priv. Co. C, 152d Pa. Vols.	

On motion of Comrades Geary and Boyle, the Post proceeded to the election of a Commander, which resulted in the choice of R. A. M'Coey, who was installed into office; the election of the other officers was postponed for the present.

The following were proposed for membership:

Oliver B. Simmons, Jacob H. Santo,
William Kuhn, A. K. Kuhn,
William H. Egle, John S. Detweiler,
Charles C. Davis, E. G. Savage,
Martin J. Rupp.

The acting Adjutant, Geo. W. Shoop, reported the sum of \$11.75 in the treasury.

The meeting adjourned to meet in the office of the Auditor General, on Friday evening, June 7, but no record is made of a meeting at that time.

June 11, 1867.—Commander R. A. M'Coy in the chair. But few members present. After reading the minutes of the last muster the Post closed.

June 18, 1867.—Commander R. A. M'Coy in the chair. But few members present.

The following recruit was mustered:

MARTIN J. RUPP,
2d Lieut. Co. I, 28th Pa. Vols.

June 25, 1867.—Commander R. A. M'Coy in the chair.

The following were proposed for membership:

J. Geiger Ingram,	Theo. A. Gardner,
George L. Walter,	Joseph Liness,
Michael Forney,	Henry Boyle,
William Dunlevy,	William Elser,
Samuel G. Greene,	

The following recruits were mustered:

JACOB H. SANTO,	A. K. KUHN,
Adjutant 51st Pa. Vols.	Capt. Co. D, 93d Pa. Vols.

Comrade John T. Boyle called attention to the cases of several soldiers residing in the city, who were in necessitous circumstances, and suggested that the Post endeavor to obtain employment for them, or admission to a National Home. No action taken.

Receipts, \$2.00.

July 2, 1867.—Commander R. A. M'Coy in the chair.

W. W. Jennings and D. S. Brown were proposed for membership.

The following named recruit was mustered:

W. W. JENNINGS,
Col. 127th Pa. Vols.

A bill of \$21.67 was presented for rent and services of janitor; it appears that this sum exceeded the amount in the treasury, as an order was drawn authorizing its payment when the quartermaster had received sufficient means to do so.

The following were chosen officers for the ensuing six months:

Commander—R. A. M'Coy.

Senior Vice Commander—W. W. Jennings.

Junior Vice Commander—Geo. W. Davis.

Adjutant—George W. Shoop.

Quartermaster—A. K. Kuhn.

The election of a Chaplain and Surgeon was postponed for the present.

The receipts were \$4.00.

July 9, 1867.—Commander R. A. M'Coy in the chair.

Applications for membership were received from the following:

Jacob Meese,	L. M. Hicks,
James N. Blundin,	Oliver B. Yoder,
Samuel Hamilton,	T. F. Zimmerman,
Joseph K. Long,	

The following recruits were presented for muster:

OLIVER B. YODER,	JACOB MEESE,
Priv. Co. G, 201st P. V.	1st Lt. Co. F, 45th P. V.
J. GEIGER INGRAM,	GEORGE L. WALTER,
Priv. Co. I, 77th P. V.	Priv. Co. B, 127th P. V.
SAMUEL HAMILTON,	L. M. HICKS,
Priv. Co. F, 10th P. R. V. C.	Com. Sgt. 54th P. V.
JAMES N. BLUNDIN,	THEO. A. GARDNER,
1st Lt. Co. B, 4th P. R. V. C.	Sgt. Co. B, 87th P. V.
Capt. Co. B, 233th P. V.	

Comrades Lane S. Hart and John T. Boyle were chosen as representatives to the department encampment, which convened at Philadelphia, July 17th.

After the settlement of the accounts of the Quartermaster, (which show an indebtedness to him of ninety-four cents,) the Post closed.

July 16, 1867.—Commander R. A. M'Coy in the chair.

The following applications were read and the candidates balloted for and elected to membership:

George F. M'Farland,	Benj. Brightbill,
John E. Parsons,	O. B. Simmons,
Thos. Birmingham,	

There were mustered into the Post at this meeting:

GEORGE F. M'FARLAND,	BENJ. BRIGHTBILL,
Col. 151st P. V.	Sgt. Co. D, 12th P. R. V. C.
JOHN E. PARSONS,	O. B. SIMMONS,
Col. 187th P. V.	1st Lt. Co. D, 46th P. V.
CHAS. T. SPEARMAN,	HIRAM D. DASHER,
Corp. Co. I, 28th P. V.	1st Lt. Co. D, 93d P. V.

The Quartermaster reported the sum of \$3.06 in the Post fund.



Few, if any, men served in the late war during an extended period, without incurring some detriment to their health. For this reason it requires no great strain of sympathy to show that while disabilities may not be directly traceable to the service, they are indirectly the results of that service and of the seeds of disease and debility sown at that time.

Casualties in Pennsylvania Regiments during the Rebellion.

Compiled from the Muster-out Rolls, as given in Bates' History.

TWENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

	Officers.	Men.
Killed in action	5	98
Died of wounds received	1	36
Died from other causes	2	43
Died as prisoners of war		14
Discharged for wounds received		10
Discharged on surgeon's certificate,	5	253
Discharged for various causes	7	10
Absent in hospital, at muster out,	1	24
Resigned	16	
Transferred	9	389
Deserted		240
Dishonorably discharged	3	3
Not accounted for		34
Mustered out with regiment	27	263
Entire strength	76	1417
Wounded in action	15	116
Taken prisoners	1	11

Mustered into service, May 25, 1861.

Discharged June 18, 1864.

Term of service, 3 years, 23 days.

This regiment was organized soon after the election of President Lincoln, in 1860. In the latter part of January, 1861, its services were tendered to the government, but believing that pacific counsels would prevail, the offer was declined by the President. When the "Star of the West" was fired upon, it was ordered to report at Washington. On the evening of April 18, it left Philadelphia, unarmed, and was attacked by a mob in Baltimore, and compelled to return; losing one killed and several wounded. It was then accepted for the three months service but not mustered, and was finally mustered into the service for three years, being the first regiment from Pennsylvania for that term.

In the month of February, 1862, a beautiful silk flag was presented to the regiment by Mrs. McCrellish and Mrs. Wm. A. Woodward, of San Francisco, formerly of Philadelphia. A singular fact is connected with the fate of this flag. After having been carried two years, on its return, blood-stained and tattered, to its fair donors, it was on board the Ariel when that vessel was captured by the rebel privateer Alabama. The flag was secured in the bosom of a passenger and escaped detection.

During the operations at Mine Run, an officer of another regiment was wounded, and the bearers of a stretcher belonging to the Twenty-sixth started to carry him from the field. They had not gone far when a round shot from the enemy's battery struck the bearers, taking off the head of one and the ear of another; the stretcher dropped, and the ludicrous part of the story is, that the officer jumped up and ran away towards the rear at a high rate of speed, to the surprise of those around.

In the engagement in the Wilderness, on the 4th of May, 1864, private Christian Snyder, of company F, was shot in the back, the spinal column being fractured. His last words were, "I do not care to die, but the Flag, the Flag."

Benj. F. Thomas, private company F, was wounded six times during his term of service, namely: in the battles at Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Second Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Mine Run, and was finally mustered out with his company.

TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

	Officers.	Men.
Killed in action	4	40
Died of wounds received	1	29
Died from other causes		37
Died as prisoners of war		17
Discharged for various causes	3	33
Dishonorably discharged	2	5
Resigned	31	
Discharged on surgeon's certificate,	4	225
Mustered out with regiment	27	365
Transferred	2	204
Discharged for wounds received		2
Absent in arrest, at muster out		3
Absent in hospital, at muster out,		10
Not accounted for		12
Missing in action,		11
Deserted	2	255
Entire strength	76	1248
Wounded in action	1	5
Taken prisoners	1	19

Mustered into service, May 31, 1861.

Discharged June 11, 1864.

Term of service, 3 years, 11 days.

The text of the history of this regiment contains the following: "At their muster out they numbered three hundred and thirty-six officers and men. Of the officers who went out with the regiment, but one, a First Lieutenant, returned with it, now a Lieutenant Colonel, in command of the regiment; all of the other officers had been promoted from the ranks. Its original strength was one thousand and forty-six, and it received, at various times, recruits and conscripts to the number of three hundred. Company F, numbering one hundred men, was detached for special duty at Washington, early in the war, and never again returned. Company G, having about eighty men, was transferred to the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania. One hundred and fifty officers and men were killed in battle. Two hundred and fifty died from disease and wounds. Four hundred were wounded in action. One hundred and fifty (mostly conscripts) deserted; and two hundred and eighty were discharged for disability.

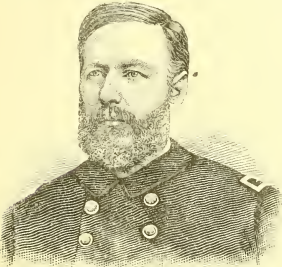
In the engagement at Missionary Ridge, Lieutenant Colonel M'Alcon was carried off the field with five wounds, from the effects of which he died. The regiment advanced to the charge two hundred and forty strong. Of this number, one officer and forty-five men were killed, and six officers and eighty men wounded. General Sherman, in his official report, says "they displayed a courage almost amounting to rashness, following the enemy almost to the tunnel gorge."

FIELD AND POST-ROOM.

Vol. I.

HARRISBURG, PA., MARCH, 1886.

No. 3.



GEN. J. P. S. GOBIN.

Few men are more prominent in our State to-day than the Department Commander of the G. A. R., Gen. John P. S. Gobin, and the readers of the FIELD AND POST-ROOM will no doubt appreciate the following sketch of that gentleman:

JOHN P. S. GOBIN, named for his grandfather John Peter Shindel, was born on the 26th of January, 1837, at Sunbury, Northumberland county, Pa. On the paternal side he descended from good old Revolutionary stock, his great-grandfather, Charles Gobin, being captain in one of the Berks county associated battalions during the struggle for independence, and served not only in the Jersey campaign, but in the summer of 1780, was in active service on the frontiers to protect the settlers from the threatened invasion by the Indians, Tories, and British from New York. His grandfather, Edward Gobin, was a soldier of the War of 1812-14. On the maternal side, he sprung from a race of ministers of the Reformation distinguished for their eloquence and religious zeal. With such an ancestry, the striking characteristics of the man and individual is not surprising. John P. S. Gobin received an academical education in the schools of Sunbury; learned the art of printing in the office of the *American*; afterwards studying law with M. L. Shindel Gen. and J. K. Clement. He was admitted to the Northum-

berland county bar in 1858, and has continued in practice ever since, except during the period of his service in the Rebellion.

When the great civil war threatened, before the firing upon Fort Sumter, he tendered his services to Gov. Curtin, was accepted, and on returning to Sunbury at once commenced the organization of what eventually was company F, Eleventh Pennsylvania, being commissioned first lieutenant. His company participated in the first fight at Falling Waters, and was one of the few organizations which volunteered to remain in the service at the request of Gen. Patterson. (*Penn'a Vols.*, i p. 109.)

After the expiration of the three months' service, he re-organized the company, and on the 2d of September, 1861, was mustered in as captain of company C, Forty-seventh Regiment. The Forty-seventh first served in Smith's Division of the Army of the Potomac, but in January, 1862, left camp at Big Chestnut, and was sent southward to Florida. Then the Mason and Slidell affair excited the country, and the command was ordered to garrison Fort Taylor on island of Key West, and Fort Jefferson at the Dry Tortugas. Subsequently it went on an expedition up St. John's river, capturing Jacksonville and the fort at St. John's Bluff. It may be here mentioned that the Forty-seventh succeeded in capturing the Gov. Milton, a war steamer, near Palatka, the only vessel taken by infantry during the Rebellion. In the summer of 1862 the regiment was sent to Hilton Head, South Carolina, to assist in the attack on the approaches to Charleston, and participated in the battle of Picoaligo, and for gallantry in that engagement Captain Gobin was complimented in general orders. The Forty-seventh was afterwards returned to Key West in view of the complications with Spain regarding the blockade runners; and again ordered to Hilton Head to assist in the operations in that locality. In the summer of 1863 it was once more ordered to Key West. During a large portion of the time Capt. Gobin was on duty as judge advocate general of the Department of the South, succeeding Gen. J. H. Wilson. Gen. J. H. Terry and Gen. J. R. Hawley both served as president of these court martials. In the autumn of the foregoing year

the Forty-seventh regiment was the first regiment which re-enlisted under the so-called Veteran order.

Subsequently the command joined General Banks in Louisiana, and participated in the Red River expedition. At the battle of Pleasant Hill Capt. Gobin was especially commended for bravery by Gen. J. McMillan, who recommended him to Gov. Curtin for promotion. For services rendered in that campaign he was detailed by Gen. Banks, direct from headquarters, to conduct all the prisoners captured on the expedition to New Orleans.

In July, 1864, the regiment came north and joined Gen. Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. Promoted to the majority, he participated in that famous campaign, and at Cedar Creek his command performed remarkable service. The conduct of the Forty-seventh in holding the extreme right of the line when the rebels made their final charge did more to save the day to the Union forces than anything else, and it was undoubtedly the prettiest piece of fighting ever witnessed. Pond, in his description of this campaign, says the Nineteenth Army Corps, in which was the Forty-seventh regiment, had thrown up breast-works, which was not the case. That night the regiment was the first to follow the cavalry. On the return, Major Gobin was placed in command of the regiment, doing duty along the line of the railroad, from Haltown to Summit Point, and fought Mosby all winter.

In the early part of 1865, Gen. Hancock came into the valley, organized the Veteran Corps, and the Forty-seventh was assigned to it. Prior thereto, Major Gobin was promoted, November 4, 1864, lieutenant colonel, and January 3, 1865, colonel. When the spring campaign opened, Col. Gobin, having been brevetted brigadier general, March 13, 1865, was placed in command of the Second brigade, First division, of the Nineteenth Army Corps. While on the march, the news of Lee's surrender came, and the force returned. On the day of the assassination of President Lincoln, they were ordered to Washington, and a picket or rather skirmish line was thrown around the entire city. While at Washington, the last general court-martial of the Nineteenth Army Corps was ordered. General Gobin was made president; J. Franklin Fitts, the novelist, being judge advocate.

The Forty-seventh regiment participated in the Grand Review, and after it was over was again ordered South. Gen. William Dwight, in his order disbanding the division, (G. O. No. 15, July 20, 1865, says: "With satisfaction, I

remind you that your line when formed by me, has never been broken by the enemy, or driven back before his fire." Ordered at first to Savannah, subsequently to Charleston, Gen. Gobin was placed in command of that city, and at the same time made Provost Judge. All courts having been suspended, he was the only judicial officer in that city during the re-construction period. He was finally discharged on the ninth of January, 1866. Returning home, Gen. Gobin resumed the practice of the law at Lebanon, where he resides.

At the request of Gov. Geary, when the National Guard of the State was first organized, he raised a company, and in 1874, when the Guard was formed into regiments, he was elected colonel of the Eighth regiment, with which he continued until his appointment in 1885, of brigadier general commanding the Third brigade, N. G. of Pa.

When the G. A. R. was first organized he was one of the charter members of Post 42, and its first commander. Under the old organization, when Gen. Louis Wagner was Department Commander, he was the deputy for Lebanon county. In 1883, he was again chosen post commander, and frequently represented his post in the Department Encampment. In 1885, he was a delegate at large to the National Encampment, and in February, 1886, at Scranton, was unanimously elected Department Commander.

In other organizations Gen. Gobin has been more or less prominent and conspicuous. He has filled the position of Grand Commander of Masonic Knights Templar of Pennsylvania, and is at present Grand Generalissimo of the Grand Encampment of the United States. In Odd Fellowship he has served as Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of that benevolent order.

In 1884, Gen. Gobin was elected State Senator from the district comprising the county of Lebanon, and served with marked ability during the first session of his term.

The foregoing is the brief and concise record of a brave soldier, an honored comrade of the Grand Army, and a distinguished citizen of our illustrious State.

* * *

JOHN H. DRUCKEMILLER.

Senior Vice Department Commander, was born in Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 18, 1840, and is engaged in the iron business at Moslem, Berks co., Pa. In 1861, he was a member of the "Lancaster Fencibles," a famous military organization of that time; on the receipt of the news of the

firing upon Fort Sumter, Sunday, April 14, the company was called together at the armory, and all present enrolled themselves, and a committee was appointed to wait upon the absentees, and ascertain who would "go," and to report at the armory on Monday morning at 10 o'clock; the subject of the sketch was one of the committee of five appointed for that purpose. They reached Harrisburg on Tuesday morning, April 16, and in the afternoon marched to the Driving Park, afterwards Camp Curtin, for muster, but for military reasons were returned to the city and quartered in the Park Hotel, and the next day were mustered into the service as company F, First regiment Pennsylvania volunteers, of which Comrade Druckemiller was appointed second sergeant, and was mustered out of service July 28, 1861. Re-enlisted as a private in company B, Seventy-ninth regiment Pennsylvania volunteers, and was made first lieutenant, and on October 8, 1862, was commissioned captain, serving as such until mustered out. Was attached to Negley's brigade and sent to the southwest. Served in the Fourteenth corps.

Entered the G. A. R. as a member of Post 84, of Lancaster, in August, 1875, and continued as a member of it until September, 1880, when he became a charter member of Post 226 at Marietta. Served one term as sergeant major, and the same as post commander. In 1884, was assistant inspector of the Ninth district, and in 1885, aid-de-camp on the staff of Department Commander Curtin.

* * *

J. M. LOWRY.

Junior Vice Department Commander, is the youngest of the new officers, having been born in Indiana county, October 10, 1846. He enlisted as private in company D, Seventy-eighth regiment Pennsylvania volunteers, September 10, 1861, being just one month short of fifteen years of age; was promoted to be commissary sergeant of the regiment, and was discharged November 4, 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service. Comrade Lowry commenced his service in the Grand Army of the Republic in April, 1881, as a member of Post 28, Indiana, and has filled the positions of adjutant of the Post and aid-de-camp on the staff of Department Commander Curtin, and is at present quartermaster of the Third Brigade National Guard of Pennsylvania. He is now warrant clerk in the office of the Adjutant General at Harrisburg. Comrade Lowry is also a member of the military order of the Loyal Legion, being entitled to membership by reason of being the eldest son of a deceased officer.

GEN. FURIOSO BUMBUM'S RIDE.

J. A. MAGON.

The enemy charged with a whoop and a yell
And on our heroes they savagely fell,
But we heeled and we hewed with might and with anger,
And we piled up the valley with cords of the slinger,
But hard was the fight and uncertain the day,
With Bumbum a quarter of a mile away.

But we fought with the might of the heroes of yore,
Till our boots overflowed with the swift-running gore,
And the grass was all red with the cardinal dye,
While the bullet-torn banner still fluttered on high,
Yet we scarce could repress a slight touch of dismay,
With Bumbum seventeen miles away.

Still we cut and we slashed, and we swore and we fretted,
And we carved up the foe till our fingers were fretted,
While on the red plain every moment increased
Vast piles of the foemen abruptly decreased,
But we flew to the rear at the close of the day,
With Bumbum forty-seven miles away.

* * *

JEFF. DAVIS AND GEN. THOMAS.

"I know," said Mrs. General Thomas, "the General felt most keenly, especially during the early days of the war, that he was regarded with suspicion by many because he was a Virginian. Nor can any one realize as I do, how perfectly loyal and devoted he was in every act, word and thought. He was born in Southampton county, Va., in 1816. Nearly all his friends and family connections were fully committed to the cause of the South; though he had no relatives nearer than cousins in the Confederate army."

The peculiarly delicate situation of General Thomas will be better understood by a brief reference to the facts. In 1855 there was a partial reorganization of the United States army. Jefferson Davis was then Secretary of War. The Second Cavalry was officered by him very largely with men who were of Southern birth. Its four field officers were: Colonel, Albert Sydney Johnston; Lieutenant Colonel, Robert E. Lee; Senior Major, W. J. Hardee; Junior Major, George H. Thomas. All these are familiar names in connection with the war. When the war began twenty-five officers of this regiment were graduates of West Point, and of these seventeen were natives of the South. The regiment furnished seventeen generals for the war, of whom twelve were in the Confederate service.

Van Horne, the biographer of General Thomas, says:

"Two considerations, in all probability, induced Mr. Davis to appoint Captain Thomas a Major in the Second Cavalry—his birth in Virginia and his efficiency and gallantry in the

Mexican war. General Thomas always believed that Mr. Davis had regard to a probable war between the Northern and Southern States, in organizing that regiment. The writer once asked him [Thomas] if he entertained this opinion. He promptly answered that he did. And in reply to the question: 'Did not Mr. Davis depend on you as upon Generals Johnston, Lee, Hardee, and other Southern officers, to fight for the South in the event of war?' he said 'Certainly he did.'—*Washington Tribune*.

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TOO MANY GENERALS.

A Detroit saloon keeper who spent considerable money for decorations during a recent celebration, and worked his patriotism up to the top round, was heard wondering if any of the Generals would be around to see him; and this gave one of his acquaintances a clue to work on. He went off and put up a job with a friend, and walked him into the saloon, and said:

"Allow me to introduce Gen. Alpaca Smith, the hero of three wars and eighty-four battles."

"Sheneral, I vvas glad to see you," said the saloonist, and he set 'em up for three.

In the course of twenty minutes the deceiver returned with another stranger on his arm, and said:

"Allow me to introduce General Commissary Jones, the man who fired the first gun in the war."

"Sheneral, I vvas bleased to shake hands mit you," said the man of beer, and he set 'em up again.

Then the friend went out and returned with General Hard Tack, and afterwards with Generals Debility and Back Pay. The last one received rather a cool greeting, and the beer glasses were not quite full, and after he had departed, the saloonist turned to his friend, and said:

"Mein friendt, I vvas mooch bleased to see all dose great Shenerals in mein saloon, but you needn't bring any more to-day. From now until night we'll let der Shenerals go, and look out for der fighting men. Dose men always bay cash for beer."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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It's amusing to think how many extraordinary dishes were made from army hard tack. When it was broken in small pieces, soaked in water, fried in pork fat, and served hot, it was known as "McClellan's stew." When pounded fine, mixed in water, and then baked in cakes, it was called "Burnside pies." When burned to a crisp, boiled in water, and eaten with a spoon, it was "Potomac chowder."

A STRANGE CASE.

During the many weeks that Early and Sheridan faced each other along the Opequan, I was a high private in a Confederate infantry regiment. About two weeks previous to the battle which drove us beyond Winchester, my company was ordered to the front to do picket duty along a certain line. Sheridan was even then becoming aggressive, and his pickets were pushing us all along the front. At the spot where I relieved the old picket the Federals occupied a post not over ten rods away, and during the day time the conversation would run about as follows:

"Hello! Johnny!"

"Hello! Yank!"

"How long you going to be there?"

"All winter."

"Bet you ten to one!"

"Why?"

"'Cause we're going to drive you out in a few days! Better get your knapsack packed!"

"You be hanged!"

"See if we don't do it!"

I went on at ten o'clock at night, and my orders were very strict. It was starlight, and between me and the Yankee picket was an open space—a portion of an old field. A dog couldn't cross it without being discovered. I was not to give an alarm unless convinced that the enemy was preparing for some move, and I was not to fire my musket except more than one person was seen advancing across the field. So sure as one single musket was discharged the fire would run up and down both lines, and the reliefs would be turned out and a hubbub raised which could not be quieted for an hour.

It was a very still night. The whippoorwills were singing along the Opequan, and from every bunch of grass came the notes of katydids and crickets. At about eleven o'clock, while I sat for a moment on a fallen log, looking straight across the field, a man suddenly stepped out of the woods on the far side and began advancing toward me. I caught the shine of the starlight on his musket, and immediately made up my mind that he was a Federal picket. Indeed, who else could it be? He was exactly opposite me, and advanced at a slow and measured pace, with his musket at a "carry."

As soon as the man stepped out I sprang up. I had been ordered not to fire on a single person advancing, but what could he mean by exposing himself in this reckless manner? Our pickets were so close together, that he must be under the eyes of at least three of us. If it was bravado I had never seen a case like it. If he

meant to desert his colors his coolness was something unparalleled.

On he came, straight at me, never turning his head nor hesitating for a moment, and in five minutes he came to a halt so near that I could have prodded him with the bayonet. I was just about to address him, demanding his surrender, when he placed his musket against a tree, folded his arms across his breast, and leaned up against a bench and stared into the darkness over my head. For five long minutes he stood there without making a movement, but I heard him sigh as if there was great trouble on his mind.

I was standing in my tracks, too dumb-founded for action, when the picket to the left of me came creeping up on his hands and knees, and as he rose up beside the log I sat down so that we could consult.

"What on earth can ail that man?" I asked. "He is neither a scout nor a deserter."

"Wait and watch him," whispered my companion.

In a few minutes the Federal took a letter from his breast pocket, removed it from the envelope, and opened the sheet as if reading it. It was so dark that one could not have made out the letters on a circus bill, but he seemed to read every word in that letter. When had finished it he placed the envelope in his pocket, but the letter fluttered to the ground. He sighed heavily, made a sound as if sobbing, and by and by, with a groan of anguish which went straight to our hearts, he picked up his musket and walked slowly back across the open ground.

"What do you think?" I asked when we had finally lost sight of him.

"He's a sleep-walker," replied my friend.

I had made up my mind that this was the case. The letter was secured, to be perused by us when daylight came, and we saw nothing more of the man in our watch.

The epistle was from a far-away village in Northern Ohio, and it read:

* * * "God pity us! Both children died yesterday! The last words they uttered were to ask for papa. I seems as if I could never stand up under this, and what must your feelings be!"

There was more, but we would not read it. That letter, belonging to an enemy, was sacred in our eyes.

I was there again at the same home the next night, and half an hour before midnight the man started to come to the same spot. He had no musket with him this time, and his movements showed that he was wide awake. He

came crouching and hiding, as if to *escape* observation, and was half way across the open when a stream of fire darted out from his own side, and the poor fellow sprang into the air with an awful scream and fell dead. He was coming for his letter, being guided by some undefined instinct towards the exact spot, and had probably been mistaken by an excited picket for a Confederate creeping the other way. All next day the body lay there in plain view, but at night his friends removed it, and we heard afterwards from a prisoner that they discovered and lamented their error.

I have the letter yet, and I never read of gallant charges and the glory of war without taking it tenderly in my hand and reading that paragraph in which so much of war's cruelty and bitterness is portrayed.



Col. Heenan, of the 116th Regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, was a great and liberal patriot, a great Irishman and a gallant soldier, but he had not received his military education at West Point or anywhere else. After Antietam, when he joined the Irish Brigade, the regiment was encamped hard by a turnip field, which, as the sole support of a widow, although not of the most loyal variety, had been allotted a safeguard. The colonel had the order duly promulgated and, with his pockets full of turnips, in an absent-minded way munched and munched as he sat on a rail fence superintending the scattering of the marauders. Gen. Hancock saw him, and the Colonel explained with pride how nicely he was bossing the job, and took another bite. He was placed under arrest, and was heard lamenting: "Och, begob! Here's a man spint tin thousand dollars raising min for the Union, and courtmartialled for ateing a turnip unbekowast to himself!"



It is the boast of Germany, the greatest military nation of modern times, that with a population of 41,000,000, she can in time of war, furnish an army of 1,250,000 men; but in the war of the rebellion, the North, with a population of only 23,000,000, had in actual service at the close of that contest nearly 1,000,000 men.



A party of Georgia gentlemen were discussing the high prices in the South during the latter part of the civil war. "I paid \$40 a yard for a suit of gray cotton jeans," said the first speaker; "the suit of clothes cost me \$600 after being cut and made." "The biggest trade I ever made," said another, "was \$30 for a spool of cotton thread." "And I," said the third one, "paid \$15 for a shave."

A LIGHT THAT WAS PUT OUT EARLY.

Although General Sherman has very wisely denied saying that if General Charles F. Smith had not died early in the war he would have been the Union hero in place of Grant, he is on record as saying that Smith's "reputation as a soldier was simply perfect."

An article on the "Operations before Fort Donelson," by General "Baldy" Smith, in the "Magazine of American History," throws some light upon this eulogy and indicates that, perhaps, he, like Albert Sydney Johnston, on the Confederate side, was snatched by premature death from world-wide renown.

On the 13th of March, 1862, General McClellan made an assault upon the Confederates at Fort Donelson, which proved a failure. On the 14th the gunboats, under Flag Officer Foote, made an ineffectual attack upon the rebel batteries and retired disabled. On the 15th the Confederates made an attack upon the Federal right for the purpose of opening the road to Nashville and escaping. This attack was successful. The Union army was driven back badly demoralized, and the way out was clear. But for some reason unknown General Pillow at this critical moment ordered the Confederates to return to their intrenchments.

Grant, on being informed of this state of affairs, declared that "the position must be retaken." He telegraphed to Foote to bring up the gunboats, not to go into action, but to throw a few shells at long range, adding: "I must order a change to save appearances."

At three p. m. of that day, General Grant rode up to Smith, who was sitting at the foot of a tree, and said: "General Smith, all has failed on our right. You must take Fort Donelson." Smith sprang to his feet and said: "I will do it."

The Second Iowa regiment, the rawest in the army, having just arrived that morning, led the assault. He turned to the men and said: "Second Iowa, you must take the fort; take the caps off your guns; fix bayonets, and I will support you." He put himself at its head, and, when it showed signs of wavering at the flying bullets, said: "Boys, no flinching now; we will do the work." After that, veteran soldiers could not have done better.

After an hour and a half of terrible, almost hand to hand conflict, darkness came on, and he and his staff lay down in the snow all Saturday night without food, having tasted nothing since the previous morning. The men were all ready for another attack on Sunday morning, when a Confederate officer appeared, who wished to negotiate terms of surrender. Gen-

eral Smith was sent for and addressing the officer said: "I make no terms with rebels with arms in their hands—my terms are unconditional and immediate surrender." The Major said: "It will take me three-quarters of an hour to go to head-quarters and return." General Smith replied: "I will give you one-half hour to be back here with your answer—if not here in that time I will move on your works."

Smith sent his adjutant, with an account of this interview, to General Grant, who, with his staff, was taking breakfast. "Tell Smith I approve of all that he has done," was Grant's answer. Then he decided to ride over and see Smith, and arrived there just as the Confederate messenger returned. General Grant then ratified in the dispatch which first made him famous the terms of "unconditional surrender" and the threat to "move at once on the enemy's works," which Smith had verbally made.

When General Buckner, after the surrender, extended his hand to Smith, he declined taking it. Buckner said: "I believe I am right." "That is for God to decide, not me," said Smith, "for I *know* that I am right."

After the surrender Major General Halleck telegraphed to General McClellan, "Brigadier General Charles F. Smith, by his coolness and bravery at Fort Donelson, when the battle was against us, turned the tide and carried the enemy's outworks. Make him a Major General. You can't get a better one. Honor him for his victory, and the whole country will applaud."

He was rewarded as suggested, but died soon afterward of disease.

It was his reconnaissance of Fort Henry, made on his own responsibility, that opened up the campaign ending in the capture of that and Fort Donelson. "I think," he said, in his report to General Grant, "that two iron-clad gunboats would make short work of Fort Henry." On the basis of this report the movement was made.

It is idle to conjecture what might have been his career or how different history would have read had he lived. It is probable, however, that he would not have lived through the war. Generals who personally lead their forces in battle, and recklessly expose themselves, like Stonewall Jackson and Kearney, are not apt to survive a long war; but "he was held to be the first soldier in the army" is General "Baldy" Smith's opinion of him.

◆◆◆◆◆
A chaplain, while conversing with a soldier, took him affectionately by the arm, and said: "Young man, I likewise am a soldier—a soldier of heaven." "Well, sir," replied the soldier, "You're a long way from your barracks."

THE LAST RALLY.

"He will pass away before morning."

So said the doctor to the nurse as he passed out of the room and down the stairs, perhaps having a bit of sadness in his heart—perhaps dismissing the matter from his mind as if the death of a human being was of no consequence to him or the world at large. Perhaps it was not. Why should one be startled when an old soldier—a man of toilsome marches and many battles—is about to pass away? He must die, like the rest of us.

The nurse was an old comrade. While the dying man beat the rally on his drum as Casey was hurled back at Fair Oaks, the nurse swung his hat and shouted to the men hurrying to the rear:

"Come back, comrades—come back. Let us form a line here and beat them back!"

When the drummer beat the advance on the right at Antietam, and Joe Hooker's front pushed boldly in to meet Stonewall Jackson's men, the nurse was in the foremost rank, his teeth hard shut and his eyes blazing fire.

"R-r-r-r-rat—tat! tat!" sounded the drum in the streets of quaint old Fredericksburg, and the nurse was there to face the terrible Stonewall and to be driven back by the murderous fire.

"Tat! tat! Tat! tat! R-r-r-rat! tat!" sounded the drum at Gettysburg, as Pickett's Virginians massed on Hancock's front; and the nurse was there to help stem that mad torrent of war and hurl the shattered legions back to the cover of ridge and wood.

Shell and shot and bullet had passed them by, but now there was to be a battle with a grim and a silent enemy. His forces were hidden in the darkness. There was no rattle of small arms—no roar of artillery—no shouts from lines of infantry or cheers from charging cavalry.

The drummer awoke from his stupor and gazed around him. Something had warned him that a battle was imminent. He looked into the eyes of his comrade and there was the same fire he had seen on a dozen battle-fields. He felt the old excitement in his soul—the wild enthusiasm that comes from waving flags, tramping columns and crash of arms. He made a sign which was understood. The nurse took down from the shelf the same old drum, scarred by half a dozen bullets, and from the hooks the uniform which had not been worn for twenty long years.

"Ah! comrade," whispered the drummer, as strength came back to his limbs, "we may have

been driven, but we were ~~undriven~~. We will not now! Let us form the line ~~and beat~~!"

"Aye! we will battle ~~again~~!" cried the nurse, and he placed a ~~new~~ blue cap on his head, brought out the old ~~comrade~~ drum a ~~forming~~, and continued:

"Attention! Right ~~about~~! Steady, now, now! There's the battery before you! We will ~~take~~ it or leave our bodies in the ~~roadway~~. Forward—double quick—~~hurry~~!"

R-r-r-r-rat! tat! tat! went the drum, and the old gray-headed drummer straightened ~~himself~~ up and made the sticks fly.

"Forward, men—forward!" then shouted the nurse as he waved his cap on high.

"Tat! tat! R-r-r-r-rat! tat! tat!" sounded the drum, and the veteran who handled the sticks breathed as if the old enthusiasm of battle was upon him again.

"Here we are—at them, men—the guns are ours!" shouted the nurse.

"Hurrah! Hip, hip—r-r-r-r-rat! tat! R-r-r-r-rat!"

The drum fell to the floor, and the fingers loosened their clutch on the sticks. Then the old man's hand crept up to remove his cap, a cheer died away in his throat, and he sank to the floor a corpse.

"We have been defeated," whispered the nurse as he looked down upon the dead, "but it was by the army of death!"

—♦♦♦—
We have some curious statistics compiled by a French author, writing on contemporary wars, as to what it costs to kill a man. He takes the whole expenditure of money for each war, and divides that by the number of men killed on the field, or whose death was owing directly to the war.

In the Crimean war, where many were congregated in close quarters, he estimates that 750,000 were killed at the cost of \$2,165 per man. Putting the deaths in our late war at 284,000, which is rather a low estimate, each death was purchased at a cost of \$16,725. In the late Mexican and South American wars, the expense for killing a man was \$4,500. In the Danish war, 3,500 lives were lost, at an average cost of \$10,000. In the Austro-Prussian campaign of 1866, which was ended at Sadowa, \$7,500 was the price per death.

It will thus be seen that it cost this government more to extinguish one life than any of the other countries mentioned, and that the cost of killing in any of them, would be a sufficient amount to maintain several in times of peace.

"Who comes there?" "A friend!" "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." "Field and Post Room."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
FRANK B. KINNEARD AND WILSON C. FOX,
No. 34 NORTH THIRD STREET, HARRISBURG, PA.

ENTERED IN THE HARRISBURG POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

Five cents post paid, in advance, Postage pre-paid.

WE WONDER.

We wonder if it is worth while asking Comrades to spread themselves around a little and whoop us up for one or two subscriptions.

In other papers we have noticed appeals of that kind, and "still the wonder grow" whether the appeal amounted to any more than does a bell peal when it tries to ring in sinners to church, and only succeeds in gathering in the already righteous, or than does a banana peel when thrown invitingly on a sidewalk to inveigle not-sure-footed veterans into treading upon it, instead of which arrival at hoped-for fruition, some school-boy kicks the peel into the gutter, and that ends all its chances of greatness.

Still, the question recurs: Good Comrades, won't you try and do a little for us?

Our journal is a good one, though we do make the assertion ourselves.

It is a good thing to have about the house.

The boys and girls will freeze to its war reminiscences, wherein truth is more interesting than dime novel fiction, more charming than a circus.

Give the children a chance to know what you and your Comrades once did!

Of course, it's only sixteen pages monthly, but you can't expect the earth for a half dollar.

Show it to your neighbor, and solicit his subscription.

Lay them away until you have received the number your subscription entitles you to, and you will be surprised at the immense amount of interesting matter you have received for your investment of fifty cents.



ARMY STATISTICS.

The number of men furnished the United States army during the war, by the State of Pennsylvania, excluding the militia of 1862 and the emergency men of 1863, was 366,326, which number reduced to a three years standard would be 267,558. The number of men in the Union army, with the same exceptions given above, was 2,653,062; reduced to a three years stand-

ard would be 2,129,041. The number of colored troops in the service was 186,017.

The number of deaths among the troops furnished by Pennsylvania was: killed or died of wounds received, 10,284; disease, 11,090; total, 21,374. The entire loss of the army was: killed or died of wounds received, 96,089; disease, 184,331; total, 280,420. Distributed among the different branches of the service as follows:

	Killed or Died of Wounds.	Died of Disease.	Total.
Cavalry,	11,798	26,405	38,203
Artillery,	2,222	12,832	15,054
Infantry,	82,069	145,094	226,263
Total,	96,089	184,331	280,420

There were bounties paid to 1,722,590 men, which aggregated the sum of \$300,223,500. The number of men who received no bounty was 738,372.

The aggregate Federal force, March 1, 1865, was as follows:

Available force present for duty,	602,953
On detached service,	132,538
In field hospitals or unfit for duty,	35,628
In general hospitals, or on sick leave,	143,419
Absent on furlough or as prisoners,	31,095
Absent without leave,	19,683

Grand aggregate, 965,561

The number of Confederate prisoners in Federal custody at the close of the war was 98,802.

Of the colored troops enlisted in the army during the Rebellion, one out of every seven died of disease. The general proportion among white troops was one to fifteen.

The highest proportion of deaths from all causes was among the troops from Iowa, one in five; the lowest, those from Maryland, one in twenty-six. The proportion among Pennsylvania troops was one in twelve, the same ratio as among those from New York and New Jersey.

The number of engagements were as follows: In 1861, there were 152; in 1862, 546; in 1863, 608; in 1864, 767; in 1865, 135; making a total of 2,208. In addition the Navy fought, exclusively, 50 engagements; making a grand total of 2,258. The first of which took place April 12, 1861, at Fort Sumter, S. C., and the last on the 26th of May, 1865, when Kirby Smith surrendered.

The Quartermaster General has under his supervision, 315,555 graves; of which 172,109 have been identified; leaving 163,436 unknown.

More soldiers died from camp diarrhea and dysentery than from any other disease.

Three hundred and two men committed suicide, 103 homicide, and 121 were executed.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S SLIPS OF MEMORY.

An intimate friend of General Hancock, in speaking of the dead general's personal peculiarities, said:

"In most things the general was the soul of exactness, but in money matters he was laughably thoughtless. He would frequently come over to the city without a cent in his pocket. On discovering his moneyless condition a look of helpless surprise would come over his face, and winking his eyes in that peculiar manner usual with him when he was puzzled, he would say: 'Well, I declare! I haven't got a cent, will you lend me some money?' Of course the pocketbook of every one was open to the general, but he would only accept a quarter or at most a half a dollar—and go off up town as happy as a school boy. He always gave the loose change in his pocket to beggars or organ-grinders, and was lucky if he saved enough to get himself down town again. One day he climbed up the stairs of the Twenty-third street elevated station and began to fumble in his pockets for money. Five cents was all he could find, and after winking at the nickel for a moment he returned to the street and took the Broadway horse-car for Bowling Green.

"In regard to letters and papers, however, the general was wonderfully exact. He always kept every letter he received and had them answered and carefully filed away. His daily mail was enormous and a begging letter from an unknown person was as promptly and as carefully preserved as one from a cabinet minister. He was most punctilious about returning salutes. No one, no matter who he was, ever saluted the general without getting a salute in return. On pleasant days he was fond of walking about Governor's Island and personally inspecting the work going on there. If in his walk he met a party of strangers who saluted him he would respond by courteously lifting his hat and would frequently add, 'Glad to see you on the island.'"



SOME OF LINCOLN'S SAYINGS.

A few weeks after Grant had been made Lieutenant-General, in reply to the question, "What sort of a man is Grant?" Lincoln said: "Well, I hardly know what to think of him altogether. He's the quietest little fellow you ever saw. He makes the least fuss of any man you ever knew. I believe two or three times he has been in this room a minute or so before I knew he was here. It's about so all around. The only evidence you have he's in any place

is that he makes things go. Whichever things move."

After answering several other questions the President was asked: "What do you think of Grant's generalship? Is he going to be the man?" To which he replied with a few original and apt jestures: "Grant is the best General I've had—he's a General." "How do you mean, Mr. Lincoln?" his visitor asked. "Well, I'll tell you what I mean," replied Lincoln: "You know how it's been with the rest. As soon as I'd put a man in command of the army he'd come to me with a plan of a campaign, and as much as to say, 'Now I don't believe I can do it, but if you say so I'll try it on,' and so put the responsibility of success or failure on me. They all wanted me to be the general. Now it isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know and I don't want to know. I am glad to find a man who can go ahead with it all."

To a friend remarking Lincoln replied: "When any of the rest set out on a campaign they'd look over their shoulder and pick out some one thing they were strong on, and they likely I couldn't give them and still see they couldn't hope to win unless they had it—and it was most generally empty." Now, when Grant took hold I was willing to see what his peculiar ability would be, and I'm glad it would be empty, of course, for we hadn't horses enough to mount what men we had. There were 15,000 of them about up there at Harper's Ferry, and we horses to put them on. Well, the other day, Grant sends to me about those very men, just as I expected, but what he wanted to know was whether he could make infantry of them or disband them. He does a task impossible for me and he's the best general I've had that didn't."



THE FIELD OF SHILOH.

It is more than a score of years since that momentous sixth of April, and yet he who treads over the ground will still find a thousand signs of that sudden rush upon Sherman. Hundreds of trees bear the scars of ball and bullet, and one can tell just where the Federals rallied for a moment in a vain attempt to stem the bloody wave. There is not a rock or tree, or stump on Sherman's front, and for two miles over the route of his dogged retreat, which does not tell of the fight. In the open ground one may find bullets and pieces of shell, and in the dark wood one is startled by the gleam of bones, which time has whitened and the teeth of the wild-cat has polished.

Read also manuscript Post 28, Harrisburg, Pa., by General William H. Egle.

Privileges.—The very first lessons I received in my military life, were at the opening of the Harrisburg Military Institute in 1845, when the principal, the honored Capt. Alden Partridge, a graduate of West Point, and a hero of the war of 1812-14, forcibly impressed upon my mind that *order* was Heaven's first law, and *obedience* followed as a sequence. I have never forgotten them, and when your esteemed commander requested my presence at the Post to-night, I considered that request an *order* and I am here to *obey* it.

I do not know if what I may say this evening will interest the veterans of the civil war; but thinking perchance they heard and read so much relating to that struggle for the perpetuity of the Union, in which they have also been participants and eye-witnesses, I yet hope that the subject which I have chosen for a brief paper, may not fall listlessly upon their ears.

When I mention the topic upon which I crave your indulgence for a few moments, no doubt a smile will pass over your countenances, for you will at once recall to mind the emergency troops of 1862 and 1863, or without disparaging their exploits—the Quixotic heroes of the civil conflict. My subject is

THE PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

When the exactions of the mother country became too unbearable, and the tyrannical treatment of the British ministry no longer endurable—*resistance* was the only recourse—and the fires of Liberty were kindled in every *warlike* breast. It is true, that here and there among the wealthy, whose families were dependent upon the King of England or the Proprietaries of Pennsylvania for office or emolument, and who were representatives of a quasi-aristocracy, there was loyalty to the crown; or among the peace-loving, war-hating Quakers, of double-faced duplicity, who scrupled to bear arms, but betrayed the poverty of their countrymen, and aided the enemy. With these exceptions Liberty was the watchword among all classes of Pennsylvanians, and notably so the farther distant from the metropolis on the Delaware. The people were divided into Whigs and Tories—there was no half-way. It was either for or against. The frontier counties, as they were called, comprised the entire Province or State outside of the counties of Philadelphia, Chester, and Bucks. The latter contained many of the Tories—the former, with rare exceptions, were Whigs, and were loyal and true. The love

of liberty was a leading trait of the people who settled these counties. The tyranny and oppression of Europe drove them to seek an asylum among the primeval forests of America. Pennsylvania was more tolerant than any other of the Colonies or Provinces. Persecution for conscience-sake compelled alike the Scotch-Irish and the German from the Palatinate—the Swiss Huguenot, and the English Roman Catholic—to come hither and rear their altars dedicated to God and freedom to man. With them independence was as much their dream as the realization. Their isolated position—placed on the frontiers, unprotected by the Quaker Provincial authorities—early instilled into their minds those incentives to action, that when the opportune moment arrived they were in the van. While the citizens of Philadelphia and the eastern or original counties were fearful and hesitating—influenced no doubt by the large Quaker element—the people of Lancaster, and Berks, and Northampton, and all west of the Susquehanna, two years before the Declaration by Congress, had assembled at their respective places of rendezvous, and expressed their opinions in plain and unmistakable language.

I shall not detain you by a rehearsal of their patriotic resolves—for they were a determined people who knew no fear—they were firm but dignified in their demands for justice and in the denunciation of English tyranny.

At last the storm of the Revolution broke. No people were better prepared for it than those of Pennsylvania. It was then as now, the garden spot of America. For ten years the crops had been abundant, and there was grain enough to supply all the Colonies. Unlike the New England Puritan, the staid Hollander of New York, or the fortune hunters of the Southern Colonies, the Scotch-Irish and Germans of Pennsylvania had been cradled amidst the clash of arms in the protection of the frontiers made desolate so many years by the ruthless savage; and military duty and prowess was no new thing to them.

So they entered into the Revolutionary contest early.

When the news came of the conflict at Lexington, within forty-eight hours afterwards one company at least of militia was organized for the defense of their liberties. You who fought at Gettysburg, well remember Little Round Top, an historic point in that noted battle. One hundred and nine years ago this very month of May, ten miles distant from our city at another Round Top, near the Swatara, assembled a band of brave and lion-hearted men, and or-

ganized "The Association of the Liberty Company in Lancaster County," which consisted of eighty-four men, officers and privates. This was the first original military company formed in the Colonies for the defense thereof; other volunteer companies, however, had been in existence from the earliest times. From this period onward, until long after the close of the War for Independence, were companies and battalions of militia organized in Pennsylvania, and the number of which rolled up its tens of thousands who were in active service.

Of those who served in the Pennsylvania Line of the Revolution, the one year, "three year or during the war" soldiers, I shall not refer, save to mention the fact for the benefit of my comrades who may be questioned as to the cause which led to the revolt in the Pennsylvania Line in January, 1781, that this was due to a misinterpretation of the term of enlistment, "three years or during the war"—the officers insisting that it was for and during the continuance of the war, whether for three years or a dozen years, while the men, who were undoubtedly right, that it was during the war if concluded within the three years, or at the end of three years. I may remark that during the war for the suppression of the Rebellion, this same question was agitated in certain quarters, which had it ever been attempted to be enforced would no doubt have resulted in another "Revolt." The revolt did not impair the patriotism or loyalty of those soldiers of the Revolution.

But to our Pennsylvania Militia. Unfortunately for us Pennsylvanians, the history of the Colonies and their struggle for independence, has been written chiefly from a New England stand-point. Even so great an authority as the venerable George Bancroft, never knew until a few months ago, or perchance never believed, that at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown there were no troops from the New England Colonies. From the fact that several officers of the Continental Line, Sullivan, Putnam, Green and a few others, were New England men, it had been supposed that New England troops participated in those sanguinary engagements. Valley Forge, with all its sad memories and hallowed associations, sheltered none of New England's soldiery. "New England's dead" do not lie on every battle-field of the Revolution. I do not mention this in disparagement to the patriotism of that section of the Republic, but that the *truth* of history may be preserved.

Let us in no wise talk disparagingly of the Pennsylvania Militia. It was Pennsylvania

Militia which bore the brunt of the battle and the heaviest loss at Fort Mifflin on the Hudson, at Long Island, and through all the Jersey campaign of 1776 and 1777. It was the Pennsylvania Militia which reinforced Washington at Trenton and made that victory possible which virtually saved the country, and preserved to the army that greatest of all modern heroes, at a time when there were secret intrigues to deprive him of his command. It was the Pennsylvania Militia who saved Washington's army at Princeton, and turned a threatened defeat into a victory. And thus at Germantown and Brandywine, our militia swelled the army of the patriots, and although victory was not vouchsafed to the American arms, a defeat was prevented by the powerful array of the militia.

The articles of association adopted by the Liberty Company of Londonderry township, Lancaster, now Dauphin county, formed the basis of a similar plan for the entire State. Year after year these associators were called from their homes into active service. Many lost their lives—in fact the proportionate losses in the Pennsylvania Militia was far greater than those of the Continental Line. It was not alone with the British regulars in the front that they had to deal in the struggle, but to the north and west the perfidious savages of the forest with the outlawed white and treacherous tory, required their vigilance. They were thus compelled to protect their own homes—their wives and little ones—or yet on the remote confines of our State, Bedford, Westmoreland and Northumberland counties, to guard the hardy pioneer in gathering his crops.

My comrades, you can have no conception of the situation in which the struggle for independence frequently placed our militia of that period. All males between sixteen and fifty-three years of age were compelled to march when called upon, and notably in 1777 and 1778, during the summer campaigns of those years, all the farm crops were put in and gathered by women, old men and little children. In very fact those were "times which tried men's souls." In this section especially during the Revolution, one-fourth of the entire population were active participants of the war. During the Rebellion one-tenth of the population were in service, and yet we consider that a remarkable proportion; nevertheless how small in comparison with the "Days of Seventy-six." Nor ought their services to be lightly appreciated. They did well for their country—they assisted in founding a Union, which you and I, my comrades, have been partly instrumental

in preserving. The priceless heritage of Liberty they bequeathed us we have vowed to uphold and pass to our children unimpaired. We have all done what we could—and through a civil conflict of four years, that Liberty and that Union remains.

If it is befitting, after the lapse of an hundred years, to recall the heroic deeds and valor of the Pennsylvania Militia of the Revolution, which we all, in a greater or lesser degree, have attempted to emulate, then ought we to honor their memories.

After eight years of struggle the survivors, although securing the liberty for which they fought, came out poor. Like in the late contest, only those who staid at home, became rich. Poor in purse it was true, but they generally lived long and honored lives. Many—the vast majority—when the north-west territory was opened, (the country now comprising the States of Ohio and Indiana,) went with their children to the then Far West, where they in many instances bettered their condition—and where many died. The few remaining, mourned by their fellow citizens, and buried with the honors of war, passed away to the dim and silent land, where the bugle shall no more disturb their slumbers. They nearly all lie in unknown graves. In some of the old family graveyards and in the church-yards at Paxtang, Hanover and Derry, at Middletown and Hummels-town, they sleep their last sleep. And in the Harrisburg cemetery, in a large mound, which covers the remains of the unknown dead, gathered from the old Harrisburg church and graveyards, the dust of many a Revolutionary hero is enshrined. On Decoration Day, when we strew flowers over the graves of our fellow soldiers—our comrades in arms—who have won the glory crown of earth's last battle, I bespeak a few flowrets for the unknown dead in that place of sepulture, in memory of the patriotism and unflinching heroism of the

Militia of the Revolution.

They were and are

"A sacred band;

"They take their sleep together, while the year
"Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
"And gathers them again as Winter frowns.

"Here let us meet, and while our motionless lips
"Give not a sound, and all around is mute—
"In the deep Sabbath of a heart too full
"For words or tears—here let us strew the sod
"With the first flowers of Spring, and make to them
"An offering of the plenty nature gives
"And they have rendered ours—perpetually."

THE BATTLES OF THE DEAD.

It is midnight in the brick farm house at Chancellorsville—the new building on the site of the one partially destroyed when Hooker marched his troops into the wilderness to get in the rear of Lee at Fredericksburg. In the yard are the rotting wheels of gun-carriages; in the south wall are a dozen cannon balls firmly imbedded; half a mile below is the stone marking the spot where Stonewall Jackson received his mortal wound; here is the same dark forest which sheltered friend and foe.

"Are you asleep?"

"No."

The last stroke of twelve had scarcely died away when the farmer opened my bed-room door to ask the question.

"Then maybe you'd like to see it?"

"What?"

"The battle of Chancellorsville. The Federal troops are now in sight on the Ely's Ford road."

I hastily dressed and passed out into the yard with him. I noticed that he had on a Confederate uniform, dusty and worn. I looked at my own garments; they were blue. He pointed his finger down the road, and I saw through the mist of the summer night a great army approaching. There was cavalry, infantry and artillery—there were flags and banners and ambulances. In two minutes more the head of the column had reached the Chancellorsville plank road. Some turned to the right, some to the left, some plunged into the gloomy pine thickets beyond.

"But I hear no noise—not the foot-step of a horse nor the clank of a sabre," I protested.

"Hush! 'Tis a battle of the dead! The spirits of the thousands who fell here have come to fight the battle once again!"

I looked at him more closely, and I saw the light of battle in his eyes. His form grew erect, his feet seemed impatient and he scented the air as if eager to join in the fray.

Now the highways and byways—the cleared fields—the open woods—the lonely thickets—were full of blue uniforms. Couriers and aides gathered here and there—staff officers turned heads of columns to the right or left. It was so strange to witness those thousands moving with such order and yet giving out no sound.

"Look—see!" whispered my companion as he pointed down the plank road.

There was a cloud of smoke rolling up out of the pine woods and blotching the star-lit sky like a stain of blood. It spread and grew until half the stars of heaven were hidden. Mean-

while, the face of every man in blue was turned that way. We saw battery after battery, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, move down to the scene of conflict. Tongues of flame flashed through the smoke-cloud and lighted up thicket and field, but there was no sound. The stillness of night was almost painful.

"Here are the results!" whispered the Confederate, and I looked to the right and left to behold the dead and wounded. I could see them in the fields, under the pines, on the highway. Some faces showed fear and horror—others expressed vindictiveness. There were horses lying dead—others hobbling about and seeming to appeal for mercy.

"It is horrible!" I whispered.

"Aye! but it is over."

I looked again and the vision had faded. The highways were barren of life—the fields and forests at peace. The smoke-cloud had disappeared, and the dead and wounded had been spirited away.

"And so the dead of the armies fight their battles o'er?" I asked.

"As you have seen," he solemnly replied. "Until the hate and rancor of men is no more—until all men are at peace—the spirits of those who fell in battle cannot rest. They must plan campaigns and fight their battles as of old. The vision you have seen here is repeated at Antietam, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Franklin—on a hundred battle-fields of America. Let us go in."



NO MORE REBELLION FOR HIM.

Among the recent arrivals of Mormon converts in Salt Lake City, were several people from Tennessee. All were ignorant, and not more than one or two of them seemed to have any idea about the real character of the Mormon church. On their arrival there they were taken in tow by an elder who proceeded to explain the situation to them. He told them that as matters now stood the church was engaged in hostilities with the United States government, but that it would win in the long run. In the meantime it was necessary to keep rather quiet and not run into trouble unnecessarily. All but one of the men appeared to be satisfied with the explanation. This one, a tall, grizzly fellow of perhaps fifty years, wanted to know:

"What is the cause of the disagreement between the church and the United States government?"

"Oh, nothing; only a quarrel over the enforcement of a law. We believe we can marry

as many wives as we like, and the government says we can't."

"Do they arrest the boys and try them?"

"Yes."

"How does it come out?"

"Well, they've all gone to the penitentiary so far, but—"

"Hold on there, stranger, hold on. It was just that way down south. We thought we were going to win in the long run, but d—d if we did. I thought I was with you but I ain't. I've done all the bucking against the United States government that one man has time to attend to, and if that's your game, I'm out."



WHY HANCOCK DIED POOR.

Surprise is expressed that Gen. Hancock did not leave a larger estate behind him, but he was generous to a fault, and he had many calls upon his charity. It was the heavy cross of his life that his twin brother, for thirty years resident of a distant western city, had disappointed his expectations, lost his ambition, and sunk into a living death. His brother was a lawyer, one of the most brilliant in the north-west, clearing from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year by his practice, when he fell a victim to his love for good company and good cheer. He went down from his high position like a rocket, and for the last fifteen years has been entirely supported by his brother, the general.

There is a touching bit of romance connected with this sad story. The lawyer was in his prime, a magnificent looking man, and became engaged to the beautiful daughter of a lady in whose house he boarded. The engagement began twenty-two years ago. But the lady saw danger ahead, and she refused to marry her ardent and handsome wooer until he would forswear the flowing bowl and show himself a thoroughly reformed man. He still lives in the same house, and the lady is there too and still unwedded. She is true to her love, but is equally true to her promise, and, while she tenderly cares for the man she loves and mourns, she knows that her life is wrecked, and that there is no hope now on this side of the grave. The world is full of such unnoticed heroines.



The Walking Skeleton of Andersonville is the title of which James McLaughlin, a Delaware and Hudson canal boat captain, is proud. He relates that he served a longer term of imprisonment in Andersonville than any other Union soldier—namely, thirteen months. On leaving the prison he weighed forty-eight pounds; he now tips the beam at one hundred and forty-five.

OUR MARTYRED HEROES.

When the stillen cloud of war was darkening
 Each happy home stand like a pall,
 Brave thousands left their loved and dear
 At our noble patriot martyr's call;
 They rallied at their country's need,
 Our gallant brothers, brave and true,
 And wide our banner's statufless folds
 Waved o'er the ranks of loyal blue.

On many a battle-field they sleep,
 Our martyred heroes tried and brave,
 Along Stone river's rocky shore,
 Beside Savannah's murmuring wave,
 On the laurel heights of Mission Ridge,
 On Shiloh's dark and bloody plain,
 On Cho-kamanga's wasted field,
 They sleep, by traitors slain.

In desert swamps they sunk to rest,
 Amid the wilderness and gloom,
 Where tangled moss and cypress green
 Wave o'er each soldier's lonely tomb,
 By pathways drear, on mountains wild,
 Through many a forest dark and deep,
 Found many a prison's cold, gray wall,
 In countless graves our heroes sleep.

With faltering steps and wasted forms,
 Back to the homes they fought to save,
 Came many a patriot, weak and worn,
 Only to fill an honored grave,
 And loving hands flow-strew the flowers
 O'er those who sleep beneath the sod
 Sleep till the resurrection trumpet
 Sounds the recall to heaven and God.

HISTORY OF POST No. 58, G. A. R.
Continued.

July 22, 1867.—The following applications for membership were received:

B. J. Shoop,	John C. Harvey,
John A. Waggoner,	Irvin S. Boas,
C. S. Beard,	Wm. H. Patterson,

There were mustered into the Post at this meeting, the following comrades:

MARSHAL D. DIETRICH,	THOS. BIRMINGHAM,
Sgt. Co. K, 126th P. V.	Capt. Co. G, 58th P. V.
2d Lt. Ind. Cav. (6 mos.)	

WILLIAM KURN,
 Priv. Co. B, 201st P. V.

Comrade Jno. F. Hartranft was present and delivered a short address.

Amount in treasury, \$7.06.

July 30, 1867.—Applications were received for membership from

E. G. Savage,	A. J. Faust,
John M. Hershey,	S. S. Child,
J. C. Williams,	J. F. Hutchison,
P. A. Huber,	

The following were mustered as comrades:

JOHN A. WAGGONER,	J. F. HUTCHISON,
1st Lt. & Q. M. 1st P. R. V. C.	Surgeon 107th P. V.
S. S. CHILD,	A. J. FAUST,
Priv. Co. E, 1st P. V.	Priv. Co. A, 130th P. V.

E. G. SAVAGE,	IRVIN S. BOAS,
1st. Col. 9th Pa. Cav.	Musicien Co. F, 127th P. V.

A committee, consisting of Comrades Brightbill, Smith, Armor, Lane S. Hart and Hicks, were appointed to draft by-laws for the government of the Post.

Comrade Lane S. Hart gave a very entertaining and satisfactory report of the proceedings of the Department Encampment, held at Philadelphia, on July 17.

Comrades Armor, Boyle and Boas were appointed a committee to examine the room now occupied by the Independent Order of Good Templars, and ascertain whether said room would be suitable for the use of the Post.

Amount in treasury, \$13.06.

August 6, 1867.—Applications for membership were received from

William Elser, and John A. Crowl.

JOHN A. CROWL,

1st Lt. Co. B, 1st. P. R. V. C.

was presented and mustered as a member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The Committee on By-laws made their report, which was read and accepted, and action thereon postponed for the present.

Amount in treasury, \$14.06.

August 13, 1867.—The Examining Committee reported favorably upon the applications of James Saltzer, Charles H. Davis,

Wm. H. Carberry,

and they were balloted for and elected to membership.

The following were mustered as comrades:

JOHN C. HARVEY,	JOHN M. HERSHEY,
Adjutant 1st P. R. V. C.	Sergt. Co. G, 207th P. V.

The committee appointed to inquire into the suitability of the Lodge Room of the Independent Order of Good Templars, reported favorably, and they were discharged.

Amount in treasury, \$11.11.

August 20, 1867.—The by-laws were considered and adopted, which occupied the attention of the comrades for the evening without transacting any further business.

August 27, 1867.—Applications for membership were received from

George C. Kelly, H. L. Boyce,
 Joseph Seal,

The following candidates being present were mustered into the Grand Army of the Republic:

JOSEPH LINESS,	GEORGE C. KELLY,
1st Lt. Co. E, 3d N. J. V.	Sgt. Co. D, 5th P. R. V. C.
H. L. BOYCE,	JOSEPH SEAL,
Priv. Co. E, 1st Pa. Art.	Priv. Co., 3d N. J. V.

Amount in treasury, \$13.61.

Sept. 2, 1862.—No quorum.

Sept. 16, 1862.—The following applications for membership were read:

Theophilus H. Stees, H. J. Shaffer,
H. G. Repman, Thad. S. Freeland.

There were mustered:

THEOPHILUS H. STEES, H. J. SHAFFER,
Priv. Co., 1st Pa. Art. Major 107th P. V.

It was decided to meet hereafter in the hall of the American Mechanics, Barr's building, Second and Locust, on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

A contribution of \$9.55 was given a destitute soldier whose home was at Indianapolis, Ind., to assist him in reaching his friends.

Amount in treasury, \$24.51.

Report for quarter ending Sept. 30, 1862:

Number of members last report	33
Mustered during quarter	28
Number this date	61

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

An Irish soldier, who prided himself upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made good his escape as others did on that famous occasion, he replied: "Be jabbers, those that didn't run are there yet."

A strapping big fellow was pulled out of the Ohio river after a steamboat explosion.

"Lost much," said a sympathizing bystander.

"I should say so," said the dripping pilgrim; "lost all my baggage."

"Much of it?"

"Well (hesitatingly), there was a dirty shirt and a pair of stockings." Then, brightening up, he added, "But, thank God! I have saved my war record."

With this he pulled out of his vest pocket a very wet provost marshal's certificate—that he had furnished a substitute.

It was at the second battle of Bull Run that a cannon ball carried off a poor soldier's leg.

"Carry me to the rear!" he cried, to a tall Irish companion who had been fighting at his side—"My leg's shot off."

The comrade caught the wounded soldier up, and as he was about to put him across his shoulder, another cannon ball carried away the poor fellow's head. His friend, however, in the confusion, did not notice this, but proceeded with his burden toward the rear.

"What are you carrying that thing for?" cried an officer.

"Thing!" returned he. "It's a hand with the leg shot off."

"Why, he hasn't any head!" cried the officer.

The soldier looked at his load, and for the first time saw that what the officer said was true. Throwing down the body he thundered out:

"'Confound him! he told me it was his leg!"

As a regiment was on the march to Gettysburg, some of the soldiers stepped out of the ranks and "confiscated" a couple of geese, and at the suggestion of an ingenious fellow and a natural "bummer," one of the drummers unheaded his instrument and put the captured birds in. Shortly afterward the Colonel came along, and noticing the boy shirked his usual drum whacks, rode up to him and said:

"Why don't you beat that drum?"

"Colonel," said the startled musician, "I want to speak to you."

The Colonel drew still closer to him, and bending down his head said, "Well, what have you to say?"

The drummer whispered "Colonel, I've got a couple of geese in here."

The Colonel straightened up and gravely said, "Well, if you're sick and can't play, you needn't," and then rode on.

It is needless to add that the Colonel had roast goose that night.

From the *Richmond Enquirer*, 1861.—"Among the thousand prisoners now in Richmond, one is a real prize. His name is Fairbanks, and he is the Adjutant of the 1st Michigan regiment. He hails from Detroit; by trade he is a shoemaker, and by nature is one of the blackest-hearted abolitionists and haters of the South that is anywhere suffered to carry God's breath around in a wicked carcass. He is the same individual who was so urgent to have the clergyman arrested in Alexandria for praying for the Confederate States, thrown into the negro pen, and there confined until he repented. He was equally anxious to have several of the ladies of Alexandria hung as an example of the manner in which the abolitionists intended to treat secessionists. As you now have an excellent opportunity of allowing him to test the beauties of his theory, I would suggest that the fellow be kindly treated as long as he lives on bread and water, and that twice a day a committee of ladies call upon him, and, with a rope, stretch his neck until he is perfectly satisfied with the honor conferred upon him. Afterwards I would exchange him for some miserable cur, and then shoot the dog."

Casualties in Pennsylvania Regiments during the Rebellion.

*Compiled from the Muster-out Rolls, as given in Bates' History***TWENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.**

	Officers.	Men.
Killed in action	5	89
Died of wounds received	2	45
Died from other causes	3	87
Died as prisoners of war		
Discharged for wounds received	3	17
Discharged on surgeon's certificate.	7	256
Discharged for various causes	5	483
Absent in hospital, at muster out.		60
Resigned	27	-
Transferred	21	539
Deserted		375
Dishonorably discharged	1	2
Not accounted for		53
Absent without leave	1	-
On detached service.		2
Missing in action.		2
Mustered out with regiment	32	576
Entire strength	107	2505
Wounded in action	17	113
Taken prisoners	1	22

Mustered into service, June 28, 1861.

Discharged July 18, 1865.

Term of service, 4 years, 21 days.

Early in June, 1861, Colonel John W. Geary received authority to raise a regiment for three years service. A camp was established at Oxford Park, Philadelphia, and on the twenty-eighth of that month, the Twenty-eighth regiment, which was uniformed and equipped at his own expense, was being mustered into the service of the United States. When completed, it consisted of fifteen companies, numbering one thousand five hundred and fifty-one officers and men. From surplus recruits a battery was formed and attached to the regiment, which was known as Knap's Battery of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

On the 28th of October, 1862, companies L, M, N, O and P, with another company that had been temporarily assigned, were withdrawn from the regiment to form the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, of which Major Pardee was promoted to the Colonelcy.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, the men performed a herculean task in the construction of their temporary breast-works. They were without spades, picks or axes; but with an energy which signalized them during the war, they applied themselves to the arduous task with the only tools they could command, consisting of bayonets, tin cups and plates. With these alone their fortifications were constructed.

It participated in the battle of Gettysburg, and on the 15th of July assisted in burying the rebel dead, twelve hundred of whom lay in front of General Geary's lines. In September, 1863, the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were sent to the South-west, and participated in the engagements in that section from Chattanooga to Atlanta, or as was termed the "one hundred days fight."

On November 15, 1864, the regiment, then attached to the Twentieth Army Corps, and with Sherman's army near Atlanta, broke camp and the famous "march to the sea" commenced. This bold undertaking was of such stupendous magnitude, and encircled with so many and such tremendous obstacles, as to astonish the entire country and to strike terror into the heart of the Confederacy. Many regarded it as an act of madness, whilst few dared contemplate its successful termination. Unincumbered with any superfluity of tents, baggage or provision trains, the brave and well-tried army marched day after day, scarcely halting for needed rest and nutriment, through sunshine and storm, heat and cold, over hills, streams, swamps and morasses, bivouacking at night along the roads, and subsisting man and beast from the lands over which they passed, laying waste plantations of notorious rebel leaders, and destroying immense depots of supplies intended for Lee's army. The troops pushed forward with the utmost alacrity, enjoying the march as a triumphant passage through an enemy's country, rather than a severe and toilsome journey, full of privations, dangers and disasters. Onward they pressed, regardless of labor and in defiance of every obstacle, until, on the 10th of December, they approached the outer works of the enemy at Savannah, which was at once besieged. On the 21st of December, General Geary, with his command, entered the city, and the national colors were unfurled from the United States Custom House.

On the 27th of January, 1865, the command started upon the "war-path through the Carolinas." This campaign, although in its general features of the same nature as that from Atlanta to Savannah, was of much greater labor, and tested most thoroughly the power of endurance and elasticity of spirits among American soldiers. The distance marched was much farther. Innumerable obstacles, both natural and artificial, were encountered and overcome. Streams and swamps were waded or bridged, and miles of indescribably bad roads corduroyed, before the troops could pass, whilst at every point they were annoyed by the desultory firing and obstructions thrown in the way by squads of the enraged and now desperate enemy. The season was one of unusual inclemency. It was the common experience to march at dawn or earlier, corchroy miles of road, exposed to drenching rains, or standing waist deep often in swamps, lifting wagons out of mire and quicksands, where mules could not obtain a foot-hold, and when the day's work was through, encamp late at night, only to repeat the process with the next day. Through this all they evinced a determination and cheerfulness which added greatly to the former high appreciation of their qualities, as shown upon so many battle-fields.

During the four years service of the Twenty-eighth its casualties were about equal to the number of its original muster; and, although it served in twelve States, and was engaged in as many skirmishes and battles as any regiment in the United States army, it never lost a single wagon or ambulance, or any other description of property, by allowing it to fall into the hands of the enemy. The officers were frequently changed in consequence of deaths, resignations and promotions; the regiment having had four Colonels, four Lieutenant Colonels, and nine Majors. It also produced one Major General and three Brigadiers.

FIELD AND POST-ROOM.

VOL. I.

HARRISBURG, PA., APRIL, 1886.

No. 4.

A Faithful Soldier of the Republic.

BRIG. GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS.

Among the most conspicuous of the heroes of the Rebellion, who sealed his faith with his blood in the early years of the conflict, was Brigadier General Alexander Hays, of Pennsylvania. He was a native of Venango County, where he was born in the year 1820. His father, General Samuel Hays, was a man of mark in the history of Western Pennsylvania. With ordinary advantages, the son prepared himself for and entered the Military Academy at West Point, and was graduated in the class of 1844, with Lieutenant General Grant and others. Attached to the 4th Infantry, U. S. A., a brevet second lieutenant on the 1st of July of the same year, he was on the 18th of June, 1846, transferred to the 8th Infantry, with the rank of first lieutenant, for gallant conduct on the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

After these battles, Lieutenant Hays was sent to Western Pennsylvania on recruiting service. Having in a short time enlisted a large number of men, he proceeded with them to Vera Cruz and marched thence to the relief of our garrison at Puebla.

About this time, General Joe Lane was ready to start on a more northern line of operations to the city of Mexico, with an expedition against Urrea and the guerrillas infesting that part of the country. Lieutenant Hays was appointed assistant adjutant general to the expedition. It had frequent encounters with the enemy, inflicting severe punishment. Lieutenant Hays gathered fresh laurels, and was the head, heart, and soul of the command,—making a military reputation for his chief which afterwards sent him to the United States Senate from Oregon.

The Mexican War over, his restless nature chafed under the dull monotony of garrison life. Longing for more active employment, and having now a wife and young family to provide for, and hoping to do more and better for them in civil life than the military life promised, he resigned his commission on the 12th of April, 1848. Turning his attention to

the manufacture of iron in his native county, and not succeeding to his satisfaction, he used to say, in his peculiar way, that "that furnace was the only thing that ever *licked* him so badly that he was afraid to tackle it again." He sought employment as a civil engineer, and was engaged on several important works in California for a time, then in Western Pennsylvania.

Engaged on the plan of a bridge for the Alleghany Valley Railroad, when the roar of the first gun fired by impious hands on the American flag came booming over the land, shaking the continent to its centre and startling the loyal North into a full realization of the fact that the South was "terribly in earnest," hesitating not a moment, he threw aside his diagrams and instruments, and buckled on the sword of Palo Alto, as captain of the Pittsburgh "City Guard," swearing anew, upon the altar of his country, fidelity to "the dear old flag" and the Government that had educated him for its defence and that now required the benefit of his military education and experience.

Taking, from the first, a broad, soldierly view of the situation, he comprehended the magnitude of the rebellion, and was among the most active and efficient of those patriotic citizens who resisted the theft and removal of a large number of cannon and a quantity of ordnance stores from Alleghany Arsenal, at Pittsburgh, to a fort, that existed only in name, near the mouth of the Mississippi river.

The captain and his new command were mutually proud and worthy of each other. Not a finer or nobler corps of young men ever shouldered arms. Embracing in its ranks the sons of the most wealthy and influential citizens of that thrifty and enterprising city, it was among the first to respond with full ranks to the President's call for three months volunteers, and was cast into the organization of the old Twelfth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Captain Hays was elected major of this regiment, and accepted the promotion with the express understanding that he was not to be separated from his "darling City Guard." After the expiration of this short term, most of

them re-entered the service for three years,—nearly all with commissions, about one-third as field officers. Major Hays had made soldiers of them. Some of them survived, maimed and mutilated; but the bones of more than two-thirds of their number bleach on the battle-fields of the rebellion or slumber beneath the sod of the valley.

The regular army being increased in the summer of 1861, Major Hays was appointed captain in the 16th U. S. Infantry; but a wider field of usefulness was opening before him. He returned to Allegheny county at the expiration of the three months campaign, to organize the 63d Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers at Camp Wilkins, and marched with it to Washington early in the fall of that year. Its history is bright with laurels, and red with the blood of its decimated ranks. Its commander—then Colonel Hays—was the friend, comrade, and fighting colonel of a fighting general, brave old Phil Kearney. Kearney was so superlatively brave himself that unless the bearing of another was akin to his own death-defying courage, it failed to attract his notice. Colonel Hays was the only one of his officers that he is known to have complimented for this virtue, except in an official report. After the battle of Fair Oaks, conversing with a group of officers, he referred to the gallant conduct of Colonel Hays. One of the officers present ventured the suggestion that he was "rash and reckless." "No sir! no!" says Kearney: "you are mistaken. Although he storms like a fury on the field, his purpose is as clear and his brain as cool as on drill or parade; and his battle-tactics are superb."

The record of the 63d Pennsylvania is full of patriotic devotion and the noblest soldierly virtues. Its casualties left "aching voids" at many firesides. "Bravely it fought, and well,"—at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, and Fair Oaks. Here its brave and genial lieutenant-colonel, Sid. Morgan, fell, worse than mortally wounded with a cruel shot through the hips and base of the spine. It was further distinguished at Gaines Hill, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, and Groveton. Here, the second Bull Run, Colonel Hays was borne from the field with a shattered ankle. Suffering the most exquisite pain, he found a place to crack a joke, and, in the most positive tones and manner ordered his servant Pomp, an *intelligent contraband* from the old North State, "to bring a cork and stop the hole in his leg, or he would bleed to death."

On the 29th of September, 1862, Colonel Hays received the star he had so nobly won and so

richly deserved,—being appointed brigadier general of volunteers, and a lieutenant colonel in the regular army.

About the 1st of January, 1863, before he had entirely recovered from the Groveton wound, General Hays was assigned to the command of the 3d Brigade of Casey's division, Heintzelman's corps, then, and for some time afterwards, in charge of the defences in and around Washington. This is the same brigade that was demoralized, surrendered and disgraced at Harper's Ferry just before the battle of Antietam. They wanted a general in a double sense. They had no general, and they required one who would be so in fact as well as commission and rank. Quaint and grim old Heintzelman knew and picked the man for them. We will see if they got what they wanted when "Sandy Hays" first drew his sword over them in command.

The general now devoted all his time, talents, and energy to bring order and discipline out of the confusion in which he found his brigade, and to put fight into it. He drilled, punished, rewarded, coaxed, scolded, and stormed at it,—once nearly "with shot and shell." He was preparing it for the eventful first days of July, '63, when the Fourth of '76 was re-endearred to our hearts' affections in a new baptism of blood and tears.

After the indecisive battle of Chancellorsville, General Lee, commanding the rebel army, with desperate and daring strategy, broke away from General Hooker's front, passed around his right flank, crossed the Rappahannock, marched into the valley of the Shenandoah, crossed the Potomac, invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania, and stood with his army for battle on the 1st of July on the heights around Gettysburg.

On the third day of the month, and the third of the battle, General Hays, commanding the 3d Division of the 2d Army Corps, finds himself opposed to General A. P. Hill, in which is General George E. Pickett, and others of his old class-mates and comrades of the Mexican War,—on the road leading to Emmetsburg. Hill has been cannonading them for some time, without effect,—then moves his troops across the field, thinking, no doubt, that his veterans will drive these *raw militia* like chaff before the storm. But they meet General Hays and his veterans; he has put fight into them. Behind the shelter of a stone fence he restrains himself and his men until the enemy is at close quarters. Then, like Wellington at Waterloo, the word is, "Up, and at them!" His rapid, well-directed volleys send the head of Hill's column reeling

in confusion back upon its centre and rear. A hurricane charged with lead and fire and death consumes them.

The battle was won. This was the decisive charge; and General Hays was a hero among heroes at Gettysburg.

He took from the enemy, that day, twenty banners and battle flags, three thousand stand of arms, and killed and captured about twice the number of his command. Out of twenty mounted orderlies, he had but six left. He lost all his colonels; lieutenant colonels command brigades; lieutenants command regiments. Two of his five horses were killed under him. His whole staff was unhorsed. Their steeds lay dead where they fell, or were in their last agonies. Gathering around their chief to congratulate him, reeking with dust and sweat and fumes, and weary with the toil of the battle, they received the commendation they deserved. How proud they were of their chief! how proud he was of his "boys!" The battle-cloud passed away from his brow, and the hard-set features of a few moments before relaxed into his kind familiar smile of love and affection. George P. Corts, captain and assistant adjutant general, reliable and efficient, often under fire with him before, wanted to follow up the success while the game was in view and the trail was fresh. The general took young Dave Shields, his boy lieutenant and aid-de-camp,—not yet twenty years old and can count nearly as many battles,—in his arms, imprinted a kiss on his cheek, while his boyish face was yet aglow with the flush and his bright eye sparkling with the fire of victory. What youth in the land would not be prouder of that kiss of honor from his general, than of a hundred from the lips of the fairest maiden?

Wrote an officer from the field to the Buffalo "Commercial:" "I have spoken of our General Hays. I wish you could have seen a picture, just at the close of last Saturday's battle, on the left of our centre, of which his splendid figure formed a part. Our brigade, which had been lying on Cemetery Hill, was ordered over to a position which was so valiantly but unsuccessfully charged by Pickett's rebel division. We moved through a storm of shot and shell, but only arrived in time to see the grand *finale* at the close of the drama. The enemy's batteries were still playing briskly, and their sharpshooters still kept up a lively fire; but the infantry, wearied and routed, were pouring into our lines throughout their whole extent. Then entered General Alexander Hays the brave American soldier. Six feet or more in height, erect, smiling, lightly holding well in

hand his horse,—the third within a half-hour,—a noble animal, his flanks bespattered with blood,—he dashes along our lines, now rushing into the open field, a mark for a hundred sharpshooters, but untouched, now quietly cantering back to our lines, to be received with a storm of cheers. I reckon him the grandest view: I bar not Niagara. It was the arch-spirit of glorious victory, triumphing over the fallen foe.

"It is not my good fortune to be personally acquainted with General Hays; but I wish every one, as far as I can effect it, to know him as the bravest of soldiers, and to love him as the best-hearted of men."

General Hays spent the night after Gettysburg in unremitting exertions for the relief of his wounded. In the morning, without thinking of rest, he and his command joined in the pursuit of the retreating enemy through Maryland into Virginia and beyond the Rapidan.

Subsequently to the battle of Gettysburg, General Hays participated in those of Anburn, Bristow Station, Locust Grove, Morton's Ford, and fell in the Wilderness on Thursday, the 5th of May, 1864,—shot through the head,—a hero in thirty-two battles. He fell, writes the Secretary of War, "just where he should have wished to have fallen,—at the head of his own old 63d Pennsylvania Regiment. He fell, just as every patriot soldier should fall, at the head of his column, cheering and sustaining it against an overwhelming force of the enemy."

Could enology say more? Can history say less? "Since the beginning of the war," said the Pittsburgh "Press" at the time of his death, "although this loyal city has been called upon to mourn the loss of its noblest sons, no event has caused such an overwhelming gloom in this community as the death of General Hays." The city of his adoption and home evinced its admiration of the soldier, its love for the man, and regard for his memory, by inaugurating the most imposing funeral obsequies. The mayor and councils expressed their affectionate regards for the memory of the deceased, and sympathy with his afflicted family, resolving to attend the funeral in a body. All business was suspended, and all its marts were closed. The remains lay in state at the First Presbyterian Church, draped in mourning, entwined with the American flag, and flowers, and laurel. Thousands thronged to look for the last time on the face of their brave defender. "The song of the shell" is hushed in the solemn dirge of the organ and chanting choir, mingling with the deep-mouthed boom of the minute-gun. A city, a State, a nation, while they exulted for the victory won for humanity in the Wilderness,

wept around the bier of one of the noblest who feel to win it.

The services at the church over, the funeral cortege formed and received the corpse in proper military order, and moved with solemn step and music to the Alleghany Cemetery. "Dust to dust; earth to earth." The last echo of the last volley died away among the hills, and all that was left of General Hays, rested in an honored grave.

General Hays, although a man of rather plain exterior and manners to strangers, was, to those who knew him best, not only as brave and gallant a soldier as ever drew a blade, but a refined and accomplished gentleman. Sounding the depths of science and the principles of philosophy, he enjoyed the study of elegant literature. Admiring and appreciating every thing beautiful in nature and art, he relished the finer fictions of romance and the fascinations of poetry. No mean wit himself, always clear and pointed, never harsh or cruel, he did not fail to see the point, or the heart of a good joke. "Alas, poor Alex! I knew him well; he was a *man* of infinite jest—of most excellent fancy."

On the morning of the day that cost his life, he wrote,—

"Lightly and brightly shone the sun,
As if the morn were a jocund one."

"Although we were anticipating to march at eight o'clock, it might have been an appropriate harbinger of the day of the regeneration of mankind; but it only brought to remembrance, through the throats of many bugles, that duty enjoined upon each one, perhaps before the setting sun, to lay down a life for his country,"—foreshadowing a presentiment of his impending fate.

In 1844, Lieut Hays married Ann McFadden, second daughter of John B. McFadden, Esq., of Pittsburgh, who, with several children, survived her gallant husband.

LINCOLN'S SAYINGS ABOUT GRANT.

A few weeks after Grant had been made Lieutenant General, in reply to the question, "What sort of a man is Grant?" Lincoln said: "Well, I hardly knew what to think of him altogether. He's the quietest little fellow you ever saw. He makes the least fuss of any man you ever knew. I believe two or three times he has been in this room a minute or so before I knew he was here. It's about so all around. The only evidence you have he's in any place is that he makes things git. Wherever he is things move."

After answering several other questions the President was asked: "But how about Grant's

generalship? Is he going to be the man?" To which he replied with some emphasis and gestures: "Grant is the first General I've had; he's a General." "How do you mean, Mr. Lincoln?" his visitor asked. "Well, I'll tell you what I mean," replied Lincoln; "you know how it's been with the rest. As soon as I'd put a man in command of the army he'd come to me with a plan of a campaign, and as much as to say: 'Now I don't believe I can do it, but if you say so I'll try it on,' and so put the responsibility of success or failure on me. They all wanted me to be the General. Now it isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are; I don't know and I don't want to know. I am glad to find a man who can go ahead without me."

To a critical remark Lincoln replied: "When any of the rest set out on a campaign they'd look over matters and pick out some one thing they were short of and they knew I couldn't give them, and tell me they couldn't hope to win unless they had it—and it was most generally cavalry. Now, when Grant took hold, I was waiting to see what his pet impossibility would be, and I reckoned it would be cavalry, of course, for we hadn't horses enough to mount what men we had. There were 15,000, or thereabouts, up there at Harper's Ferry, and no horses to put them on. Well, the other day, Grant sends to me about those very men, just as I expected; but what he wanted to know was whether he could make infantry of them or disband them. He doesn't ask impossibilities of me, and he's the first General I've had that didn't."

TRAIN TALK.

"Yes, I was at the battle of Gettysburg," said the traveller, who told many stories, whose hearers were all men of his own size, "and there was where I won my first distinction as a gunner. Away off on a distant hill, a rebel battery had been firing at us, and doing much damage in our ranks. None of our gunners had been able to lodge a shell anywhere near that battery, and the officers were badly discouraged. Finally I says, says I, 'Give me a chance,' and then they all stepped aside as I took my place at the end of the gun. They watched me almost in breathless silence as I took my sight. I was just as calm and deliberate as I am this minute. I didn't hurry myself. But finally, after carefully calculating the distance, inquiring the strength of the load, and judging the proper elevation, I fixed her just right and gave the signal. Bang! went the gun and the whole

army watched the shot. They saw her streaming up, and they could see the line it made as it began to go down a bit and toward the rebel battery. It seemed as if all the other gunners had caught on to the importance of the occasion, as they had stopped work on their own guns, and stood watching my shot. For a few seconds it was so quiet you could almost have heard a pin drop. Just then a man with a glass cried, 'Look out! the Johnnies are going to shoot!' and a few timid ones ducked their heads behind the breastworks, but most of us kept right on looking. And what do you suppose we saw? Well, sir, just as the rebel gunner pulled the string of their biggest piece—the one that had been giving us so much trouble—we saw the shot that I had fired, go right into the muzzle of that piece. There the two balls met with a collision that not only busted that cannon, but completely annihilated the whole rebel battery. Then the silence was broken. Such a cheer as went up you never heard. The boys crowded around me so thick, that it was with difficulty Grant and Sherman could get up to shake my hand, and thank me for the shot. Both generals afterward sent me letters of formal thanks, and offered me any position I wanted to name, but I declined, and told them I entered the army a private, and a private I would remain to the end. I have their letters now at home in a frame, and—"

"Did you say that this occurred at Gettysburg?"

"Yes. That's I they've got painted aiming a gun in the panorama in Chicago. Before that panorama was painted, the artist came to see me, and asked permission to sketch my face, and,—"

"And did you say Grant and Sherman were there when you fired the gun and stepped up to congratulate you?"

"Certainly. They would have put Grant and Sherman in the panorama shaking me by the hand if I hadn't modestly declined, and—"

"But look here. Grant and Sherman were not at the battle of Gettysburg at all."

"Weren't they! Let me see now. Did I say Grant and Sherman. I must have been thinking of some other generals. I had so many experiences of that kind, I can't remember them all as well as I once could. The old man is getting old. What, are you fellows laughing at an old fellow like me? You make sport of an old man who did his best to save the country for you? That's just the way—republics are always ungrateful to their old heroes, and I guess I'll go into the smoking car and see if I can find any gentlemen there."

THE SILENT PRISONER OF BELLE ISLE.

During the battles and skirmishes along the line of the Weldon Railroad in Virginia, in the summer of 1864, many Union soldiers were captured. Prisoners were at once relieved of extra clothing, if they had any, and frequently also of other articles. They were taken to Libby Prison, and there underwent an official search. Everything taken was put down in a book, with a promise of return when the prisoner was exchanged. It came to be understood that the booking was gammon. No one received back anything the searching party laid hands on. Knowledge of this caused some plucky fellows to struggle hard before surrendering their property. Resistance never did any good. The men were overpowered and stripped; their hair if long, searched, mouths forced open, stockings and clothing turned inside out, and every hidden thing disclosed.

Our squad, after a short stay in Libby, were marched over to Belle Isle. The tents that covered the north end of the island, were more than full. The new-comers had no resource but the damp ground for twenty-three days, at the end of which time came a supply of tents.

Rations were served every day at 11 o'clock. Each man appeared at the gate, and was handed six ounces of bread, and four ounces of bacon. There was a great deal of bone in the bacon. A hungry man would make short work of it on the spot, and throw the bone away. I had noticed a half naked man always hanging around the gate. Over one shoulder he had an old canvas bag, and hanging from the other, by a strip of canvas, was a quart can. He picked up the bones, and next would gather a handful of grass from near the dead line, the only place where grass grew, the rest of the field being trodden bare. The home of this half-naked prisoner was a bit of canvas, held up by four short sticks. To get under shelter of it he was obliged to curl up like a dog. Two flat stones near by he used to pound the bones perfectly fine. Mixing the bone flour with water, bits of bread and grass, he set it to boil in the can, and so prepared himself a warm meal. Three times a day he went through this operation, managing his fire so as to keep it alive with hardly any smoke. He appeared to have no comrade, never spoke to any one, answered no questions, and was known as the silent man. I became friends with him about the last of September, 1864. Being sick I could not eat my rations, and presented them to him. This pleased him, and he told me that he was a sergeant in a Pennsylvania regiment. He had sold his clothes to the guard for bread, having had eighty dollars in

ney taken from him in Libby, but had retained good health while on Belle Isle. He was six feet three inches tall—a handsome man. On the night of October 1, 1864, I gave him a pair of shoes, on leaving the prison, and have never heard from him since.

DAHLGREN'S RAID.

There are some circumstances connected with Dahlgren's raid that have never been known, except to a few participants, that are illustrative of how small things exercise their influence on great undertakings. The recklessness of his attempt to go to Richmond with one thousand men, capture the outposts and release the Federal prisoners there, is a matter upon which there can be no discussion. That it was daring and brave to an extreme no one questions, and that its results were near being very disastrous to the Confederate cause but a few are in a position to tell. Admiral Dahlgren, in his narrative, says: "About two or three o'clock in the afternoon of March 1, 1863, Colonel Dahlgren struck the Virginia Central Railroad about a mile below 'Frederick's Hall' station, to which he rode. A party of rebel officers, who were crossing the woods, little suspecting the presence of Union soldiers, were all captured; some were released and a few detained, among the latter Captain Dement." These facts are in the main true, and I take no issue with them further than to point out some inaccuracies that are liable to occur in any article where the facts are gleaned second hand. Offering this much, therefore, by way of explanation, I will proceed with a recital of facts within my own personal knowledge:

At the time of this raid the entire artillery of the Second or Ewell's Corps, consisting of five battalions of twenty guns each—one hundred guns in all—were in winter quarters within a radius of five miles of Frederick's Hall. There was no infantry support nearer than the army encamped, or picketing, on the Rapidan river, fourteen miles distant. As a means of security in case of attack, Colonel Brown, chief of artillery of the corps, had ordered that a company of infantry be detailed from each battalion at large, furnished with muskets and drilled in infantry tactics. At Frederick's Hall (this being a central point) was established the corps guard house, and most of the time there were a sufficient number of men to form say half a company of infantry. The necessity for these explanations will present themselves further on. As poorly protected as this artillery was, it would have been mere child's play for Colonel

Dahlgren to have destroyed every piece and to have captured every man. It was all "parked," with no view to defensive or offensive operations, and the battalions were so far apart as to have enabled him to have captured them before the horses, which were all grazing, could have been caught up for service, and having five hundred picked men, well mounted, to attack three companies of parked artillery in the woods, and supported by only one company of green infantry, would have been to so dashing an officer a pastime. I was a member of the First Maryland Battery, C. S. A., of which Captain Dement, above mentioned, was in command. On the day in question, at about twelve o'clock, instead of two, Colonel Dahlgren was within a half mile of our camp, and within a mile of Frederick's Hall. Three members of the company had started out on a little private foraging expedition, in search, if I should judge by their antecedents, of a hog or some chickens, which were noted for being very vicious in that vicinity, and which the same three boys—John Hurry, Billy Sherburne and Tom Wingate—often bought at the uniform price of \$11.75. When only a half mile from camp they saw a body of cavalry advancing very rapidly, and several members of the company seemed to be racing. Hurry, thinking they were Confederates, called out:

"Sherburne, I'll bet you \$10 the black wins!"

"Done!" said Sherburne; when suddenly, instead of being greeted by Confederates, they found themselves confronted by Federals, with carbines presented, demanding their surrender. Of course they surrendered, but the one who had Hurry covered with his carbine still kept his aim. Hurry, who was something of a wag, called out, "Look here, man, put that thing down; I've surrendered and that thing shoots!"

The prisoner, to be judged by his appearance, would never have been considered more than ordinarily bright—but he belied his looks. He was chosen as the one to be interrogated as to the strength of our force encamped around Frederick's Hall. Without the slightest hesitation he told that there were five regiments of infantry to each one of artillery. That added to this a brigade of infantry had been stationed at Frederick's Hall, but that a number of details had been made from it, and he presumed that not more than a regiment was left. One of the examining officers told him he believed he lied. To which Hurry, pointing to the corps guard house at Frederick's Hall, in front of which the sentinel was seen walking, said: "Well, gentlemen, you may believe me or not, as you please; but there is the brigade head-

quarters, and there behind the hill you see the smoke arising from the men's quarters. I trust you will not believe me, as an attempt on your part to capture them will result in my release." One of the officers then told him if he deceived them he would be shot. Immediately an old negro, a slave of Colonel Claybrook, an old gentleman of the neighborhood, came up. He was examined as to the number of troops, and in his ignorance he more than verified Hurry's statement, and in answer to the question as to how many troops were in the neighborhood, said:

"For de good Lord, boss, dar's a heap on 'em!"

"What kind?" asked the officer. "Infantry or artillery?"

"Lord bress your soul, boss! I don't know what dey is, but dar's a heap on 'em!"

"Do they have big or small guns?"

"Dey's got boff, sir!"

A number of other questions were asked him and his answers all tended to one point, upon which Colonel Dahlgren held a consultation with his officers and determined to make no attempt at our capture, but to proceed as quickly as possible to Richmond.

The news soon got out. Bob Dryden, "one of ours," came running into the officers' quarters, almost breathless, and exclaimed:

"Lientenant Hill, you had better get the men together quietly and quickly. The Yankees are right on us."

Lientenant Hill took the matter very quietly and replied:

"Come, Dryden, don't hatch up any such yarn as that. There's not a Yankee this side of the Rapidan."

"I'll swear to God what I say is true!" hotly replied Dryden; and then there was hurrying and scurrying. I happened to be in the infantry company, and we soon formed a skirmish line. The horses were hitched to the guns, and ere night the whole artillery of the Second Corps was parked in a hollow square and guarded by five companies of infantry, making us feel amply secure against the invading body.

In Colonel Dahlgren's course he passed a house in which the corps court martial was in session, and it was then he captured the party of which Captain Dement was one. Several of them escaped, but I think none were released, as stated by Admiral Dahlgren, as it would have been giving men their liberty who would quickly have communicated with the authorities at Richmond, or on the Rapidan, thereby insuring dangers to him. Captain Dement was an old acquaintance of Colonel Dahlgren. The

same volley that killed Dahlgren killed Dement's horse. In the darkness Dement escaped, but overhearing some of the men regretting his escape, saying they would surrender to him sooner than go through a country of which they knew nothing, without a leader, he made himself known and accepted their surrender, turning them over in the morning as prisoners of war to the party who had made the night attack. Captain Dement secured Colonel Dahlgren's sword, and after General Lee's surrender forwarded it to the brave Federal officer's mother.

Probably the most ludicrous thing about the whole affair was the escape and return to camp of Hurry, Sherburne and Wingate. No camp fires were allowed that night, and the guards were doubled. Welch Owens and Joe Franklin, of the First Maryland artillery, were on outpost together. Hearing Hurry's voice, Owens said: "Franklin, keep quiet, for here comes Hurry. When I call a halt we will simultaneously cock our guns;" and Hurry came up all unconscious, his tongue going like a mill clapper. When Owens, disguising his voice, called "Halt!—who goes there?" the clinking of gunlocks came together, and poor Hurry exclaimed in a woe-begone voice: "There, bless God, we're gone again!"

Franklin and Owens laughed so heartily that Hurry and his party were obliged to join in, and then, turning to Owens, he exclaimed: "Great Scott!—Welch Owens! Isn't it bad enough to have been in the bands of the Yankees all day without being scared to death by your friends?" It is easy to see how great an injury might have been done to General Lee's army but for Hurry's brazen coolness.

The true soldier always respects bravery, and all true soldiers pay the tribute of highest bravery to the boy soldier, Dahlgren, no matter on which side they fought.



An anecdote illustrating the contrast between the light-hearted pluck of the Southern soldier and the patriotic fervor—almost religious—of the northern private, was given but recently to a party of friends by a Southern officer. It was after the battle of Cedar Mountain, and two soldiers, one of the North, the other of the South, lay side by side, wounded, on the battle-field.

Before the ambulance came up to take them to more comfortable quarters, the lad in gray turned to the boy in blue and said in a quizzical tone:

"What are you fightin' fur?"

"The old flag!" was the reply.

"Sho! thar's no use o' doin' that; we don't want it."

"Who comes there?" "A friend!" "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." "Field and Post Room."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
FRANK B. KINNEARD AND WILSON C. FOX,
320 MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG.

ENTERED IN THE HARRISBURG POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Fifty Cents per year, in advance, Postage prepaid.

ONE OF WAR'S TRAGEDIES.

It is more than twenty years since the great war of the rebellion ended and peace settled down upon a divided land. But the heart-rending desolations of that great epoch of conflict have not yet ended. The tattered blue overcoats have ceased to come in from the country on loads of wood and produce. The wooden-legged veterans who hobble along the streets have become fewer in number and the empty coat-sleeves, so numerous after the war, are now infrequent. The veterans of the great struggle are passing away. The mighty civil conflict that shook a continent is lapsing from the present to the pages of history. It will not be many years before the stories of the war will become tales of a grandfather. But every now and then something arises that calls up strong to remembrance all the bitter sorrows and trials of the years of desolation.

In a retreat for unfortunates an old lady now lies dying. She has been in this institution for over twenty years, ever since the black days when the news came home that her two darling sons had starved together in Andersonville prison.

It is something more than fifty years since this poor old lady, then a blithe young married woman, arrived with her husband in the land for which her sons were to sacrifice their lives. They came to this refuge of the world from Ireland.

When the war broke out their sons had grown to be brave lads of seventeen and fourteen. Young as they were, these two were among the first of the heroic thousands that rushed to risk their lives on the altar of devotion to country. Both boys enlisted in one of the celebrated fighting Irish regiments and made gallant young soldiers. The elder, a slight, sickly boy, was wounded and taken prisoner at Murfreesboro'. He was soon paroled, however, and found himself a sergeant for gallantry. The fortunes of war threw the lads again into imprisonment at Chickamauga, and they were taken to live a lingering death at Andersonville. The slender young sergeant withstood the horrors of this

chapel yard of the rebellion for thirteen months and then laid down the tribute of his life in October, 1864, at the age of twenty. His young brother did not long survive this bereavement, and followed him within two weeks, in his seventeenth year.

When the news of this double loss came back to the northern home the poor old mother was prostrated. The news seemed to daze her. She never rallied from her great depression. She would go about her house wringing her hands, and crying out for her "poor dear boys." Time passed and her grief increased until her intellect fell. She would then sit and fancy herself counting the bones of the dead boys who slept the eternal sleep in an Andersonville trench. She went from bad to worse, and had to be placed in an insane asylum, where she has been ever since without hope of improvement, and where she now lies dying.

The daughter of this war-stricken woman lost her husband in one of the battles of the Wilderness campaign. The young widow soon learned of the death of her brothers. This daughter, still wearing a widow's weeds for her dead soldier husband, will be an almost lone mourner at the bedside of her dying mother.

This is indeed a sad world, my masters.

But it was such lives, such deaths as these that helped to preserve to all future, the great haven of the freest government on earth, the country at whose gates shall stand—

A mighty woman, with a torch whose flame
Is imprisoned lightning and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon hand
Glow's world-wide welcome; her mild eyes
command

The air-brided harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep ancient lands, your storied pomp," cries she,

With silent lips; "give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to be free,

The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest tossed to me—
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

AN ARMY REMINISCENCE.

On June 2, 1864, the following verses of poetry came into possession of the writer, a member of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, under circumstances that may be interesting to some comrades to relate.

The Army of the Potomac, at that time lately taken personal command of by General Grant, was on the date above mentioned, engaged in making a move to the left of the Union and to the right of the rebel lines, on the field known as Cold Harbor, and after marching some distance from our position on the right the duty was assigned to the company to which I was

attached, to again face toward the men in gray, deploy in skirmish line and advance.

Shortly after the start we came to an open field of about five hundred yards in width, beyond which was a thick low woods, lately occupied by the rebels, at the edge was arranged a rail picket post. When within about two hundred yards of it, the wind at the time blowing quite freely, there came from that direction, as if started by some one, a piece of paper, and after making numerous starts and stops, attracting the attention of a number of men, it happened to strike against my foot and lodged. My interest was awakened with others, as reading matter was not abundant; I stooped, picked it up, and unfolding it found it had been serving as a meat dish, and was well saturated with grease, reversing the sheet the title, "The Richmond Mercury," met my eye. I put it in my pocket and when an opportunity was presented, read it; the poetry being the only article deemed attractive enough to preserve.

This much for history, you can have the poem:

YOU KISSED ME.

You kissed me!—my head dropped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest.

While the holy emotion my tongue dare not speak
Flushed up, like a flame, from my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast—O! your arms were so bold;
Heart responded to heart in that passionate hold;
Your glances seemed drawing my soul thro' mine eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies;
And your lips cling to mine, till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp from that rapturous kiss!

You kissed me!—my heart, my breast, and my will,
In delicious joy for the moment stood still:
Life had for me then no temptations or charms—
No vista of pleasure outside of your arms—
And were I this instant an angel possessed
Of the glory and peace that are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes unrepiningly down,
And take from my forehead its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more in that haven of rest,
With your lips upon mine, and my head on your breast.

You kissed me!—my soul, in a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a man drunk with wine,
And I thought 'twere delicious to die then, if death
Would come while my lips were moist with your breath:
'Twere delicious to die, if my heart might grow cold
While your arms wrapt me close in that passionate hold.
And these are the questions I ask day and night,
Must my life taste but once such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast were my shelter as then?
And if you were here—*would you kiss me again?*

WIDOWS WITH GREAT PENSIONS.

The mother of Gen. McPherson receives \$50 a month, and that amount is also paid to the widows of twenty-six deceased Generals of the late war—Heintzleman, Richardson, Wallace, Plumer, Stevens, Baker, Whipple, Sumner,

Bedwell, Harris, Berry, Lovell, Anderson, Canby, Thomas, Hackleman, Stanley, Mitchell, Casey, Taylor, Rossman, Custer, French, Ramsey and Warren. The widows of Admirals Wood, Reynolds, Hooffe, Bell, Davis, Winslow, Paulding, Rodgers, Spotts and Goldboro, and of Commodores Gallagher, Frailey, McCauley, McCaver and Quest, of the navy, receive a similar amount, as do the widows of Colonels Harris, Delaney and Twiggs, of the marine corps. The only widow of a civilian drawing a pension is Mrs. A. B. Meadlam, whose husband was a chief of the Moroc Peace Commission, and was crippled for life in the massacre of 1873, when Gen. Canby was killed. She receives a pension of \$30 a month, granted by Congress in 1883. The pension of \$2,000 a year that has been voted to Mrs. Hancock is the largest paid to the widow of any soldier except Mrs. Grant, who receives the \$5,000 a year granted to the widows of Presidents, Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Tyler, and Mrs. Garfield. The widow of Gen. and ex-Senator Shields receives the next largest sum, \$1,200 a year, granted to her by a special act of Congress in 1879.

HANCOCK AND MEADE.

In the winter of 1863, shortly after the Mine Run campaign, it was intimated to Gen. Meade that he would probably be relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that his successor might be Gen. Hancock. At that time Gen. Hancock was in Washington, still off duty in consequence of the wound that he had received at Gettysburg. In a letter to Gen. Hancock, dated Dec. 11, 1863, in reply to one from Gen. Hancock, stating that he had not lost confidence in him, and that he hoped he he would not be relieved, Gen. Meade said: "As this army is at present organized, and as its commander is now regarded and treated at Washington its command is not to be desired by any reasonable man, nor can it be exercised with any judgment or satisfaction to yourself. While, therefore, I should be glad to see you promoted to a high command, as a friend and well-wisher, with my experience I cannot say I could congratulate you if you succeed me. . . . I shall always be glad to see you and hear of your success."

To this letter Gen. Hancock replied on Dec. 21, 1863. After giving the current rumors relative to the command of the army, he said: "I am no aspirant, and I never could be a conspirator, had I other feelings toward you than I possess. I would sooner command a corps under you than have the supreme command. I

have faith in you. I would not like to serve under a bad commander. I would rather be out of command. I have always served faithfully, and so I intend to do. I would always prefer a good man to command that army than to command it myself. If I ever command it, it will be given to me as it was to you. I shall never express or imply a desire to command, for I do not feel it. If the command was put upon me, I suppose I would feel and act as you did."

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"FAIR PLAY,"

"Git up!"

It was in 1864, down in front of Grant's army, and I was a mile or so outside of the Union pickets, having been out on a scout. In making my way back I had been followed pretty closely by a half dozen Confederates, and had eluded them by hiding in a thicket. After an hour's rest I was creeping along on hands and knees toward the nearest field fence, when the above command reached my ears, and a "reb." stepped into view from behind a large tree.

"Yank, in course?" he queried, as he looked me over, holding his carbine ready for a shot.

I nodded in the affirmative.

"How are you heeled?"

I had my navy revolver in my belt and I showed it to him.

He threw down his carbine, drew a navy from his own belt, and coming quite close to me, he said:

"Yank, one of us has got to die! A week ago some of you'uns set the cabin afire, and turned my poor old mother out in the fields to take sick and die. I swore on her grave to kill the first Yank I could draw head on, and you're my meat."

"Are you going to shoot a prisoner down in cold blood?"

"That ain't Silas Curtis—not much! It's ten paces—one, two, three—fire. You shall have fair play."

"You mean that we shall fight a duel?"

"Sorter one. I expect you to shoot at me and miss, and I'll shoot at you and put a ball through your head. I'm no bushwhacker to shoot a man down without show, but I'm dead certain to kill you all the same."

We backed away from each other. The woods were fairly open, and when we had thirty feet between us, there was no obstruction to deflect a bullet or annoy the eye.

"All ready, Yank?"

"Yes."

"I'll be fair. You may do the counting. Good-by to you, for I'm a dead shot.

"One—two—three—fire."

The two pistols made one report, but as the noise filled my ears I went down. I was bewildered—half unconscious—but realized that I was hurt.

"Shoo, now, but I just raked his scalp!" I heard the man say as he bent over me. "Say, Yank, we must have another shot. You cut powerful close to my ear, and may be I dodged a bit. Come, fair play, ye know."

I tried to rise up, but fell back, and at that moment two bushwhackers pushed out of the woods, and came running up. I heard loud talking, oaths, threats, and a bullet from a pistol tore through the cloth on my shoulder. Then I must have fainted, for the next thing I remember was of being carried on the man's back through the woods. When he felt me moving he laid me down and asked:

"Say, Yank, how fur is it to your lines?"

"About a mile from where we fought."

"Straight north?"

"Yes."

"Because those bushwhackers was bent on killing you, and, to see fair play, I had to plant 'em both. Reckon I hain't no more business in the Confederacy after this. Reckon Uncle Sam won't be any wuss on me nor Jeff Davis. Yank, kin ye hang to my neck?"

"Yes."

"All right. Keep this 'ere hank-erchief-sorter waving as a signal to the pickets, and I'll carry ye safe as an ambulance."

And clinging to the back of the man, who had thirsted for my blood, I was soon inside the lines, and Sam was explaining to the pickets:

"No, I hain't no deserter. I've been sorter driven in here because Sile Curtis will see fair play if it takes a leg."

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A colored gentleman sought the signal officer and said: "Geta little business for yer. I wants a pension, an' I wants yer to gin me de papers." "I have nothing to do with it." "Aint yer de man what has charge of de weather business?" "Yes." Well yer's de man dat I wants. I has been crippled, an' wants a pension; 'sides dat I needs it powerful. I was blown agin a tree by a storm." "The Government does not pay pensions in such cases." "Well, de storm was in de Guberrment; and I'se a citizen." "That makes no difference." "Den dis establishment of yor'n is a fraud, sah. Go up da an' take down yor flutter-wheel business, and quit deceibin' oh de folks. It takes a man so long to understan' dis United States dat he'll die wid old age 'fore he gets nuthen outen it."

SEDGWICK'S DEATH.

"Gen. McMahon, were you not with Sedgwick, the commander of the Sixth corps, when he died? If I remember correctly he was killed while sighting a gun."

"No," said McMahon, "he was killed while dressing his line of battle."

I asked to be told all about this incident, and MacMahon related it to me nearly as follows:

"Sedgwick was killed about three miles, I should think, from Spottsylvania court house. I have never been to Spottsylvania hamlet or court house, and am told the stone which has been put there to commemorate Sedgwick's death is at the wrong place. On the morning he died—and he died near eight o'clock in the morning—Gen. Sedgwick said to me: 'I don't like the way the Jersey boys are looking this morning. They are such excellent troops in general that I think I see they are discouraged by the fighting we have already done. I want you to go out there, McMahon, and spur them up some how—stimulate their pride a little.' So when I went out with the general's order I talked loud enough for the troops to hear me. They were then under the enemy's fire, and sharpshooters with telescopic rifles were picking off officers. I didn't feel entirely happy myself, but made some remarks to the men; I said when I saw a file of them about to shift position, and they seemed to duck the balls coming: 'Why, it's a new thing for the Jersey boys to duck that way. The Vermont boys say that they are going to take the shine from you boys to-day.'

"The brigade, which was one of the very finest in our service, had been ordered to go in the open field until their rifle pits should be got ready, in which they were to lie. When they were ordered out I saw they looked depressed. That terrible fighting we had in the Wilderness, with all our wounded accompanying us on the march afterward, their groans and wails, had put a cloud over the army. Such losses had never been known in the army of the Potomac. Over the whole Wilderness campaign there seemed to hang a shadow of death. It was frightful. The battle of Spottsylvania happened towards the middle of May; Sedgwick was killed on the 9th. The temporary intrenchments to protect our men were made of fence-rails, with a little earth thrown over them. Before the order was given for the Jersey brigade to march off by companies and get behind these slight ramparts, I said aloud: 'Now, colonel, you will move your men to their assigned places.' At this I saw the Jersey boys get up and begin to move. 'What!' I exclaimed; 'who

heard the order for you to move, boys?' It was evident that they were nervous because they hadn't waited for their own officers to give them orders.

"All this time these peculiar telescopic shot were coming from the enemy's lines—not in volleys, but in individual balls, half a minute apart, and they made a sort of a loeust noise, bothersome to hear. After the men were arranged, Gen. Sedgwick came down along the line, and he saw at one place that a battery, or part of a battery, had advanced beyond the infantry line, and the infantry were being annoyed, by these sharpshooters, who naturally fired toward the pieces. The balls falling among the men produced some little annoyance, and Sedgwick stepped outside, through the line of battle, to order these guns to be slightly changed in position.

"I went out there with him, and said: 'General, I wish you wouldn't stay out here.'

"What is the matter?" said he.

"While we were speaking these sharpshooters' balls would come, making a noise like an insect in midsummer—something of a scream and something of a grinding in the sound.

"Why, general," said I, "we have lost several officers this morning. These are telescopic rifles, and they are evidently picking out the officers."

"O, pshaw," said General Sedgwick, "I don't believe they could hit an elephant at that distance."

"At this moment one of those balls came screaming through the air and suddenly stopped; it stopped with a kind of lurching or thumping sound. I thought I was hit myself, and I turned to Gen. Sedgwick, and there was a smile on his face.

"Said I: 'General,' and I repeated the word 'General.' At that moment there burst from his cheek, right under the eye, a great spurt of blood, which fell upon my face and breast, and he turned half way and fell on me. He was a heavy man, and we both fell to the ground, myself all covered with his blood. I called him 'General,' repeatedly, telling him to speak—to hear me. I was in a dreadful agony of mind, and could not believe he was dead. Although the blood continued to pour from his wound that smiling expression never left his lips. When he was shot I could see the men in that instant, depressed as I was, crawling up out of their rifle pits on their hands, looking at us from both directions. I can still see that scene of surprise, astonishment, wonder and grief all along that blue line. We took him back thro' the line of battle, and then I got on my horse

and rode to Grant's headquarters. I was all covered with blood, and when I went in first they thought I was wounded.

"Said I: 'No,' interpreting what they meant.

"In a minute they all cried out 'Sedgwick.'

"I burst into tears and sat down and cried."

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THE GENERAL'S WIFE.

Grant and Hancock, although able to command and hold in absolute obedience hundreds of thousands of men, took back seats when they were at home. Perhaps you do not know how the unfriendly feeling arose between Grant and Hancock. It is a most interesting story, and extends back before the war, when Grant and Hancock were both young men. Both were stationed at St. Louis at the time I refer to, and neither of them had been married a great while. Mrs. Hancock came from a Southern family, her feelings were all that way, while Mrs. Grant, on the other hand, was intensely Northern. At that time the Hancocks moved in little better circles than the Grants. There never was any good feeling between them, and Mrs. Hancock snubbed Mrs. Grant, a fact which Mrs. Grant never forgave. After the war Grant came to Washington with his family to establish his headquarters there. They went to Willard's Hotel, but the bills were too high for the General's purse, so he told his wife that he would like to go to housekeeping, and asked her at the same time to select a proper residence. Mrs. Grant went out and finally decided that Gen. Hancock and Mrs. Hancock were occupying the house which she would like. She went home and told her husband and he made out the necessary order. You see Grant outranked Hancock and was entitled to the house according to precedent and established usage. Mrs. Hancock, however, was not to be outdone by Mrs. Grant, so she persuaded her husband to write a sharp note to the General. Then came Mrs. Grant's turn. She made up her mind to have that house or die, although there were a thousand other houses just as good in the city, so she influenced her husband to reply in kind to Hancock. There was quite a correspondence, but Grant, of course, came out ahead and got the house. A few days afterward Grant and Hancock met in the street. Grant extended his hand as though nothing had happened, for he was not a man to bear ill-will against another for some petty, foolish thing, but Hancock deliberately turned his back upon him. When the assignment of divisions came, later, Grant sent Hancock way up into Minnesota, where he kept him six years. Meade was given the Division of the Atlantic, with authority to

establish his headquarters either at Philadelphia or New York. As Meade was a Pennsylvanian he chose Philadelphia. After Meade's death Grant assigned Hancock to the command of the Division of the Atlantic, with authority to establish his headquarters either at Philadelphia or New York, in precisely the same language as had been given to Meade. As Hancock was also a Pennsylvanian, the Philadelphia people supposed that the headquarters would remain where they were. Mrs. Hancock, however, remembered that the Philadelphians had given Meade a house in that city, and that they had neglected to similarly remember her husband. She determined that the headquarters should be transferred to New York, and transferred they were, and remain so unto this day. Women have more to do with national affairs than you have any idea.

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WHY HE WEPT.

Among the crowd present at the panoramic battle of Gettysburg in Philadelphia, the other evening, was a boy about fifteen years of age. He had been gazing around him for about ten minutes when he began to weep. The fact was noticed, and directly a gentleman said:

"Ah! poor lad! This painting revives some episode of grief in his life. My boy, why do you weep?"

"Ca-ca-cause, sir!" was the broken reply, as the tears fell faster.

"Does the sight of this battle move you?"

"Y-yes!"

"Did your father lay down his life on this field?"

"No."

"Lose a brother there?"

"No."

"But you lost a relation of some sort?"

"Not—not that I know of."

"Then it must be these bloody scenes which overcome you, poor child."

"N-no, sir. I come in here on the money which dad gave me to buy molasses with, and it has just struck me that the whole Union army can't stop him from givin' me a bim-awful whalin' when I git home. I reckon that feller over there on the stretcher is me—after dad gits through bringin' up his reserves."

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A National Monument to Abraham Lincoln is a project to be commended. If a memorial in this form is to be erected, it is much better that it should be paid for, in a lump, by a grateful country, than that the money should be coaxed by tiresome iteration out of the pockets of more than half reluctant givers.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

[The following poem was written by an ex-Confederate and sent from Richmond, Va., to Comrade Chas. P. Brown, of Aaron Wilkes Post, No. 23, G. A. R., Department of New Jersey.]

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
 Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
 Furl it, fold it, it is best;
 For there's not a man to wave it,
 And there's not a sword to save it,
 And there's not one left to love it,
 In the blood, which heroes gave it
 And it's foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, hide it—let it rest.
 Take that Banner down 'tis tattered;
 Broken is its staff and shattered;
 And the valiant hosts are scattered,
 Over whom it floated high;
 Oh 'tis hard for us to fold it;
 Hard to think, there's none to hold it;
 Hard, that those, who once unrolled it;
 Now must furl it with a sigh.
 Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
 Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
 And ten thousands wildly, madly,
 Swore it should forever wave.
 Swore, that foemen's sword should never
 Hearts, like theirs entwined, dissever,
 Till that flag should float forever
 O'er their freedom, or their grave!
 Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
 And the hearts, that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low;
 And that Banner—it is trailing!
 While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe.
 For though conquered, they adore it!
 Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
 Weep for those, who fell before it!
 Pardon those, who trailed and tore it!
 But, oh! wildly they deplore it
 Now, who furl and fold it so.
 Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
 Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
 And 'twill live in song and story,
 Though its folds are in the dust;
 For its fame on brightest pages,
 Penned by poets and by sages,
 Shall go sounding down the ages—
 Furl its folds, though now we must.
 Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
 Treat it gently—it is holy—
 For it droops above the head.
 Touch it not—unfold it never,
 Let it droop there, furled forever,
 For its people's hopes are dead!

THE VICTORIOUS BANNER.

[Written by Comrade E. C. Stahl, of Bayard Post, No. 8, G. A. R., Department of New Jersey, and read at the ceremonies of dedicating the new Headquarters of Aaron Wilkes Post, No. 23, at Trenton, New Jersey, January 1st, 1883.]

Unfurl this Banner, for 'tis holy,
 Washed in blood of heroes, slowly
 Wave it in the golden light,
 For there's not a prouder token
 Of a nations' pride, unbroken
 By a struggle for its right.

Raise this Banner, wave it proudly.
 Raise it, wave it, cheer it loudly,
 Let the hills resound the cry,
 For our fathers who unrolled it,
 'Gainst the tyrants did unfold it,
 Said "ne'er furl it, rather die!"

Float this Banner and remember,
 That not even a smouldering ember
 Of that fiery struggle lives,
 Which by Providence was sent us,
 With its blood-shed to cement us,
 New, in bonds of brother's love.

Love this Banner, Southern brother,
 Never recognize another
 As the emblem of your right,
 For there's not a fold that flutters
 In the breezes, but it utters
 Praises to our nation's might.

Love this Banner and revere it;
 Tyrants through this wide world fear it
 As the guide to freedom's goal,
 And th' oppressed in every nation,
 From its stars seek consolation,
 Liberty for heart and soul.

Hail this Banner! Hail its glories.
 Bards will e'er proclaim the stories
 Of its triumphs, peace and love,
 And the thousands, who beneath it
 Fell, with bloody swords unsheathed,
 Smile in harmony above!

Greet this Banner, 'midst the weeping,
 Round the mounds, where heroes sleeping,
 Wait the resurrection day.
 Round it let us jointly rally,
 As on every hill and valley
 Dawns each Decoration Day.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a wad of the white-washed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day,
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Tale are the lips of delicate mould—
somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined face
Brush every wandering silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were somebody's pride, you know!
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in these waves of light?

God knows best! He was somebody's love,
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer,
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
There he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And smiling, child-like lips apart,
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pansing to drop on his grave a tear—
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
Somebody's darling lies buried here!



HISTORY OF POST No. 58, G. A. R.
Continued.

Oct. 10, 1867.—The following were proposed for membership:

John Ulrich, James A. Congdon,
Franklin Hoyer, Francis A. Caraher,
David Huber, Jacob Mish.

JAMES A. CONGDON,
Lieut. Col. 12th Pa. Cav.

being present was mustered.

Amount in treasury, \$4.16.

Oct. 22, 1867.—The following applications for membership were read:

Simon Snyder, D. H. Mumma,
A. B. McFadden.

There were mustered into the Post at this meeting, the following:

SIMON SNYDER, D. H. MUMMA,
Capt 12th F. S. C. T. Sgt. Co. E, 9th Pa. Cav.

Amount in treasury, \$6.22.

Nov. 14, 1867.—After the usual order of business had been gone through with, Comrade John T. Boyle moved that each of the members select some suitable subject for discussion, and present the same to the commander, who shall select from the different subjects presented, the one he deems best suited for debate; which was agreed to.

Amount in treasury, \$14.61.

Nov. 28, 1867.—After dispensing with the regular order of business, owing to the absence of the Adjutant, the Post mustered into the ranks of the G. A. R.,

WILLIAM H. PATTERSON,
Capt. Co. A, 1st Pa. Cav.

On motion of Comrade McCamant, a voluntary subscription was taken up to aid in paying for the charter, and the sum of \$6.75 was realized.

Amount in treasury, \$1.11.

There is no record on the minutes of any meetings of the Post during the month of December, and the membership at the close of the year was as follows:

Number last report	61
Mustered during quarter	4
	— 65
Transferred	1
	— 64

Number of members, Dec. 31, 1867, . . . 64

Jan. 6, 1868.—A regular meeting of the Post was held; Commander McCoy presiding.

JOHN B. CURRAN,

2d Lieut. Co. I, 28th P. V.

was elected and mustered as a Comrade.

The officers then in office were retained in their respective positions for another term. There being no Surgeon, Comrade Hutchison was chosen to fill that position, and Comrades Thos. J. Jordan, M. S. Smith and M. D. Dietrich were elected representatives to the annual encampment, to be held in Philadelphia, on January 29th.

There was, apparently, great difficulty in procuring a proper place to hold the Post meetings, as a committee, consisting of Comrades Jordan, Armor and Brightbill, was appointed to procure a hall for the use of the Post.

A dearth of literary and business discussions seemed to have prevailed in the Post at this date, as Comrade Smith offered the following:

"Resolved, That this encampment, after the transaction of the regular business of the evening, do adjourn, and that the members present after adjournment, organize an informal meeting of the 'Boys in Blue.'"

[What transpired at this meeting we are unable to state.]

The subscriptions to the fund for payment of charter were then continued, and sufficient realized to pay for same.

Amount in treasury, \$9.61.

Jan. 17, 1868.—Comrade Boyle made a motion, which was agreed to, that the committee on suitable room be instructed to procure the hall used by Advance Lodge, I. O. G. T., and that the Post meet every Friday evening instead of the second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

Jan. 24, 1868.—Applications for membership were received from

J. Detweiler, Edmund Mather,
D. B. Mathews, Levi H. Funk,

and they were balloted for and elected to membership.

The following were mustered:

EDMUND MATHER, D. S. MATHIEWS,
Adjutant 8th P. V. Capt. Co. I, 167th P. V.

JOHN URICH,
Sergt. Co. F, 12th P. R. V. C.

The committee on suitable room stated that the trustees of Advance Lodge of Good Templars had sub-let to them the room desired by the Post, and expressed a willingness to wait a reasonable time for the first quarters' rent.

On motion of Comrade Sheafer, it was ordered that the rent be paid at once. The Quartermaster had in his possession, \$20.01, and after the payment of rent the amount in Post treasury was the munificent sum of one cent.

Jan. 31, 1868.—The following applications for membership were presented:

S. M. JACKSON, A. P. DUNCAN,
Frank H. Couse, Jared K. Rayen,
A. W. Taylor, G. S. Westlake,
Jonathan R. Day, M. R. Adams,
John A. Stigelman, S. H. Alleman,
W. C. Jordan.

The following were mustered:

G. S. WESTLAKE, A. W. TAYLOR,
Priv. Co. D, 21th P. V. Lieut. Col. 101st P. V.

JARED K. RAYEN, J. DETWEILER,
Priv. Co. G, 166th P. V. Capt. Co. B, 87th P. V.

JONATHAN R. DAY, M. R. ADAMS,
Capt. Co. K, 16th Pa. Cav. Capt. Co. F, 10th P. R. V. C.

FRANK H. COUSE, A. P. DUNCAN,
Priv. Co. B, 83d P. V. Col. 1th Pa. Cav.

S. M. JACKSON,
Col. 11th P. R. V. C.

Comrade Blundin, on behalf of the representatives to the department encampment, made a verbal report of the proceedings of that body.

Amount in treasury, \$22.71.

Feb. 7, 1868.—Applications for membership were received from

David Baer, Jacob Baer,
H. C. Demming.

The following persons presented themselves and were mustered:

JOHN W. STIGELMAN, S. H. ALLEMAN,
Sgt. Co. H, 1st Rifles, P. V. Hosp. Stew. 36th P. V. M.
No other business transacted.

Amount in treasury, \$28.96.

Feb. 14, 1868.—The following were mustered as Comrades:

DAVID BAER, JACOB BAER,
Priv. Co. D, 167th P. V. Priv. Co. D, 167th P. V.

The Quartermaster was directed to ascertain if a suitable room could not be obtained, convenient to the one now occupied, to be used as an ante-room.

Feb. 21, 1868.—J. V. C., Geo. W. Davis, in the chair.

Applications for membership were read as follow:

A. Van Cleff, John S. Border.

The following recruit was mustered:

HENRY C. DEMMING,
1st Lieut. Co. I, 77th P. V.

A communication was received from headquarters asking the Post to designate two comrades, whose military history was to be forwarded, with a view to appointment as staff officers. The Commander designated Comrades W. W. Jennings and James N. Blundin as the comrades whose names should be forwarded.

Amount in treasury, \$29.96.

Feb. 28, 1868.—The following named recruit was mustered:

A. VAN CLEFF,
Asst. Surgeon, U. S. V.

The following applications for membership were read:

Thos. D. Caldwell, Warren Cowles.

Special Order No. 2, Department Headquarters, authorized and directed the Post Commander to proceed to Lykens, and organize a Post.

Comrade Shoop presented his resignation as Adjutant, which was accepted, and the election of his successor postponed until the next muster.

On motion, the Adjutant was instructed to procure five hundred blank applications for membership. No doubt the Comrades expected a "boom," such a one as is now upon us.

Comrade Governor Geary was present, and addressed the Post.

Amount in treasury, \$32.46.

Casualties in Pennsylvania Regiments during the Rebellion.

Compiled from the Muster-out Rolls, as given in Bates' History

TWENTY-NINTH REGIMENT.	
	Officers. Men.
Killed in action	4 51
Died of wounds received	1 31
Died from other causes	1 52
Died as prisoners of war	7
Missing in action,	4
Discharged for various causes	6 384
Dishonorably discharged	6 6
Resigned	28
Discharged on surgeon's certificate,	1 150
Discharged for wounds received	1 8
Transferred	4 49
Absent in arrest, at muster out	5
Absent without leave, at muster out	12
Absent on furlough, at muster out,	2
Absent in hospital, at muster out,	52
Absent on detached service	2
Not accounted for	78
Recruits, never joined regiment	170
Mustered out with regiment	40 575
Deserted	306
Entire strength	91 1944
Wounded in action	3 45
Taken prisoners	1 25

Mustered into service, July 1, 1861.

Discharged July 17, 1865.

Term of service, 4 years, 16 days.

Under the call of the President of the third of May, 1861, for forty additional regiments, John K. Murphy was authorized by the Secretary of War to organize a regiment for three years service. Recruiting commenced May 15th at the building then standing on the site of the present post office in the city of Philadelphia, and the last company was mustered in July 29th. It was first known as the Jackson regiment, but upon its organization was designated the twenty-ninth of the line.

On the 24 of August, it broke camp and proceeded to Harper's Ferry, where it was attached to the command of General Banks, and, during the autumn and winter, performed a great amount of marching between Darnestown, Dam No. 4, Ball's Bluff, and Frederick. On the 26th of February, it crossed the river at Harper's Ferry and proceeded to Winchester, where it arrived on the 12th of March with the brigade and drove Jackson out and took possession of the place.

At Edenburgh, on April 1st, the regiment was in its first skirmish, and had two men killed. As the command advanced in pursuit of Jackson on the 19th, the Twenty-ninth, with the brigade, made a detour to the right to flank the enemy, who had taken possession of Roads Hill, but the enemy took flight, when the command resumed the march and reached Middletown on the morning of the 24th, and Winchester at 7 P. M. On the morning of the 25th the Twenty-ninth and Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers were attacked by the Louisiana brigade, headed by the Tigers, when Col-

onel Murphy and others of the regiment were surrounded and taken prisoners. The Twenty-ninth, under command of Major Scott, remained with General Banks, and moved from Winchester to the valley of the Rappahannock, and was present at the battle of Cedar Mountain; after which it was doing guard duty at Williamsport and Hagerstown, Md., and Chambersburg, Pa. At the battle of Antietam the Twenty-ninth did provost and rear guard duty.

On the 10th of December, 1862, it struck tents and, with all possible dispatch, was forwarded to Fredericksburg, Va. It reached Stafford Court House Feb. 3, and went into winter quarters. On the 25th of April, the regiment broke camp, having received orders to march to Chancellorsville. On Sunday, May 3, the battle opened, and the regiment had six killed and thirteen wounded. On the 4th of June, the regiment was stationed at Aquia Creek. A beautiful flag, prepared by ladies of Philadelphia, was presented on their behalf by H. M. Dichert, of that city, and was received for the regiment by General Geary.

On the 11th of June, 1863, the regiment, stripped to light marching order, commenced to move on the Gettysburg campaign, and took part in the three days battle, losing fifteen killed, forty-five wounded, and fourteen missing. On the 23d of September, the Twenty-ninth was detached from the Army of the Potomac, and transferred to Middle Tennessee to reinforce General Rosecrans, lately worsted at Chickamauga, arriving at Murfreesboro October 5th.

The proposition of the Government for veteran volunteers was published early in December, and measures were immediately taken by the officers of the Twenty-ninth to have it mustered in as a veteran organization. On the 10th of December, 240 members reenlisted and mustered in for a second term. The prompt action of the men secured for them the honor of forming the first veteran regiment in the service of the United States. On the 13th of December the regiment took the cars and arrived in Philadelphia on the 29th.

On the 31st of March, the regiment moved by rail to Louisville, Ky., and thence to Sherman's army. The first sound that greeted the ears of the men on emerging from the cars was the booming of cannon in the direction of Tallahassee. The regiment took its position in the brigade, and assumed its share of trials and hardships through the memorable march to the sea.

On the 26th of March, it arrived at Goldsboro, N. C., and was mustered out of service on the 17th of July, 1865, near Alexandria, Va.

♦♦♦♦♦

"A soldier of the Union mustered out."

Is the inscription of an unknown grave

At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave.

Nameless and nameless; sentinel or sent

Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout

Of battle, when the loud artillery drove

Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave

And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.

Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea

In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame

I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,

When I remember thou hast given for me

All that thou hast, thy life, thy very name.

And I can give thee nothing in return.

FIELD AND POST-ROOM.

VOL. I.

HARRISBURG, PA., MAY, 1886.

No. 5.

ONLY A STRAY SHOT.

"It is the stray bullet that kills!" is an old army saying in which truth preponderates over the poetry. It also conveys the idea that the wayfarer upon the outskirts of the battle may be in nearly as much danger as the active belligerent of the inner circle.

Recently Capt. Charley Wise, of Lancaster, Pa., related a little experience he had during the battle of Gaines' Mill. He was at that time a civilian, and connected with the management of the balloon corps:

"We had accompanied McClellan's army from Washington, and had with him floundered through the mud, up the Peninsula, through Warwick, Yorktown and Williamsburg to the Chickahominy, and across that miasmatic stream as far as the Confederacy would allow us to go. We had fully demonstrated the practical uselessness of our ponderous and expensive arm of the service, and were now devoting our attention to 'keeping out of the road' with all the ability we could command, while individually I was occupied with a quite vicious attack of swamp fever.

"Fair Oaks had been fought, and no advantage taken of the partial success achieved by the Union arms. The Confederates waited three weeks for McClellan's next move, but finding that he was likely never to make any, they moved themselves, and to some purpose. Assisted by his long delay, they had gathered their whole available strength from all over the South, until confident in the power of numbers, they crossed Meadow Bridge on the 26th of June, 1862, and drove in our right wing at Mechanicsville. The Pennsylvania Reserves were stationed here, and made a stout resistance, in which four companies of the Bucktails were captured bodily, after which the Reserves at nightfall fell back upon Porter's Corps at Gaines' Mill.

"Fitz-John Porter commanded the brigades of Sykes and Morrell, the former made up solely of regulars. He appeared to have been ignorant of the strength of the attacking party, and telegraphed McClellan that he needed no reinforcements, and that he could hold his ground. The next morning he was attacked in front and flank; Stuart's Cavalry fell on his right, and

turned it at Old Church. He formed at noon in a new line of battle from Gaines' Mill along the Mill Road to New Cold Harbor, still stubbornly persisting in the belief that he could not be beaten. By 3 o'clock he had been driven back two miles, and all his energies were unavailing to recover a foot of the lost ground. He hurled lancers and cavalry upon the masses of Jackson and the Hills, but the butternut infantry formed impenetrable squares, hemmed in with rods of steel, and as the horsemen galloped around them, searching for pervious points, they were swept from their saddles with volleys of musketry. He directed the terrible fire of his artillery upon them, but, though the grey foeman fell in heaps, others steadily advanced, closing up the gaps, and their lines were like long stretches of glaring flame and deadly hail, the destruction of which never abated.

"The scene from the balloon was awful beyond all comparison. Bursting shells, shrieking shrapnel and volleys of musketry that awoke the echoes of the hills and filled the air with deadly whispers. Repeated Confederate charges turned the Union right from time to time, and to preserve the order of battle, the whole line fell back toward Grapevine Bridge. At 5 o'clock Slocum's division crossed the creek from the south side and made a desperate dash upon the solid columns of the Confederates. At the same time Toombs' Georgia Brigade charged 'Bakly' Smith's redoubt from the south side, and the fight became general all along the line.

"Some days before the fever had laid me up in the house of a 'Secesh' family half a mile from the south side of the river, where I had plenty of leisure to reflect upon the chances of my making my next exit at the front door, feet foremost, to slow music.

"About 3 o'clock in the afternoon my faithful boy, 'Obe., came in, and, with wildly distended eyes, announced:

"Dey's fightin' like de debil ober yander, an' I guess we's a gettin' licked!"

"Fever of body gave place to fever of mind; so bidding 'Obe.' get out my horse I determined to cross the bridge and see as much as I could of the battle. It was with difficulty that I could make my way along the narrow corduroy, for hundreds of wounded were limping from the

field to the safe side, and ammunition wagons were passing the other way, driven by scared and reckless drivers, who should have been blown up on the spot. Before I had reached the north side of the creek, an immense throng of panic-stricken men came surging down over the slippery bridge. A few carried muskets, but I saw several wantonly throw their pieces into the flood, and as the great majority was unarmed, I inferred they had made a similar disposition. Fear, anguish, cowardice, despair and disgust were the prominent expressions of the upturned faces. The gaunt trees, towering above the stream, cast a solemn shadow upon the moving throng, and as the evening dimness was falling around them, it almost seemed that they were engaged in some relentless cataract. I reigned my horse close to the side of a team, that I might not be borne backward by the crowd; but some of the lawless fugitives seized him by the bridle, while others attempted to pull me from the saddle.

"Give up that hoss," said one, "what business has a cussed sutler's clerk got with a hoss?"

"That's my critter, and I'm in for a ride, so you get off," said another.

"The soldier takes every man he sees in citizen's clothes for a sutler or his clerk, and hates him accordingly. I spurred my pony vigorously with the left foot, and with the right kicked the man at the bridle vigorously under the chin. The thick column parted right and left, and though a howl of hate pursued me, I kept straight on to the bank, cleared the swamp, and took the military route parallel with the creek toward the nearest eminence. At every step, I met wounded persons. A horseman rode past me leaning over his pommel, with blood streaming from his mouth and hanging in clots from his beard. He was shot through the face.

"In ludicrous contrast with the surroundings of the scene were a number of black boys besetting the wounded with buckets of lemonade. It was a common occurrence for the stretcher-bearers to set down their ghastly burden while they purchased and drank a glass of the beverage. Sometimes the blanket on the stretcher was closely folded, and then I knew the occupant was dead.

"See yer! this is the ball that jes' fell out of my boot."

"He handed me a lump of lead as big as my thumb, and pointed to a hole in his pantaloons from which the red drops were still oozing. 'I wouldn't part with that for suthin' handsome,' he said. 'It'll be nice to show to hum.'

"He thought I was a correspondent, and as I cantered away he shouted after me:

"Be sure you spell my name right. It's Smith with an e—S-m-i-t-h-e."

"In one place I met five drunken men escorting a wounded sergeant. The latter had been shot in the jaw, and when he attempted to speak the blood choked his articulation.

"You let go of him, pardner," said one of the staggering brutes, "he's not your sergeant. Go 'way!"

"Now, sergeant," said the other idiotically, "I'll see you all right, sergeant. Come, Bill, fetch him over to the corn crib and we'll give him a drink."

"Here the first speaker struck the second, and the sergeant in wrath knocked them both down. All this time the enemy's cannon were booming close at hand, and bullets were whistling threateningly close.

"Just here I came upon an officer of rank, whose shoulder-strap I could not see, riding upon a limping horse.

"Four men held him in his seat, while a fifth led the animal. He was evidently badly wounded, though he did not seem to be bleeding, and the dust of battle had settled upon the blanched stiffening face, like grave-mould upon a corpse. He was swaying in the saddle, and his hair, for he was bare-headed, waved across his white eye-balls. He reminded me of the famous Gid, whose dead body was sent forth to scare the Saracens.

"Holy Joe," shouted a wounded boy, as he limped past. "You'd better turn back, if you don't want a bullet-hole to put in the missionary box when you get home. They're thicker than the measles up there!" He thought I was a chaplain.

"I had heard much said about the straggling from the ranks during battle; but I had never before an idea of the number of cowards and idlers that stroll off. I was now meeting squads, companies, almost regiments of them. Some came boldly along the road, others skulked in the woods, and made long detours to escape a detection that was inevitable; others were composedly playing cards, making coffee or discussing chances of the fight.

"Say, Mister! I looked down and saw a wounded Michigan corporal, with his back against a tree, cursing his shattered arm and looking up at me comically, 'Air you tryin' to see how far you kin go up thar 'thout runnin' away. I didn't go more'n fifty yards furdler, an' I wish I'd stayed to hum."

"Do you think it is dangerous here?"

"'Bout twice as dangerous as it is over thar in the hollow whar the crowd is. That's the reason I'm huggin' the shady side of this tree.

You'd better hunt a hill and get on t'other side of it; unless you're a gettin' an awful salary for makin' a fool of yerself.'

'The corporal was more philosophic than polite; but the fact is, I had a curiosity to know whether or not I could stand fire, and here was the opportunity to test it, without, as I believed, too much danger. The corporal's words shook my confidence, but I resolved to ride on. The air was musical with the whistle of the mimic bullet, the howl of the shell, and the whizz of the solid shot, while the yell of the persuasive Hotchkiss shell twisted up the nerves as though a fellow was being run through a rope machine. I moved forward a couple of hundred yards and all the noise and tumult became intensified. Two men were leading a wounded officer from the field. Suddenly the man nearest me leaped three feet in the air and fell forward dead. I was now only a short distance behind our line of battle, but could not see it. Only a wall of smoke and dust lit up by an intermittent blaze, and out of which came the horrible unearthly din of death's workshop.

'I had forgot about seeing whether or not I could stand fire. I seemed to have lost all interest in myself and looked only for what should happen to others. I seemed to be an invulnerable something at whom some cunning juggler was tossing sharp knives, with the intention to impinge upon, not to strike him. I rode like one with his life in his hand, and so far as I remember, seemed to think of nothing. I had no fear, no regret, only expectancy—the intense expectancy of a shot, a choking, a loud cry, a dead, dull tremble, a quiver, and then—blindness. But with this was mingled a sort of enjoyment like that of the daring gamester, who has staked his soul and is awaiting the verdict of the cards. I felt all his suspense more than his hope; and withal, there was an excitement in the play. Now a whistling ball seemed to pass just under my ear, and before I commenced to congratulate myself upon the escape, a shell, with a showery, plummy tail of fire, appeared to take the top off my head. Then my heart expanded and contracted, and somehow I found myself conning rhymes. At each clippng ball, for I could hear them coming, a sort of paleness and coldness rose to the very roots of my hair, and was replaced by a hot flush. I caught myself laughing syllabically, and shrugging my shoulders fitfully. Once the rhyme that came to my lips, for I am sure there was no mind in the iteration, was the simple nursery prayer—

'Now I lay me down to sleep.'

and I continued to say, 'down to sleep,' 'down

to sleep,' until I discovered myself, when I ceased. Then a shell, apparently just in range, dashed toward me, and the words spasmodically leaped up: 'Now's your time. This is your billet.' With the same insane pertinacity, I continued to repeat, 'Now's your time, now's your time,' and 'billet, billet, billet,' till at last I came to the nearest battery, where I could look over the crest of the hill, and as if I had looked into the crater of a volcano, or down the fabled abyss into hell, the whole grand horror of a battle burst on my sight. For a moment I couldn't feel nor think. I scarcely beheld, or beholding, did not understand or perceive. Only the roar of guns, the blaze that flashed along a zigzag line and was straightway smothered in smoke, the creek lying glassily beneath me, the gathering twilight, and the brownish hue of the woods. I only knew that some thousands of friends were playing with fire and tossing blazing brands in the face of heaven—that some pleasant slopes, dells and highlands were lit as if the conflagration of the universe had commenced.

'I don't know what my outward appearance was at this time, but it must have been peculiar. A grinning, smoke-begrimed batteryman called my attention to it.

'Say, Old Storeclothes, if I was half as bad scared as you are, I'm blowed if I wouldn't either burst or let my hoss run away with you. Why you look like the chief-of-staff to old General Demoralization.'

'This rough salute had the effect to sober me, and in a few minutes I was composed enough to recognize my surroundings. The veil of cloud blew away or dissolved and I could see the fragments of the long lines of infantry. Then from the far end of the lines puffed smoke, and from man to man the puff ran down each line, enveloping the columns again so that they were alternately visible and invisible. At points between the masses of infantry, field pieces throbbled with rapid delivery and emitted volumes of white steam.

'Standards waved here and there above the column, and I knew, from the increasing distinctness that the Union line was falling stubbornly back.

'Rush's Lancers gathered at the foot of a projecting swell of the field; the bugle rang thrice, the red pennons went upward like so many song birds, the mass turned the crest and disappeared, then the whole artillery belched and bellowed. In twenty minutes a broken, straggling, feeble group of horsemen returned. The red pennons still fluttered, but I knew that they were redder for the blood that dyed them.

"Finally the Union infantry fell back to the foot of the hill on which I stood; all the batteries were clustering around, and suddenly a column of men shot up from the long sweep of the abandoned hill, with batteries on the right and left. Their muskets were turned toward us, a crash and a whiff of smoke swept from flank to flank, and the air around me rained buck, slug, bullet and ball.

"Each party was now straining every energy; the one for victory, the other against annihilation. The darkness was closing in and neither cared to prolong the contest into the night. The Confederates, therefore, aimed to finish, their success with the rout or capture of the Federals, and the Federals aimed to maintain their ground until nightfall. No attempt was now made to remove the wounded; the coolness of the fight had gone by, and we witnessed only its fury. The stragglers seemed to appreciate the desperate emergency and came voluntarily back to relieve their comrades.

"The cavalry was collected and massed for another charge. Like a black shadow gliding up the darkening hillside, they precipitated themselves upon the Confederate columns, the musketry ceased for the time, the crack of carbines and revolvers succeeded. Shattered, humiliated and sullen the horses wheeled and returned. Then the guns thundered again, and by the blaze of the pieces the turf was revealed, fearfully strewn with men and horses.

"My position became momentarily more exciting. A caisson burst close by, and I heard the howls of the dying as the fires flashed like meteors. A solid shot struck a field carriage not thirty feet from me, and one of the flying splinters spitted a gunner as if he had been pierced by a lance. An artilleryman was standing with folded arms so near that I could have touched him—a whistle and a thumping shock, and he fell dead beneath my horse's nose. There was a cry in the air:

"They are fixing bayonets for a charge. My God! see them come down the hill."

"In the gathering darkness, through the thick smoke, I saw or seemed to see the interminable column roll steadily downward. I fancied that I beheld great gaps cut in their ranks, though they closed solidly up like the imperishable Gorgon. I may have heard some of this next day, and so confounded the testimony of eye and ear.

"But I knew that there was a charge, and that the drivers were ordered to stand by their saddles to run off the guns at any moment. The descent and valley below me were now all ablaze, and directly above the din of cannon,

rifle and pistol I heard a great cheer, as of a great salvation achieved.

"The rebels are repulsed! We have saved all the guns!"

"The battymen cheered but never ceased firing. The guns were worked with all the rapidity possible. All at once there was a running hither and thither, a pause in the murderous thunder, a quick consultation of officers. A wild despairing cry:

"Heavens! they have flanked us again!"

"In an instant I seemed overwhelmed with men. For a moment I believed that the enemy had completely surrounded us.

"'It's all up,' said some one. 'I'm going across the river.'

"I wheeled my horse, and was with the stream of fugitives borne rapidly from the field. I met an officer whom I knew, and remarked:

"I believe I have been in the thickest of the fight, but I was very fortunate not to receive a scratch. Not even a stray bullet——"

"Zip! Clung!"

"I topple gracefully out of my saddle, and am prevented from knocking my brains out and being trampled under foot, by a weary infantryman who curses me cordially for falling on him, and then leads me tenderly to the side of the road, ties up the flesh wound in my shoulder, and puts me on my horse again with the very consoling remark:

"'That was only a stray shot, mister; you'll be all right in a day or two.'"

♦ ♦ ♦
DRESS ON THE PRESENT.

Some years since at a reunion of a certain regiment, one of the comrades was conspicuously prominent for his corporeity. He had, during the war been a thin, hollow-chested strippling, and now he weighed some 240 pounds. Late in the day, the boys were formed for parade, and the adjutant taking position on the flank, gave the command "Right dress!" Every eye was turned to the right, shoulder touched shoulder, and the line was almost perfect, only needing the withdrawal of Martin's "bay window" some twelve inches rearward to make it all right. Again the command was sharply given, "Right dress," but it had no effect upon the line. Martin was touching shoulders, his face was on a level with those on his right, and he looked with a frown to the left to learn who was out of position. Just then, he was startled by the voice of the adjutant: "Martin, dress on the front you have *now*, not the one you had twenty years ago." The offending member was withdrawn, while the smile that passed along the line was very audible.

AN INCIDENT.

The year 1863 was an eventful one for the Army of the Potomac, and of all the events of that eventful year, the one that occupies the most prominent place in my recollection, is "Mush Day."

Chancellorsville may be forgotten, and the memory of Gettysburg may become dim, but never "while reason retains her throne," can I forget the day when the Army of the Potomac, or at least that part of it to which I was attached, had nothing to eat but mush.

"But shtop a little, and I told you all about it." It was not long after our return to Virginia from the Pennsylvania campaign; we were doing duty along the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and were drawing rations from day to day.

Some of the medical fraternity who "tented" in Washington, dined at a hotel, ate spring chickens and cussed the waiter if a fly got on the butter, conceived (and unfortunately for us, brought forth) the idea that the health of the army would be much improved by a change of diet, and that corn meal would be the most desirable agent to employ in bringing about this happy result; consequently, the order went forth that a day's ration of it should be substituted for one of fat pork, beans, etc.

I don't know how it was with other regiments at this time, but in ours the only cooking utensils we had were our quart tin-cups and a few frying-pans, which some ingenious soldier had made by melting the solder round the seams of the canteens, which caused them to come apart, then they stuck them on a cleft-stick, and there you were, a long-handled frying-pan. But extra canteens were scarce, and it was only a fortunate few that had them.

Cooking mush is a very simple operation when you have all the conveniences and don't have to do it yourself; and if you don't like it when it is cooked you can let it alone, and go to the cupboard and get a hunk of bread and cold beef instead. Under these circumstances it is a very desirable dish; but when you have no conveniences but those described above, and there is no sutler within ten miles of camp, and you have already foraged so successfully that in all the surrounding country there is not a pig, chicken or cow, and the few people who live in the house are so short of provisions that they would be glad to have the meal of which you are the unfortunate owner, it is no easy matter to cook your mush, and you must either cook it, eat the meal raw or go hungry.

"Necessity is the mother of invention" it is said, and many a queer invention was gotten

up that day, but they were, for the most part, disastrous failures, involving the loss of the precious meal and leaving nothing for the unfortunate experimenter to do but grin and bear it, as best he could, until the next day.

About a dozen of the boys watched the operations of the rest of us until they were satisfied that it would be wasted labor for them to try to cook their share, so they resolved themselves into an indignation meeting, and appointed a committee to take their combined stock to some neighboring house and trade it off for a dog, or even a cat, if they could do no better, and then report to the meeting.

The committee did as directed, and after a time returned with a small, half-starved dog, which they had secured in exchange for their meal.

A resolution was then offered and carried that the dog be christened, giving it the name of the medical dignitary by whose order the corn meal had been issued, and that a court be convened to try him on the charge of treason; the specification being that he had caused the order to be issued in the interest of the enemy, expecting him to attack us while we were so weak with hunger that we could neither fight nor run, and be compelled to surrender, and the war would be decided in favor of secession.

The court met, the offender was tried, found guilty, sentenced to be hanged, and the sentence duly carried into effect, after which the meeting broke up.

That was the first time I had corn meal issued to me as a ration, and I am happy to say it was the last while I was in the service, and I am sure all the "boys" will say, Amen!

◆◆◆

OBSERVATIONS.

General Black's entire force in the Pension Bureau, numbers 1700.

Gen. Franz Sigel holds a subordinate position in the office of the county clerk in New York.

Like so many other great soldiers, General Grant was a fatalist, and believed that "what is to be, will be."

During the past twelve months, there were issued from National headquarters upwards of 50,000 G. A. R. badges.

The sign "Libby & Co.," which once adorned that historical old prison, is now owned by J. E. Bartlett, Concord, Massachusetts.

Archbishops Gibbons and Ryan have concluded that there is nothing in the aims of the G. A. R. to prevent any good Catholic from becoming a member.

After reading our publication, lend it to your neighbor and induce him to subscribe.

HOW TO OBEY ORDERS.

When the 16th Mississippi Regiment was quartered at Corinth, the guard around their encampment received all sorts of complicated instructions, some of which were forgotten as soon as delivered, while the others were rigidly adhered to by the sentinels.

On one occasion, George Wood, of the Adams Light Guard, was instructed by the corporal of his relief, not to permit any private soldier to cross the lines unless accompanied by a commissioned officer; nor was he to permit any cakes, candies, fresh pork, fruit or whiskey, to enter the lines upon any pretence whatever.

"I b'lieve I've got 'em all," said George. "Let me see; nary soldier to go across the lines on his own hook, that's one; no cakes, that's two; candies, is three; fresh pork, is four; fruit, is five; and whiskey makes up the half dozen. All right, corporal, you can toddle."

George walked his beat but a few moments, when an immense perker came grunting along, evidently well satisfied with his prospects of obtaining a good breakfast from the garbage lying about the camp. He by-and-by approached the lines, when George suddenly shouted:

"Halt!"

A significant grunt was the only response from his porcine friend, who still came nearer.

"Halt! I say," yelled George, "ef you don't I'll be dad blamed ef I don't shoot."

The pig steadily advanced, when bang went George's musket, and down dropped the perker as dead as a door nail,

The colonel, who was enjoying his late paper a few feet off, started up at the report of the musket, and exclaimed:

"How dare you, sir, discharge your musket without orders? Call the corporal of the guard."

"Corporal of the guard, post No. 9! The d—! to pay here on my line!" shouted George.

"Arrest that man," said the colonel as the corporal made his appearance.

"Well, that's nice," rejoined George; "to arrest a fellow for obeying orders in tight papers."

"I never gave yeez any orthers to do the like," said the corporal.

"The deuce you didn't," replied George; "hold on, here. Didn't you tell me not to let any soldier cross the line without being accompanied by an officer?"

"I did, av course!"

"Didn't you tell me not to let any cakes come into the lines?"

"Thru for yees!"

"How about candies?"

"That's all right!"

"Then there was fruit?"

"Yis!"

"Whiskey?"

"Niver allowed!"

"And fresh pork!" yelled George. "You don't s'pose I was going to let that hog pass my line do you, when I knew it was against orders. When you catch me on post, you can bet your life I'm thar. I obey orders, I do, allus!"

The colonel burst into a roar of laughter, and ordered the sentinel to resume his duty. The injunction against admitting fresh pork over the lines was for the time being laid aside.

—♦♦♦—
We are accustomed to think of Waterloo as the greatest battle of modern times, but in six engagements of the war of the rebellion the loss upon one side or the other, was greater than that of Wellington and the allied forces at Waterloo.

—♦♦♦—
There is wealth enough, but is there pride and patriotism enough, in the city of New York to construct an elaborate monument over the remains of General Grant?

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CORPORAL.

—♦♦♦—
We had in our company a slab-sided, long legged chap named Aaron Smith. His face wore a constant look of second mourning, and his voice was enough to remind the most careless hearers of gravestones and weeping-willows. More as a joke than for any good reason, the boys elected Aaron a corporal, and ever after he went by the name of Corporal Solemncholy.

Bull Run was our first fight. We were in the neighborhood of the Henry house, advancing upon a section of artillery, when I saw Corporal Solemncholy take a tumble to the ground, roll over and kick, and had no doubt that he was done for. We were driven back, and by and by the panic followed, and away we went for Washington. About a week after this, while the company was encamped at Arlington, the corporal walked in on us one day and drawled:

"You are a purty lot of dog-gasted pumpkin seeds to leave me dead on a battle-field, and I shan't forgit it."

He had been struck in the stomach by a spent bullet, and, after being captured by the rebels, had made his escape. He was mad at the whole company, and wouldn't give us a civil word for weeks.

Our next brush was at Williamsburg. The regiment was ordered into some fallen timber, and the position was soon red hot. The corporal was sighting his musket across a limb,

when he suddenly rolled over, and I saw blood on his face as we crowded further to the left for better cover. One-fifth of our company was wiped out there, and we hadn't got over mourning for them when Corporal Solemncholy suddenly appeared in our midst. This was two weeks after the fight, and his face was tied up with bandages. We rushed to greet him, but he waved us off and said:

"Don't nobody come near me! You wretches went and left me there in the woods, and that night a burial party flung me into a trench, and was covering me up when I come to and told 'em what I thought of 'em and walked off. I kin lick any man in this company!"

He had been shot in the month, and the bullet tore out three teeth and left a hole in his cheek as big as a walnut.

On the morning of the battle of Fair Oaks we were just crawling out of our tents when the rebel wave rolled down on Casey and drove him back. Our company was badly demoralized, and Corporal Solemncholy was trying to rally three or four of us behind a fallen tree, when a shell exploded near us. I saw two or three men go down, and among them was the corporal. I'd have taken my affidavit that one side of his face had been torn away. We rallied after a time and regained our ground, but when night came we abandoned the field and fell back to make a new stand. Five men of my company were reported on the rolls as killed in action, and among them was the corporal. A week after the battle of Malvern Hill he walked into camp after the old fashion and began:

"Durn the hull lot of ye for a pack of cowards! You went right off that day without stopping to see whether I was killed or not, and I'll dare any two of you to knock a chip off my shoulder!"

The shell I have mentioned did not hurt him, but he was splashed by the blood of an unfortunate, and received a whack over the head from a club or a limb. During the night he exchanged clothing with a confederate, and after many adventures came back to report for duty.

After that Corporal Solemncholy was a marked man. We looked upon him with such awe and superstition that nobody would be friendly. He became a sort of omeast; indeed, we all argued that a man who wouldn't stay dead when fairly killed had a very mean streak in his composition.

In due time came Pope's fight around Manassas. We were fighting at Groveton, and as the regiment was ordered to head its brigade in a charge, a dozen of us had our eyes on the corporal. He realized it, and there was a look of

determination on his face. We interpreted it to mean that if he was killed again he would stay killed. The brigade was in a hot box. The enemy gave us every sort of missile known to war, and we couldn't close up the lanes ploughed through our ranks. I had my cap knocked off and my canteen cut away, and was making a grab to recover the latter when Corporal Solemncholy got his dose again. I saw him leap two feet high and fall in a heap, and I knew by the way he struck the ground that he was a goner.

There were only twenty-eight men in the company after that fight. They had given me the corporal's place, and we had got around to the opening of the fight at Antietam without losing another man. We had several times talked over the fate of Corporal Solemncholy, and had expressed regret at the way we had used him. My brigade was under Hooker then, and on the evening previous to the fight, we had been pushed across the Antietam on the right to be ready to advance on Jackson at daylight. About 8 o'clock, as we rested on the lines in the darkness, I hear a voice saying,

"I tell you it's dog-gone mean to go and report a feller dead and give his place away until you are sure about it!"

It was Corporal Solemncholy come back to us! A bullet had raked his head at Groveton, and he had crawled into the rear after dark and had been sent to the hospital in Washington. He was hopping mad at every man of us, and we gave him as good as he sent. We told him that any man who had played hookey on death as often as he had, couldn't be trusted by the living, and he was advised to go to the rear and be surely and honorably killed by the heels of some mule. Just at daylight he crept over to me and whispered:

"I can't blame the boys so very much. Tell you what, if I'm not killed for sure in this fight, I shan't come back to the company. I couldn't have the face to. I'll just desert and go home."

He advanced with us, and we had worked our way almost up to the corn-field, when I saw him tumble. I bent over him and saw that he had a bullet in the breast. He looked up, and, as I bent closer, he whispered:

"I've got it this time, and wish some of the boys would see me planted to stay; I didn't want to come around and make 'em more trouble!"

The day after the fight we hunted up the body and helped to bury it. Corporal Solemncholy was dead enough this time, and there was a smile on his face as if he had won a victory over us.

"Who comes there?" "A friend!" "Advance friend, and give the countersign." "Field and Post Room."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
FRANK B. KINNEARD AND WILSON C. FOX,
32D MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG.

MAILED IN THE HARRISBURG POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

Field and Post Room, in advance, Postage pre paid.

MEMORIAL SERMON.

Delivered Sunday, May 23, 1886, before Posts 75 and 116, Department of Pennsylvania, Grand Army of the Republic, by Rev. T. M. C. Botterill, Pastor of the First Regular Baptist Church, Second and Pine Sts., Harrisburg, Pa.

TEXT: I CHRONICLES, XII: 33.

"O Zebulun, such as went forth to battle, expert in war, with all instruments of war, fifty thousand which could keep rank. They were not of double heart."

It was a grand old forest tree, the parent of many a straggling by its side, and full a hundred feet from the knotted roots that anchored it to the generous soil, its topmost leaves glanced, and quivered and trifled in the sunbeams; around its deep delving roots the quick tripping feet of childhood had beaten a hardened path, and restless fingers had heaped stones enough to create a resting place, and there under the tree's inviting mother-like hospitality of shelter, many a heated homeless stranger has tarried awhile. It was a tree of wondrous girth, and well nigh a century old; the wonder of its kind, the pride of its family. One still day, the stillest in the year, under a cloudless heaven, when scarcely a breath was stirring, suddenly a swaying, a snapping, a dull heavy thud, as if a distant cannonade was heard, the earth quivered, and there amid a score of broken, bleeding saplings, lay the pride of the woodland. Why? A million unseen insects had been feasting on its heart. So a quarter of a century ago, to the surprise of half the world, fell our peace, and war came, holding high carnival for years, till we all prayed that God would stop its reign with the consuming breath of His omnipotence, fetter it and fling it into the deepest dungeon of perdition; smite it with the burning blades of life's worst battle, and consume its scorched and riven body in the flames of agony and suffering it had ever kindled. And yet the war went on, until on the high altar there were four years of partings, four years of bloodshed, four years of coffins, and trenches and hearses, four years in which the country counted life's movements to the "Dead March," and the reign by the common people gave way to the common reign of hell, till a million men had fallen, and the burdened

heart of the continent wailed out its anguish, cried, enough of tears, enough of blood, enough of partings, enough of agony, enough of martyrdom; and then the God of battles laid one hand on Southern plans, calculations and conspiracies, and confused and paralyzed them, and the other on Northern courage, endurance and valor, and gave them enlarged and victorious life.

We meet in the name of the God of battles; in Him who stood at Navarre, Sedan, Waterloo, Gettysburg, and watched the poisoned blood of nations flow away till reason returned and humility was installed in council and the haughty heart was broken in contrition before God.

When I stood at Gettysburg, and saw from its scalloped hills, by the help of imagination, clear down to Richmond, I found an exposition on vicarious suffering punctuated with graves and prisons and trenches, that will save our country from ever plunging into the darkness of infidelity, for no man is insane enough to suppose that the men whom malarial sickness, prison exhaustion, battle-field judgment slew, loved the roll of life and drum better than the laughter and music of home—they loved their country better; and to me Calvary seemed a possibility from Little Round Top, and Gethsemane from Cemetery Hill, and the air seemed full of the chant, blood for others, suffering for others, sepulchres for others, and I was almost tempted to carry away the board that pronounced some hundreds of the sacrificed ones unknown, for my heart said: "Unknown!" What! The man who flings himself into the gaping chasm in our Commonwealth to heal the breach,—the man who reaches death stopping the leak in our good ship of state,—the man who plants his bleeding body in the path of the invader and prevents his progress, unknown? Nay, a grateful nation moving every year farther from the event of battle but nearer to the full heritage they won, will, folding their memory to her bosom, say: Call them not unknown, but "Sons of my right hand."

I do not want to forget that you were citizens before you were soldiers, and grander citizens, because in our country's desperate need you became soldiers, and that to-day you wear a glory no other generation can reach, and you return to citizen life, once soldiers but for ever saviours of your country, Christ-like in this, at least, that you gave your life for others, and the badge of Christ-like service is more glorious than any uniform man can devise.

1st. I address you as citizen soldiers.

The text may seem to you in the first mo-

ment as unpromising as many a volunteer when the government found him, for older soldiers said, as they saw the clumsy drill, the eccentric straight lines, the squares without corners or regular fronts, and the imperfect march past, there is nothing in that crowd to inspire either confidence or enthusiasm, but we waited and Winter turned to Spring,—so we read our text again, and see that it has a good deal of meaning useful to us. It says these men could keep rank in storm of battle, repel a charge, advance to assault with unimpaired order, close up when comrades fell and present an unbroken front to all the perils of triumph or defeat. Not breaking into a wild tumult in hour of victory, nor dissolving into a mere rabble when disaster swept over them; they were not of a heart and a heart, because they were of a single overmastering purpose, controlled by an entire devotion, each man having a single aim; they were all then not one in heart in the field and another at home, they breathed a purpose that absorbed all passion, all affectation of the soul; they had no ends to serve, no question of personal ease or plunder came in.

It was this singleness of purpose, this sacred devotion to what was duty, that made their successful work so wonderful. Almost any enthusiasm, though it be base in itself, if it infect a whole race, is a sure omen of triumph; see what even the love of conquest, when it has inflamed men with its full rage, and there has been a Napoleon to command and lead, marvels has it not accomplished, and if a motive so base, an enthusiasm so selfish and vain-glorious, can inspire men with an indomitable courage and fortitude, if it can nerve them to endure all hardness, and die in a rapture, what may we expect if the fire be from Heaven? if men serve for family not for here? for love not for fame? Then surely we may expect of them a patient heroism, an undamned courage, before which those moved by lower aim will fall as of olden time the Cavaliers fell before the Puritans, and British hireling troops fell before the Yeomen of '76. I want the children charged to know how our National unity was won, and at what cost; what Marathon was to the Greek and Waterloo was to the Englishman, let Gettysburg be to the Pennsylvanian. So let Decoration Day go down through the generations as a day of hushed voices, and tender songs, and loving ministries—a day when we shall garland the brave dead and equally brave living. When we shall strew flowers over the once aching heads and hands and feet of men brave everywhere and men always brave—flowers whose sweetness it may be shall rise to the

heavens where the saviours of the country are enthroned. We want in our churches for our Christian work, the backbone—the mantle, the courage, of these men sanctified, so that in a nobler warfare we may come to equally glorious victories.

2d. I address you as soldier citizens.

First, I want to give you a personal word. The secret of unity and success in the individual life lies in the same direction as unity in an army; order and peace grow out of our ceasing to be a heart and a heart. All calamities come of contrary and warring desires; for example, a man has love of pleasure and love of wealth, and in seeking one he is continually sacrificing the other, or a man loves God and himself, yet can never quite give up self to the Divine will or let love conquer his nature fully, and so having a heart tending towards God, and a heart tending towards the earth, he swings from change to change, from sorrow to sorrow, and never comes into settled peace, and since we are immortal and must live when all lower things have faded, how can we expect to have rest so long as we are of a heart and a heart, and everything is not subordinate to Him who inhabits eternity.

Remembering how weak, how helpless we are, how we are at the mercy of a thousand accidents we cannot see, and desire a thousand objects we cannot reach; how we are thrown from hope to fear, from sorrow to joy, by forces we can never control; how strange that there should be an unappreciated good all the while at our side, something better than all earthly wealth can purchase. Oh, if we were wise and looked ahead of us, and sought out what would be best for ourselves, we should concentrate our love on Him, identify our will with His, and then danger or death would, if they came, only remove us to our eternal Father and our eternal home.

Now, a word politically. We are part of a host, millions strong, confronted by a foe made up of mammonism, sensualism, communism; we are facing our enemies in a critical era of our history, and in the central battle-field of human destiny. I am persuaded that around us the most ingeniously planned warfare of the world is stretching, more cleverly designed than the conflicts of races and superstition in Asia, or the strife in Europe where noble and nobody are trying to push suffering Ireland into a prolonged and painful struggle. May the God who paralyzed the Confederacy that would have perpetuated human slavery, bring to naught and strike with blindness the purposes of Erin's foes, and save bleeding, en-

slaved, weeping Ireland. A hundred years from to-day the population of this nation will be as large as that of Europe, and be recruited largely from the embittered classes of that old continent. What is to be the character of the people gathered here? Is the gospel of Jesus Christ to be the life blood of this new nationality? Since your guns silenced the question that has leaped numberless times to human lips, "Are we a nation?" Thoughtful men have been asking another and profounder question, "Why were we saved as a nation?" And yet another, "Why are we the only nation formed on an open Bible?" and perhaps another question yet, "Why have we been kept from decking any human brow with the crown of iron or of gold?" Why? if not to enthrone once and only once in the world's history, among the people seeded from the excellency of the world, Jesus Christ as our perpetual Monarch. There is a God in history and he sometimes writes his lessons in fire flames as he did at Gettysburg, and just now has been doing at Chicago: "Understandeth that what thou readeest?" If we look back into our history we shall discover in the origin, the secret and hope of our nationality. Let no man suppose that this nation came into being at Gettysburg, or when Lee ended the war by handing his sword to Grant. The very document that declared our independence was only a declaration. I am disposed to assert that Free America was born of an emancipated Sixteenth Century Bible, and as one has said, whose words have claim to respect, "from the Bible came the strong impulses that colonized these shores; from the Bible came the simpler forms of self-government in town and church, that have gone into our civilization; from the Bible came forth the impulses that carried through our first and last revolution; from the Bible have gone out our free schools, from the elms of Cambridge to the foundations of the Golden Gate in Frisco; from the Bible, Garrison and Sumner hurled the Sermon on the Mount at human slavery. Our nationality is of divine birth, its foundation head is far up amid the shining hills of God; and horn of Him it shall be filled with His destiny.

May I venture to utter a word of warning? We must not forget that there is growing up in our midst a democracy without God, that in some wild tumult may repeat for a brief spell the "reign of terror." Illinois has human dynamite in her midst ready to explode at any moment, and we must calmly and as Christians, meet this condition of things with a larger, deeper Christian consecration. We must go

down to the squalid homes and infested thoroughfares. Yea, we must go into our public schools foretelling the name of dynamite and the power of Godlessness, with the name, and might of the name of Jesus Christ. We must go into our pulpits, lifting the salvation of men above every other consideration. I am not afraid of infidelity or organized hostility to the Gospel. The same grace that conquered the men red-handed from Golgotha can prevail over the men red-handed in Chicago. The word that conquered the Paganism of Europe will not fail in its ministry among the Paganism of Europe's later sons; things are not worse, nor more inveterate to-day than when savages renounced their idols for the Cross. The word of God that in the uncultured hands of pioneer preachers was not broken, will not now come to naught or shame us by its weakness. What we have to fear is indifference, carelessness the secular temper of the times, that is blinding us to the weapons of our fathers' warfare, and disinclining us to heroic service; even the love we ought to bear our Master, lacks fire, and has passed from a passion to a sentiment, and we are daily persuading ourselves that with such a history behind us and measureless possibilities before us, the Nation will run itself without tears or toils. I have feared even as I have read the monuments on the battle-field, monuments none too costly or elaborate for the men whose names they bear, and whose blood sweat they record, that perhaps we have forgotten that we ought to imitate their zeal in the new and numberless ways that peace will afford us. Brethren, we must have the Christian consecration and enthusiasm of the early days, we must reach the point of holy service that our fathers reached, we must have as they had, a vision of Him upon whose head are many crowns, and in devotion to whom is the very splendor of life. Then what has been will be, then the spirit that has burned through all the years of our history to this hour, will not fail us. Then nothing can check our triumphant progress.

Oh, believe me, Christ lives, lives for us, and our final victory is assured in the reality of his consecration to us; brethren, He, our Captain, went by the ghastly light of the betrayer's lantern, to the place of reviling and persecution; He went before the ire of a savage crowd, the lie of false witnesses; He went through hours coarsened by curses, flakened by spitting, venomed by gall, baptized in blood; He went through an agony draped in darkness, echoing with the cry of death; He went, spectre-like, to his burial beneath a sealed stone, went thus to secure our freedom spiritually and our

stability nationally, and if we will see our battle from His, if we will rally around the oriflame of Christ alone, if we will seek our modern victories through His powerful blood, then, because a nobler leader than earth-born shall captain our crusade, and a divine drill shall marshal and direct our war, we shall come into abiding victory and peace, and when the clouds shall scatter, we shall see the reinforcements of an army to help us, the sheen of whose heaven touched spears shall shine like the star of the morning.

Oh, believe me, Christ lives, and holds in His hand the reins of universal government, and through the motions of all worlds, and in spite of all the devices of all evil, along the pathway of all history, from the morning of time until now, He has directed the onward omnipotence of redeeming love.

Christ lives, and shall yet stand on the earth, and amid the splendors of His universal reign, shall hold America as a glorious diadem in His pierced hands, and the nations of the earth, dissolved into a universal brotherhood, shall with us for ever serve rejoicingly, America's first, last and only monarch, the Son of Man, the King of Kings, the Christ of God.

THE SILENCE OF PEACE.

Ah! if they could only speak! There is a marble slab at the head of every grave in the National cemeteries to tell of war. If there is no name the word "Unknown" signifies that a soldier, who was killed in some battle, lies buried there. The guns are silent and have nothing to speak for them. Here and there one has been saved as a relic, but the vast majority have disappeared in the melting furnace, returning molded into an implement of peace and industry. What of the great barbette guns at Fort Sumter; the black-mouthed monsters which roared defiance at Beauregard as he struck his first blow at the Union? What of the grim muzzles which belched flame from the many port holes as brave Anderson fought to delay the inevitable? A hundred cannon, manned by Confederates, hurled death and destruction at the fort for hours, and nearly every one of them was called into use in later years. Can one single piece of that ordnance be found to-day? Great siege guns hustled shot and shell into Yorktown, Charleston, Petersburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Island No. 10, and half a score of other places. Who can point out the spot where one of these monsters lies resting to-day? In the rank weeds at Fort Pillow lies a disabled cannon. It may be spoken of as dead. A great shell from a Federal gun-

boat inflicted mortal injury. If that old cannon could only speak, what a story it would relate of the fierce fights in the bend of the great river. It helped drive the gunboats back again and again; it thundered at them as they finally ran the gauntlet; it fell into Federal hands; it was retaken by the Confederates; it saw all the horrors of war before it was thrown down to sink away in the soft soil and be half-hidden by the weeds. On the ridge above Vicksburg—the ridge from which 100 guns hurled shot at the Federal craft, one may find two old cannon defaced, crippled and useless. They will never thunder again. If they could speak! Just think of the story they could tell, beginning with Sherman's attack and ending on that glorious Fourth of July which witnessed Pemberton's surrender! Between those dates were hundreds of days and nights, days of battle, nights of alarm, weeks of starvation, months of suspense and horror. These cannon could tell us all, but they are forever silent. And what of the hundreds of field batteries? Each gun came to have its name and history. Each one came to have its friends and admirers in the brigade. Each new scar added to its friends—each battle proved it more worthy of confidence. Think of the battles one of those rusty, defaced and useless pieces could name! Think of the thrilling incidents it could relate! In the roadside ditch between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, one lies dead and so buried out of sight, that few eyes rest upon it. On the field of Antietam, over in the woods where Hooker rushed at Stonewall Jackson and could not drive him, lies another. No man can say that one-third of them can be found though he look over every field of battle known to history. What of the pieces which flamed and roared at Bull Run, Williamsburg, Carnifex, and the Seven Days? What of those which thundered up and down the Shenandoah and the Luray? What of the hundreds which belched shot and shell at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, Chickamauga and Appomattox? Of the hundreds not one single dozen have been preserved through these twenty years of peace. The burden of silence is upon them. They may exhibit their scars and rust, but the secrets of the battle lie safely hidden in their black depths. They could tell of fathers, sons, brothers; of heroes and cowards; of advance and retreat; of gallant charges and bloody repulse, but they are silent forever.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made to reply to calumny and defamation.

IRON BRIGADE BRAGG'S REPORT.

Gen. Bragg, of Wisconsin, the chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, is a good deal of a wag. He is making some lively and amusing reports to the House of Representatives on bills for the relief of alleged soldiers in the late war, which have been referred to his committee. A characteristic report is that put in by the General on a bill "for the relief of Isaac Williams." The report is as follows: Isaac Williams was enrolled March 2, 1865, to serve one year in Company G, Fifteenth Illinois Volunteers, and on the muster roll of said company for March and April, 1865, he is reported absent sick since April 15, 1865, Goldsboro', N. C. On the roll for May and June, 1865, he is reported "present," and on muster roll, dated September 16, 1865, he is marked "deserted at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, July 18, 1865." This is a pretty poor record to have patched up for a pension. It is just such a record as a large majority of the "substitutes" who were bought during the last years of the war made. It is not assumed that this "patriotic soldier," who waited till March, 1865, to enlist, belonged to the class named, but the time of enlistment and the historical surroundings of the times call back the remembrance of substitutes, who mustered courage enough to be "put in," when they were told "you are sickly and not fit for duty; get sent to the hospital and you will soon get out." But the course of this soldier's life—if we did not know that he was a patriot, burning to defend the flag of his country—might justify a suspicion that he had the qualities of the class, if he did not belong to it. He enlisted in Illinois in March, 1865, was sent to his regiment, which was on Sherman's March to the sea, and found it at Goldsboro; this would consume several weeks of time. As early as April he got into the hospital in North Carolina, and rejoined his regiment in Washington at the time of the grand review. Perhaps he was suffering with chills in North Carolina, and that was the reason he could not come on with his regiment. Prospects of battle, however remote, give some people chills. From Washington to Fort Leavenworth he pushed bravely to the front, fearing no danger. When he reached Leavenworth he took sick again, or, as he says in his application to the War Department for relief, on the 16th of July, 1865, "he went home, as he was in bad health and unable to do duty." The committee sympathize with this noble patriot in the hardships he has undergone and the sufferings and privations he endured in the suppression of the rebellion, which, but for him,

perhaps, would have succeeded in overthrowing the best government the world ever saw; but cannot see their way clear to make an official record state what he admits will be an untruth, "that he did not desert," but they sincerely recommend his case to the tender consideration of all the benevolent associations of his country, and especially to the politicians of his town, who may crown themselves with never-ending popularity if they will all chip in and give this man what he evidently wants. The committee, however, in the language of a celebrated country squire, "notwithstanding all the mitigating circumstances of the case, find the prisoner guilty," and report adversely.

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A young man succeeded in getting a certificate of exemption from the draft from the Board of Enrollment on the ground of "physical disability," and hastened to his betrothed to announce his escape. Strangely to him, the good news affected her in an unexpected manner, and she withdrew from his presence with but the shadow of an excuse. The young man was confounded, and, visions of rivals rising up before him, he sought an explanation from the lady's father, who always treated him graciously and was favorable to the proposed alliance. The father in turn was mystified, and immediately seeking his daughter, found her in grief.

"Oh, father," said the girl, "I have been shamefully deceived. Oh how mortifying to be known to be engaged to a man who comes shamelessly to me, just before our marriage, and rejoices in 'physical disabilities.' Why did you not tell me that the man was imperfect or sickly before matters went so far? I have no ambition to turn my future home into a hospital or myself into a perpetual nurse."

The father tried to persuade her by saying that probably a trilling ailment, might have obtained his exemption from service, and reminded her that her lover was a fine rider, a graceful skater, and expert in many exercises.

"And under all this," added the fair girl, "he hides some dreadful infirmity. Surely you do not think I would be engaged, if I knew him to be consumptive, scrofulous or even worse? And the man actually delights in being advertised as physically disqualified to serve his country. Oh shame! He shall know that he is physically disqualified to husband me."

And the father, considering how the seeds of disease are entailed from one generation to another, approved his daughter's decision, and informed the young man that he might consider himself "exempt" from the proposed marriage, on the ground of "physical disability."

TWO WAR PICTURES.

Through all the pomp and circumstances—the show of plumes and banners and brave array of men, where hostile armies face each other—there is always seen the skeleton in armor, the emblem and image of death. In the quiet intervals of strife, as well as when battles were raging, the dread spectre is always there. A reminiscence of 1861, near Hunter's mills presents a specimen picture of "Death on the Look-out." At a hilltop cottage, where General Meade had his headquarters, a group of officers and soldiers stood gazing at something through their telescopes, and there was a confusion of voices in very rapid comment. First one voice said emphatically:

"No, it isn't! I'm sure it isn't."

"But it *is!*" replied another.

"Can you make out his shoulder bar?"

"What's the color of his coat?"

"Gray!"

"No, it is butternut!"

"Has he a musket?"

"Yes, and he is leveling it at us!"

At this the group scattered in every direction. "Pshaw! We are out of range. Besides it is a telescope that he has. Zounds! It is a Confederate, and he is reconnoitering our camp!"

The figure was probably a mile distant. It was that of a man in gray, standing in the middle of the road, just at the ridge of a hill.

"There, he's going!" exclaimed a private excitedly. "Where's the man that was to try a bead on him?"

Several of the men started impulsively for their rifles, and some of the officers called for their horses.

"There go his knees out of sight below the brow of the hill—his body is behind the hill—now his head—"

Crack! crack! crack! the rifles spluttered from the edge of the mill, and like as many rocks darted a score of horsemen through the creek and up the steep. Directly a faint hurrah pealed from the camp nearest to the mill. It passed to the next camp, and to the next, for all were now earnestly watching; and finally a medley of cheers shook the air and ear. Thousands of brave men were shouting the requiem of one life that had been suddenly blotted out. The rash Confederate had bought, for his temerity, a bullet in the brain.

* * * * *

The following is under the open sky, the unsheltered condition of many a field hospital in the early days of the war:

After the battle of Fair Oaks, five hundred

wounded Alabamians lay at Peach Orchard in the mud and rain. Union surgeons and soldiers were doing all they could for them, preparatory to their removal to the sanitary boats at the White House.

"Doctor," gasped one fine athletic fellow,—he had been married only three days before,— "doctor, I feel cold. Is this death? It seems to be creeping to my heart. I have no feeling in my feet, and my thighs are numb."

A Union soldier came along with a pail of hot soup, and proceeded to fill the canteens and plates. He appeared to be a relative of Mark Tapley, and possessed much of that estimable person's jollidity.

"Come, parluer," he said, "drink yer snp! Now, old boy, this'll warm ye; sock it down, and yer'll soon see yer sweetheart. You dead, All-bammy? Go way, now. You'll live a hundred years, you will.

"What! Not any?"

"Git out; you'll be slap on yer legs next week, and have another shot at me week after; you know you will. Oh, you rebel! Say, you with the butternut trousers, wake up and take some of this. Hello, lad, pardner! Wake up!"

He stirred him gently with his hand; he bent down to touch his face. A grimness came over his merriment. The man was dead.

A MILITARY JOKE.

After whipping Hood and Forrest at Nashville Thomas embarked his army at Clifton, going up the Tennessee river, arriving at Eastport, Miss., where the Sixteenth Corps stopped, and the other portions of the army went on across the country to form a junction with Sherman in Georgia. Those that went took all the rations with them, although General Smith pleaded for part of them for his men. Still he had to submit and send for more rations, and we subsisted on shelled corn for ten days. Some of the officers did not like it, and one, a captain in our regiment, the Fifth Minnesota Infantry, got one of his men to play a joke on the General. Accordingly he got a large piece of mule rope such as they tie from tree to tree to hitch mules to feed them, tied it around the private soldier's neck, and providing himself with a club about three or four feet long, he went leading the man up past General Smith's headquarters. The General happening to be on the porch, called out: "Captain, what are you going to do with that man?" The captain stopped suddenly, and after raising his hat and giving the proper salute, replied: "General he has had his hay and corn, and I thought I would lead him to water."

KEARNEY.

So that soldier's blood is still on its journey—
That story of Kearney, who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry and
Briney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field,
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose
highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak
and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and highest,
No charge like Phil Kearney's along the whole line.
When the battle went ill and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our
ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leaped up at a bound.
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder;
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign,
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the
louder—
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole
line!"
How he strode his brown steed! how we saw his blade
brighten
In the one hand still left, and the reins in his teeth,
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the valley infernal,
Asking where to go in, through the clearing or pine?
'Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel!
'You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"
Oh, coil the black shroud of night at Chantilly
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul, foul, sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride.
Yet we dream that he still, in that shadowy region,
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drum-
mer's sign,
Rides on as of old, down the length of the legion,
And the word still is "Forward!" along the whole
line.

◆◆◆◆◆

HISTORY OF POST No. 58, G. A. R.
Continued.

March 6, 1868.—Junior Vice Commander
Geo. W. Davis in the chair.

The committee reported favorably and the
Post elected to membership:

Thos. D. Caldwell,

The following recruits were mustered:

THOS. D. CALDWELL, JOHN H. BORDER,
1st Lieut. Co. G, 130th P. V. Priv. Co. D, 15th Pa. Cav.

The following applications were read and re-
ferred:

P. S. Bergstresser, John Berry,
Jno. P. Kinney, Chas. E. Frowert,
A. L. Quigley.

Comrade J. W. Meese was elected Adjutant,
vice G. W. Shoop, resigned.

A committee of five was appointed to pro-
cure the services of a lecturer, with the object
of increasing the funds of the Post.

Amount in treasury, \$28 46.

March 11, 1868.—Commander R. A. McCoy
presiding.

Applications for membership were received
from the following:

David N. Fisher, W. H. Heister,
Jos. A. Moore, Theo. L. Neff,
Ambrose E. Nunnemacher,

Recruits mustered at this meeting were:

JAMES E. SALTZER, A. L. QUIGLEY,
Priv. Co. C, 127th P. V. Priv. Co. B, 127th P. V.
C. S. BEARD,
1st Lieut. Co. C, 47th P. V.

Comrade H. J. Shaffer was elected Q. M.,
vice Comrade A. K. Kuhn, resigned.

This meeting seemed to be well attended, as
Comrades Jno. W. Geary, R. A. McCoy and S.
H. Alleman each made remarks.

Amount in treasury, \$23 66.

March 20, 1868.—Commander R. A. McCoy
presiding.

Applications for membership were received
from the following:

Theodore Chase, James L. Vincent,
Nicholas Ott, J. B. Espy,
S. D. Waddle, Wm. Beatty,

There were mustered into the Post at this
meeting:

THEO. CHASE, JAMES L. VINCENT,
2d Lieut. Co. F, 151st P. V. Corp. Co. K, 141st P. V.
J. B. ESPY,
Capt. Co. H, 145th P. V.

The Q. M. reported the sum of \$33.51 in the
Post fund.

March 27, 1868.—Commander R. A. McCoy
presiding.

Applications for membership were received
from the following:

Daniel E. Martin, T. R. Moore,
W. P. Weaver, Thos. Numbers,
David D. Curriden.

The following recruits were mustered:

P. S. BERGSTRESSER, S. D. WADDLE,
Capt. Co. H, 192d P. V. Sergt. Co. K, 16th Pa. Cav.

THEOPHILUS NEFF,
Priv. Co. A, 7th Pa. Reserves.

No further business appearing, Post closed.
Balance in hands of Q. M., \$44.11.

April 3, 1868.—Commander R. A. McCoy
presiding.

No business transacted.

The Q. M. reported a balance of \$42.51 in Post
fund.

April 10, 1868.—Commander R. A. McCoy
presiding.

The following recruits were mustered:

WARREN COWLES, THOS. NUMBERS,
Capt. Co. C, 211th P. V. Priv. Co. C, 130th P. V.
CHAS. E. FROWERT, JOHN P. KINNEY,
Sgt. Co. D, 82d P. V. 1st Lieut. 43d O. Infantry.

W. P. WEAVER, DANIEL E. MARTIN,
Priv. Co. D, 47th P. V. Corp. Co. F, 127th P.V.
AMBROSE E. NUNEMACHER,
Priv. Co. I, 77th P. V.

Transfer cards were granted to the following named comrades:

S. D. Waddle, Theodore Chase.
G. S. Westlake, S. M. Jackson,
A. P. Duncan, J. K. Rayen,
J. R. Day.

April 17, 1868.—Commander R. A. M'Coy presiding.

An application for membership was received from

Jacob W. Mumma.

A petition for relief was read from C. H. Clifford and an order for \$2.50 granted.

A committee of three was appointed to procure a different room for the use of the Post.

A transfer card was granted Comrade C. W. Gordon.

April 24, 1868.—Commander R. A. M'Coy presiding.

The following recruit was mustered:

D. D. CURRIDEN,
Priv. Co. A, 7th Pa. Res.

Transfer cards were granted to comrades T. L. Neff and Nicholas Ott.

May 1, 1868.—Commander R. A. M'Coy presiding.

Applications for membership were received from

Wm. Plant, Albert Smith.

The following recruits were mustered:

JACOB W. MUMMA, JOS. A. MOORE,
Buz. Co. E, 9th Pa. Cav. Brevet Maj. 147th P. V.

The committee appointed to procure a new room, reported having secured quarters in the Odd Fellows' Hall, 302 N. 2d St. Report accepted and the next meeting called for the new quarters.

May 8, 1868.—Pursuant to order, the Post met in Odd Fellows' Hall, No. 302 N. 2d St. None of the Post officers being present, Comrade Lane S. Hart was called to the chair.

Applications for membership were received from

George E. Reed, Robert Neidig.

There being but few members present at this meeting, the Adjutant was instructed to insert notices in the press, notifying the Comrades of the change of quarters.

May 15, 1868.—Senior Vice Commander W. W. Jennings presiding.

The following recruit was mustered:

WILLIAM PLANT,
Priv. Co. D, 47th P. V.

General Orders, No. 11, Dep't of Pa., with

reference to the decoration of the graves of our deceased Comrades was read.

Comrade Jno. W. Geary made an eloquent appeal, advocating its observance.

A committee consisting of the following Comrades: L. S. Hart, Armor and Shoop were appointed and instructed to report at the next meeting.

May 22, 1868.—The application of Frederick G. Cordes was read and referred to committee.

The following were mustered as comrades:

ROBERT NEIDIG, GEO. E. REED,
Sgt. Co. , 12th P. R. V. C. Priv. Co. A, 95th P. V.

The Post then proceeded to make arrangements for the proper observance of Memorial Day.

Inspector General Storie was present, and made remarks upon the purposes of the order.

Comrades Denning, Couse and Van Cleef were appointed a committee to visit the "Hero of Gettysburg," John Burns, and render him any assistance required.

May 27, 1868.—Special meeting, convened for the purpose of furthering the arrangements for Memorial Day.

Comrade W. W. Jennings was selected as chief marshal, and a committee of five, consisting of Comrades Couse, Shaffer, Davis, Brightbill and Snyder, were appointed to make arrangements for a proper observance of the day, and to invite the clergy and pupils of the various schools to participate.

May 29, 1868.—The application of John S. Detweiler was presented.

The following recruit was mustered:

FREDERICK G. CORDES,
Private Co. G, 1st Rifles (Bucktails) P. V.

After which the arrangements for May 30th were completed and the Post closed.



Dave Bowland was a high private in an Alabama "critter company" during the war—and sometimes was carried into the hottest of the fight when a charge was ordered, because his horse would run when the others ran, no matter how hard he pulled at the reins. One day the Captain dismounted his command, and ordered the men to charge the enemy on foot. With a big yell away went the boys, but they soon got far ahead of Dave, for he hadn't the spirit of his horse. Dave began to think of the cursings he was to get from his captain and the railings from the boys, when, looking ahead, he saw them coming back in full retreat. Dave says he immediately recovered his courage, and wheeling around, shouted out: "Come on, boys," and then outran them as badly as they had him a few moments before.

Casualties in Pennsylvania Regiments during the Rebellion.

Compiled from the Muster-out Rolls, as given in Bates' History.

THIRTIETH REGIMENT.		
First Reserve Volunteer Corps.		
	Officers.	Men.
Killed in action	5	69
Died of wounds received	1	34
Died from other causes	3	42
Died as prisoners of war	1	4
Discharged for various causes	12	52
Dishonorably discharged	2	1
Resigned	10	
Discharged on surgeon's certificate,	1	263
Mustered out with regiment	29	311
Transferred	3	259
Discharged for wounds received	1	38
Absent in arrest, at muster out		2
Absent in hospital, at muster out		14
Absent, detached, at muster out	1	2
Not accounted for		1
Not mustered into U. S. service		41
Unassigned		8
Deserted		207
Missing in action		6
Entire strength	69	1354
Wounded in action	1	24
Taken prisoners		4

Mustered into service, June 9, 1861.

Discharged June 13, 1864.

Term of service, 3 years, 4 days.

The First regiment of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps was organized at Camp Wayne, near West Chester, on the 9th day of June, 1861. On Sunday, July 21st, Colonel Roberts received orders to move his regiment by rail, to Harrisburg. The battle of Bull Run having this day terminated disastrously to the National arms, urgent calls from Washington for troops awaited his arrival. At daylight of July 23d, the regiment marched for Baltimore, and arrived at nine o'clock that evening—from thence to Washington. On the 26th of July, the regiment was mustered into the service of the United States, and on Sunday the 27th moved to Annapolis, Md., remaining on duty in and around that city, until Aug. 3d, when it was relieved and moved by rail to Tennallytown, Md., and encamped with the other regiments of the division, under command of Maj. Gen. A. McCall. On the 19th of Oct. it marched with the division, via the Chain Bridge, to Langley, Va., and encamped at Camp Pierpont. On the 20th of December, it marched to Difficult Creek, where the command halted for a few moments, within sound of the engagement in progress at Drainesville. The regiment was immediately put in motion, marching to the sound of the enemy's guns, and reached the battle field just as the action closed—the enemy having been routed and put to flight.

On the 19th of March, 1862, the regiment marched with the division, via Hunter's Mills, to Alexandria, through deep mud and pelting rain, and went into camp at Fairfax Seminary. On March 19th, the command moved by rail, in open trucks, in a blinding snow storm, to-

wards Manassas Junction, and halting after nightfall on the south bank of Bull Run, encamped in the huts lately occupied by the rebels. On the following morning, the command marched to Manassas Junction, where it remained until the 17th, when the first brigade moved forward to Catlett's Station.

On Sunday, June 8th, in company with the division, it left Fredericksburg and proceeded down the river to the Chesapeake Bay, and reached the White House, via York and Pamunky rivers, at 3 p. m. on the 11th. On the morning of June 12th, it marched along the York River R. R. and encamped at Despatch Station. On the 13th Reynolds' Brigade was ordered back to Tunstall's Station, eight miles to the rear, to assist the Railroad guard at that post, who had been attacked by rebel raiders under command of Fitz Hugh Lee. It met and skirmished with the enemy through the woods on each side of the railroad, reaching the station in time to save a train of cars and a bridge from fire.

On the 18th, the division marched to Gaines Farm and on the 19th, to Beaver Dam Creek, near Mechanicsville, on the extreme right of the Army of the Potomac. On the 20th, four companies of the regiment were ordered to Mechanicsville on fatigue duty, and remained till late in the day, when they were driven out by the enemy, and rejoined the rest of the regiment, which was then supporting DeHaven's Battery. It was afterward ordered to support Cooper's Battery, which was being fiercely assaulted by large forces of the enemy. It maintained its position, repulsed the enemy, and slept upon the ground so gallantly held. The loss in this engagement was seven killed and twenty wounded. Next morning, June 27th, the order to fall back was received. The brigade returned to Gaines' Mill, and in the afternoon were again ordered into the fight—taking position in rear of Duryea's Zouaves. The regiment met and repulsed every attack of the enemy for nearly three hours. In this engagement the regiment lost seven killed and twenty-eight wounded. In the battle, June 30th, at New Market Road, the regiment maintained its position with great steadiness for five hours, repulsing three distinct and heavy charges of the enemy, losing eleven killed and eighty-five wounded. About midnight, July 1st, the regiment marched to Harrison's Landing, and went on picket duty, amidst a furious storm. Aug. 14, it embarked and sailed to Fortress Monroe, from thence to Aquia Creek, and from there by rail to Falmouth. On the 21st, it marched to Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock, to meet the old enemy left upon the Peninsula. Thence to Warrenton, Manassas Junction and Centerville, where, on the 29th, the Reserves met the enemy and for two days were continually under fire. The regiment lost six killed and twenty-two wounded. From Centerville, the regiment marched to South Mountain, via Washington, Leesboro, Brookville, New Market, Frederick and Middletown, engaging the enemy Sunday afternoon of the 14th. In this engagement the loss was ten killed and thirty wounded. The 17th found the regiment engaged in the battle of Antietam, where it lost five killed and twenty-three wounded. The regiment participated in all the marches and battles of the Army of the Potomac, until the 31st of May, 1864, closing with Bethesda Church. On the 1st of June, together with the division, the regiment left the army. Proceeding via White House to Washington, thence to Philadelphia, where it was mustered out June 13th.

FIELD AND POST-ROOM.

VOL. I.

HARRISBURG, PA., JUNE, 1886.

No. 6

THE BRAVEST DEED OF THE WAR.

William B. Cushing, as a naval officer, won for himself, honor, renown and a high place in the estimation of the general public, for his daring deeds and conspicuous bravery. What Skobeloff was to the Russian army, Cushing, to a certain degree, filled a similar position in the estimation of the rank and file composing the United States navy. When he departed on an expedition startling results of some kind were confidently looked for. But, while all admired his dare-devil courage, he failed to establish a bond of sympathy and friendship with his intimate associates. He was a strange and erratic character. Not one in a thousand could have undertaken and carried through alive, the feats which made his name famous. He always came out unscathed and unscratched, no matter how great the danger or thick the bullets. He often remarked that he bore a charmed life; that the bullet was not cast that would injure him, and he was right. Had his judgment, together with a well-balanced mind, kept pace with his strange, almost super-human courage, he would have been well worthy to have occupied a place in history side by side with John Paul Jones. But, unfortunately, Cushing possessed few of the essential elements necessary for a successful and great leader. He hated restraint; was swayed by an ungovernable temper, and died at the early age of thirty-two years, an inmate of an insane asylum.

Cushing was a native of Wisconsin, and entered the Naval Academy, September 25, 1857. He was nearly ready to graduate when he became involved with his superior officers, and resigned March 23, 1861. The war followed close upon his rash act. His impatient spirit would not allow him to remain inactive, and he volunteered his services, entering the navy again as an Acting Master's Mate; but he had powerful friends who had not lost sight of him, who had faith in his abilities, who were determined he should be afforded opportunities to display them, and regain the ground that had been so foolishly lost.

Officers were in demand, merit was quickly recognized by those in authority, and promotion was rapid and sure to the deserving. In

October, Cushing doffed the uniform of a Master's Mate for the buttons of a Midshipman, and the following May he joined the Minnesota as a full-fledged Lieutenant. His friends had been "true to their salt;" the balance was left for Cushing to work out.

It is not proposed to follow him throughout his career, but at the time the writer met him in the sounds of North Carolina, he had already made his name famous. He had made the most of his opportunities while in command of small steamers, and won the approbation of those in authority for his alacrity to attack the enemy upon every conceivable occasion. At New Topsail Inlet, and again at Fort Fisher, when he visited Smithville, on a bright moonlight night, capturing a rebel officer, and effecting his retreat successfully, although surrounded on all sides by the Confederate soldiery, had stamped him as one endowed with more than ordinary dash.

He was twenty-two years of age when he entered the sounds of North Carolina for the purpose of destroying the Confederate ram *Albermarle*, that had been built on the Roanoke river, at a point called Halifax. He was slim and spare, about five feet eleven inches in height, and prominent, with a complexion bronzed and sunburnt from exposure to the elements. He had a disagreeable habit of talking over what he had accomplished, and what he intended to do, which, to his brother officers, had very much the appearance of boasting, and his unsocial disposition, in connection thereto, detracted from his popularity with those of his comrades with whom he was thrown in contact.

On more than one occasion, the writer gathered from Cushing's own lips his narrative of the brilliant destruction of the ram *Albermarle*, which was the crowning event in his brief but glorious career. Many versions have, perhaps, been given, but the facts as related by Cushing himself, are herewith presented without further preface.

The ram *Albermarle* had driven the wooden gunboats out of the Roanoke. Plymouth had fallen into the hands of the Confederates. The garrison was made prisoners, and the control of the upper sounds passed into the enemy's

hands. The Albermarle with her ironclad casemates, rifled guns, and grim, yawning ports, was a standing menace to the small but plucky wooden vessels standing guard at the mouth of the Roanoke.

Volunteers from among the officers of the fleet were called for to destroy the ram, and officers of all grades responded, anxious and eager for the leadership. The opportunity for glory and distinction was apparent to the most obtuse, and all looked hopefully forward as the favored one. But, alas! for the hopes of those who "sought the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth." The point had long since been decided—Cushing was the man, the fortunate winner of the prize, and the mission could not have been entrusted to better guidance. Desperate and hazardous in the extreme, viewed in the light almost of a forlorn hope, the undertaking to be successful called for men who were willing to carry their lives in their hands. Cushing had his lost reputation to regain. If he won, the pathway to fame was assured—if he lost, the grave would swallow both his aspirations and imperfections.

The Albermarle had wrested Plymouth from the Federals, driven the fleet from the river, sinking one of them, the Southfield, in the encounter, a short distance below the town. The ram afterwards engaged the fleet in the open waters of the sound, maintaining well the fight for three hours. She had tested the strength and caliber of her adversaries, appeared well content with the result, and steamed leisurely back to her wharf before Plymouth, where, for some unaccountable reason, she rested inert and idle, nursing the laurels she had won in the spring, until her overthrow in October.

Every precaution had been taken to guard the ram against attacks, surprise and cutting-out parties. On the wharf to which she was moored a large detachment of soldiers were stationed, keeping watch night and day, in addition to the regular crew and lookouts maintained on board. She was surrounded by a floating boom of logs, a species of marine chevaux-de-frise, extending thirty feet from her hull, designed to prevent boats of any description from coming in contact with her iron sides. The Confederates at that particular locality had a wholesome dread of torpedoes. From the mouth of the Roanoke to the town of Plymouth, some eight miles, the banks were lined with mounted patrols and picket guards, with sharpshooters interspersed at intervals, while the river itself, not over two hundred yards wide, was carefully guarded by detachments of the Confederate navy. About one mile below Ply-

mouth was the wreck of the Southfield, jutting half way across the turbid stream. The water was shallow, her deck at no time was beneath the surface, and it had been utilized as a lookout station. On her sloping deck a gun—so it had been rumored—was in position, with barricades of cotton bales, for the protection of the men. Swift boats filled with sailors, pulled along the river banks, ready at a moment's warning to sally when occasion should demand. Piles of brush-wood, pine knots, tar barrels and rosin were deposited at convenient points on shore, ready to aid with their blinding glare in defeating any attempt on the part of the Federals to ascend the river. But such extraordinary precautions had been adopted to protect the Albermarle, and the chances of eluding detection were so exceedingly small, that the Confederates laughed at the idea of their adversaries penetrating above and beyond the defensive barriers they had constructed.

Cushing selected from the fleet a force of thirteen officers and men, all of whom were volunteers, and such was the anxiety of the men to be included, that offers of a month's pay were made to the fortunate ones. Some little drilling was necessary, that all might work harmoniously and understandingly together, and Cushing, in his steam launch, with the gallant thirteen, would circle and manœuvre in and out amid the vessels of the squadron, regardless of the state of the weather. The little craft, buoyant and symmetrical as a fairy's barge, worked perfectly. Her sharp bows parted the water with scarcely a ripple, while, with the speed of a sword-fish, the slight, dainty fabric would glide through the yellow, discolored expanse of the inland sea, making scarcely more noise or disturbance than the ticking of a chronometer. She was fitted with a slender but tough spar, running out over the bow, to which was attached a torpedo containing one hundred and ninety pounds of powder. It was fitted with a trigger, the lockstring extending to the stern sheets of the launch, and which no one was allowed to touch but Cushing himself. The spar and torpedo was so arranged that it could be raised or lowered to any angle at the will of the operator.

The night of the sixth of October was calm, the heavens partially obscured by frowning detached masses of heavy clouds, drifting slowly overhead. The stars imparted a feeble light, adding to rather than detracting from the obscurity on the water. Moon there was none, and Cushing, as he surveyed the gloomy, silent shores of the sound from the cockpit of his little launch, concluded he would run in amongst

the Confederates and take a turn round among them. He was in one of his restless moods, his eyes glittered, his feet tapped the slight timbers impatiently, while his hands grasped the stout oaken tiller with a nervous pressure. Turning to Mr. Stotesbury, the Acting Third Assistant Engineer, who was in charge of the machinery, he remarked with a slight laugh: "Stotesbury, you have never seen a Johnny at close quarters, and I'll give you a chance to-night, to look in upon those fellows yonder, just for the excitement and eclat of the thing." "I am ready, sir," was the quiet response of the officer as he faced towards his engine.

The launch's crew were in their places, the torpedo spar resting on the iron supporters, and the leader, half sitting, half reclining, carressed the lock-string communicating with the torpedo, while waiting for his long watch coat to be passed over the side into the boat.

Cushing at this time presented anything but the appearance of the proverbial, dashing, chivalrous naval officer generally attributed by writers of romance to their nautical heroes. The gleaming epaulets, gracefully poised chapau, the glittering sabre and natty fitting jacket, were all wanting—conspicuous by their absence. In fact he resembled, and would have passed muster very successfully, for an itinerant preacher, or a slipshod student from a medical college. His tall spare form encased in a shabby uniform coat, the buttons tarnished, with here and there a splash of grease, and his long, yellow, tawny hair floating carelessly over his coat collar. His cap, faded and threadbare, shaded a face by no means intellectual in its cast, and as smooth and colorless in its contour as an infant's. His lips were thin and tightly set, while his eyelids, unless braced by excitement, drooped lazily.

Once clear of the vessels of the fleet, Cushing headed his launch direct for the mouth of the river. Not a word was exchanged amongst the well-trained crew, not a whisper as they sat quiet and silent in their allotted places, but they glanced hurriedly at their boyish leader as they beheld the direction in which they were being rapidly carried. Cushing comprehended what was passing in the minds of his comrades, and nodding his head slowly said with a half smile: "I do not mean business to-night, boys, but intend to look over the ground."

Reaching the deep, impenetrable shadows thrown out upon the bosom of the sound by the huge cypresses and gum trees of the swamp, the speed of the launch was slackened, the men secreted themselves below the thwart, leaving Cushing at the tiller, the en-

gineer at the throttle, and one man reaching forward on the lookout to whisper over his shoulder to attentive ears the presence of danger. Each man grasped a carbine with plenty of ammunition at hand, awaiting with confidence the result of the reconnoissance. All had the utmost confidence in the ability of their leader to carry them safely through the dangers in front of them, and defeat or disaster were contingents that had not been entertained by the gallant thirteen.

The mouth of the Roanoke yawned before them, black, silent and mysterious. Sunken stumps, gnarled and twisted denizens of the swamp, with here and there a half water-logged snag, formed a portion of the natural defenses clustering round the entrance to the Confederate stronghold.

On glided the launch, noiselessly and smoothly—fleeing along stealthily as a panther stalking its prey, keeping as near the middle of the channel as the obscurity and uncertainty of the night would allow. Not a sound disturbed the oppressive silence, which reigned in the wild desolate spot supreme. Even the sighing of the wind through the thick interlaced trees had ceased to greet the ears of the scouting party. A slight gleam of light on the left hand glowed and flickered, marking the presence of a lookout station, which fact was duly reported by the vigilant lookout. One, two, three boats, filled with men, drifting slowly on, keeping but an indifferent watch, were passed in succession, without eliciting a hail or exciting the suspicions of the inmates, and the most dangerous point in the river—the wreck of the Southfield—was reached.

The hum of men's voices, bursts of rude laughter, the squeak of a violin, and measured shuffle of army brogans saluted the ears of the daring party, as they moved like a fleeting shadow into the labyrinth of darkness, resting in the water between them and the shot rent town of Plymouth. The guard were evidently enjoying a "sociable," with perhaps a jug or two of apple jack to enliven the occasion. Cushing smiled quietly at his post of observation. He had been within the enemy's lines before, and had not miscalculated his chances. Straggling lights were now visible along the left hand side of the river, indicating the location of what was left of Plymouth. The soft, liquid notes of a bugle in the distance, playing "Home Sweet Home," was borne to the ears of the launch's crew, awakening a responsive chord in their breasts, which all the peril surrounding them could not suppress. Sheering over to the low overhanging banks, the irregular outlines of

buildings were soon discernible. The custom house, a large brick edifice, loomed conspicuously up through the darkness. The wharf, Oldman House, beneath whose roof a thousand infantry men were sheltered, the white tents of the guards holding possession of the half decayed pier; the low angular outlines of the ram itself moored to the rough piling, were all distinctly made out, surveyed at a distance when the hum of the sentinel's low song and rattle of his accoutrements could be distinctly heard as he paced his lonely beat.

Long and curiously Cushing surveyed the scene. The launch was motionless, her bows pointing towards the opposite shore. Not a word was spoken as their leader peered through the gloom, taking in the exact position of their gigantic adversary. Cushing was satisfied. He had tracked his prey to its lair, and would strike at his leisure. A number of men moving about on the forward deck of the ram may have deterred him in attempting the coup de grace—perhaps his mind had not been fully made up how to proceed—when—

"Halloo! aboard the launch there. Have you 'uns got a plug of tobacco to spare?"

A boat filled with men, which had been drifting down stream, had suddenly come upon the little craft without the slightest warning. The attention of the launch's crew had been so absorbed gauging the ram and surroundings that little or no attention had been paid to what was passing on the river. Taken unawares, the thirteen instantly grasped their weapons, but Cushing was equal to the emergency. Without a moment's hesitation he took a piece of the desired weed from his coat pocket, and in a gruff tone replied: "Here you are," tossed it into their midst, at the same time applying the toe of his boot vigorously against the engineer's body, which unceremonious but significant pressure was at once understood.

Like a fleeting shadow the torpedo launch shot down the river, and was gone without a trace of her course remaining to guide the Confederates, had they been inclined to follow. But no suspicions had been aroused. The sentries called the hour of 10 o'clock, proclaiming that "all was well;" the cry was caught up afloat and passed from station to station, while the low, fragile launch pursued her course unmolested, without further adventure or incident.

Cushing was now ready to undertake the destruction of the *Albermarle*, and the night of the 27th was selected for the attempt. Promptly at the appointed hour the thirteen men were in their places, and Cushing, with his shabby uniform coat buttoned tightly around him, gave

the signal to shove off. The sharp prow of the launch was turned toward the Roanoke, the slight ripple of water gurgled gently around the thin cut-water. Cushing, standing up, raised his cap to the officers watching him, who wished him a God-speed and success in his desperate mission. Dark shadows from the huge trees, and the rapidly increasing shades of night, soon enveloped the little craft, shutting them out of view from those who remained behind. Many were the speculations indulged in that night throughout the squadron, and few sought their state-rooms or hammocks until long after midnight had been proclaimed by the ship's bells.

It had been generally understood and rumored that in the wreck of the Southfield a strong guard and battery was maintained by the enemy to command the bend in the river. To cope with this force, a cutter from the *Shamrock*, with an armed crew, was taken in tow by the launch.

The line of guards, boats and pickets below the town were passed in safety. A huge fire of pine knots had been kindled at one station, for the night air was chilly, and the outlines of men, with their rifles glittering in the fire-light, were seen by all on board the launch.

The lurid glare of the watch fire partially dispelled the darkness, revealing a strange and fascinating scene that, even in that moment of peril and excitement, was not lost upon the imaginative minds of the seamen. The tangled undergrowth, the mighty trees of the swamp, the pendant, fantastic lengths of gray, spectral moss swaying to and fro, imparted a weird and solemn air to the surroundings, while occasional glimpses were caught of dark recesses in the tangled jungle, where man had rarely trod and birds and reptiles found a safe retreat.

The Southfield was left astern, the blinking, dim lights along the bank came out slowly one by one, as if loth to serve as a guide to the gallant party. The wharf where the ram reposed, grim and confident in its strength, loomed upon the expectant vision of Cushing, who in a whisper directed that the gear of the torpedo should be ready for prompt action.

The boom was shipped in its place, the torpedo adjusted, guys hauled taut, and trigger line placed close to Cushing's hand. The speed of the boat was slackened, a position taken abreast of the ram—the launch was headed straight for the monster, and the long-looked for decisive moment had arrived.

Suddenly there flamed up from either bank a broad belt of light, illuminating the dark bosom of the river with almost the distinctness

of day. The launch, with its fatal number of thirteen, was revealed to the keen eyes of the guard on shore.

"Who goes there?" hailed a sharp, clear voice. "Who's in that launch? Report, or I'll open fire upon you." This was followed by the rattle of fire-arms as an unseen force made ready for the next command. The Shamrock's cutter, at this juncture, was cut off, with orders to proceed down the river, and capture the force on the Southfield, if possible, or to try and spike the guns there.

Cushing, realizing that concealment was no longer possible, while every moment to him was worth its weight in gold, rushed towards the ram, with torpedo poised ready to do its work. His tall form towered above the rest of the crew as he stood erect, his eyes flashing and hair streaming out from beneath his cap. Again there was a hail, and Cushing, allowing his natural dare-devil spirit to gain the ascendancy, replied:

"Yankees, d— you, look out for yourselves!"

He laughed recklessly as a volley of rifle balls whizzed about his ears, but his eyes never even lost sight of the ram. The smooth sides of the launch were splintered and torn, riddled in fact through and through, and the water spurted up through the planks, in half a dozen places.

The guard on the wharf aroused by the alarm came pouring forth from their quarters, half asleep, bewildered and not knowing which way to turn to meet the foe. The huge ports of the ram swung open, her decks appeared covered with men, rushing wildly to and fro, demoralized, filled with consternation, and unable to ward off the impending danger. The bow gun of the *Albermarle*, trained down the river, was fired, probably at random, but its thunderous echoes rang throughout the town with startling effect, arousing both citizens and soldiery, who mingled in a surging mass as they rushed towards the river to discover what was the cause of the alarm.

The flash of the gun revealed the low overhang of the ram to the sharp eye of Cushing, and at that point he directed the launch, when, as he came within striking distance, he discovered for the first time, the raft of logs surrounding the ram. The bell of the ram together with a number of alarm rattles, were creating a fearful din, while the confusion and jangling of the mob prevented anything like concerted action. This probably saved the life of Cushing, for, although the air seemed full of bullets, no one appeared to know at what they were firing. In the midst of the wild fusillade came a blast from the river, a storm of grape and canister,

tearing through their crowded ranks, and the Confederates fell back, yelling that the Yankees were upon them.

Cushing had trained the howitzer in the bow of the launch, upon the throng, firing full in their faces. Before they recovered from the panic which had seized them, Cushing had taken a sharp sheer with the launch, making a complete circle, so as to strike her fairly, and went into her bows on. The fleet little craft was flying through the water, Cushing standing by the tiller, intent upon one result—the destruction of the ram. Musket and rifle balls were singing through the air in every direction, the clothing of Cushing had sustained several rents, but none had scratched him.

"Leave the ram," he shouted. "Jump, for I'm going to send you sky-high!" With a heavy thud and sharp shock the launch struck the boom of logs directly opposite the ram's port quarter, pressing them down, thus gaining several feet. To quote Cushing's own words will best illustrate the situation: "In a moment we had struck the logs, breasting them in some feet, and our bow resting on them. The torpedo boom was then lowered, and by a vigorous pull I succeeded in driving the torpedo under the overhang, and exploded it at the same time that the *Albermarle's* gun was fired. A shot seemed to go crashing through my boat, and a dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch and completely disabling her."

A seam twenty-five feet in length and three inches wide had been opened in the ram, proving her death wound, and the *Albermarle*, with the shattered remains of the little launch, sank to the oozy, muddy bed of the river, side by side.

Cushing refused to surrender, and ordering the crew to save themselves, jumped headlong into the water, followed by the hiss and zip of a torrent of leaden missiles. He swam to the middle of the stream, and when about half a mile below the town came across Acting Master's Mate Woodman, of the *Commadore Hull*. Cushing assisted him all he was able, but failed to get him ashore.

Completely exhausted, Cushing managed to reach the shore, but was too weak to crawl out of the water until just at daylight, when he managed to creep into the swamp close to the fort.

But four of the thirteen escaped. Some were drowned, others shot and a number captured. The prisoners were surrounded by the now thoroughly aroused and infuriated mob, who swore they would kill the Yankees on the spot. Swords, revolvers, rifles and bowie knives were

brandished and leveled. The guard having the prisoners in charge appeared powerless, when the commander of the *Albermarle* forced his way through the crowd and gained the side of the captives. He was a tall, powerful man, and exerting his strength soon cleared a space sufficient for the guard to reform and fix bayonets. Then drawing his navy revolver he stood between the glaring, fuming soldiery and their would-be victims. Facing the crowd he swore he would die by their side before a hair of their heads should be harmed, and the first one offering to molest them would be shot. "I have been thirty-five years in the United States Navy," he said, "and this is the bravest deed I have ever known or heard of."

Under the protection of the Confederate naval officer the survivors were lodged in a place of safety and left to their own reflections. But they had heard enough to convince them that the grand object of their mission had been accomplished, and that the *Albermarle* was a thing of the past. Cushing rested in the secure depths of the swamp until the sun had risen, and then started through the dense mass of mud, water, and entanglement of roots until finally he came out upon solid ground, some distance below the town. Here he met a negro who proceeded to town and soon returned with the information that the ram was sunk. Proceeding through another swamp he came to a creek, where he captured a skiff or dug-out belonging to one of the advanced pickets. With this and the aid of a paddle he managed to reach the Valley City about eleven o'clock that night.

It was a gallant exploit, unsurpassed for coolness in the history of any navy on the face of the globe. A naval writer thus renders the tribute of praise to his brother officer: "A more heroic picture can hardly be conceived than Cushing. Standing in his launch, running hard on to the *Albermarle*, the glare of the fire on shore, throwing its lights and shadows on the doomed ram, and illuminating the man, who pushed on, placed the torpedo by his own hand, when he desired to explode it, and received at the same time, at the cannon's mouth, the blast of a 100-pounder rifle. He was at that time twenty-two years of age."

With the loss of the *Albermarle*, the last vessel of the Confederate iron-clad navy disappeared. The *Merrimac*, the *Arkansas*, the *Louisiana*, the *Mississippi*, the *Manasses*, the *Atlanta* and *Tennessee*, had all been captured, sunk or blown up.

Cushing and his gallant thirteen still live in the history of their country.

A CONFEDERATE INCIDENT.

When things were hot around Atlanta, Captain Evan Howell received an order to reconnoiter across the Chattahoochee river and ascertain if the Federal troops had retired. The night was black as ink. He read the order to his men, but was surprised to find them all disqualified for the risky job. One couldn't swim, another had rheumatism, still another always took cramps in the water, and so it went down the whole line. But the order had to be obeyed. So Howell plunged into the river and made for the other side. He was a remarkably good swimmer, and felt sure he was making no noise, yet he became so frightened, that each stroke seemed to arouse the whole Federal camp. Now and then a lightning bug appeared, and, confident it was the flash of a Yankee musket, he ducked under water. By-and-by he got so near the shore that he could wade, and was creeping along as cautiously as possible, his teeth chattering with fear, when all of a sudden he struck against an old tree that had fallen into the river. Just then a bull-frog gave a sonorous blurt and jumped into the river. Unable to retain his self-possession longer, Howell threw up both hands and yelled in terror: "I surrender, I surrender." When he finally reached the camp not a Yankee could be seen, but a smoldering fire gave evidence that they had recently decamped.

THEY WERE WITH SHERMAN.

Colonel Hazzard told a couple of stories of Sherman which are new. He was in the same car with the hero of Georgia on their way home from an army reunion not long ago. The seat beside the General was vacant, and Colonel Hazzard passing along the aisle, said:

"General, may I share your seat?"

Sherman glanced up through his iron-gray brows and responded somewhat wearily:

"Yes—if you ain't just going to say you were with me."

Hazzard hadn't more than seen the point, when a stranger came up full of enthusiasm, and, reaching out to shake hands, exclaimed:

"General Sherman, how do you do? Natural as life, I swear. I was with you, general; I was with you when we split the heart of the rebellion in twain."

"I knew it," was all the answer he got. But as soon as he moved away the old general broke out emphatically: "They were all 'with me' and they are all 'with me' yet. By heavens, if I ever had half so many able-bodied men 'with me' as they say they were the war wouldn't have lasted a week."

"Who comes there?" "A friend!" "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." "Field and Post Room."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
FRANK B. KINNEARD AND WILSON C. FOX,
322 MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG.

ENTERED IN THE HARRISBURG POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Fifty Cents per year, in advance. Postage prepaid.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

No occurrence of the civil war can excite the sympathy and compassion of the observer to such a degree, as does the spectacle of the disbanded and disheartened soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia leaving the scene of the surrender at Appomattox to seek their distant homes. Battling for four years with a devotion and heroism that compelled at once the admiration and envy of their opponents, their career of glory at last ended with defeat; in groups and companies they seek their families and friends, with hearts filled with anxiety as to the very existence of those dear to them. Over the places that they have known as home, the tide of relentless war has rolled its devastating surges, obliterating the habitations of peace, and leaving only the blackened ruins of desolation. What a deluge of sorrow must have flowed in upon the heart of the tired, dusty, ragged Confederate soldier, as after his weary journey from the scenes of his release, he reached the home of his youth to find only the charred timbers of his family roof, or the towering chimney, sad monument to his woe. No cheery voices greet him, no friendly hand is extended to welcome him, naught, save the stillness of despair pervade the place. Ah! what a tearful task was his, as he turned away to search in the nearest hamlet for tidings of his loved ones. With the Union soldier how different was the experience. With victorious banners, the armies were welcomed at the capital of the nation, and the plaudits of the multitude blended with the thunders of the triumph which greeted the returning hosts. Relieved from his enlistment, the aspirations of peace were opened to him in the midst of a prosperous community, while the liberality of the government provided for the cripple and the invalid.

After the lapse of twenty years, when time has extinguished the animosities between the North and the South, when one considers the motives that actuated the soldiers of the Confederacy and those of the Union, how near akin were the promptings of duty. To the Virginian, devotion to his *State* was the highest type of patriotism, and if Virginia, the mother, cast

her lot with her sister states of the South, the duty of her sons was to rally at her call. General Scott must have recognized this *State* patriotism in the motives that led Robert E. Lee to abandon the service that promised the highest honors, to pass over to Virginia to draw his sword at her demand. Through the midst of this tearful parting between these two friendly officers, shines the star of *honesty of motive*, which each called patriotism. To the Northern soldier the unit of devotion was to the Union—his state became second—and the fact that the Union was assailed aroused all the fires of his energy. He reasoned that his *country* needed his service. The men of both sections were equally honest in their motive, and the question as to whether the nation or state was paramount, was settled by the success of the national arms. The Southerner reasoned that Great Britain had recognized the United Colonies "to be free, sovereign and independent states," an aggregation of individual communities, that his particular state had banded with the others under a temporary compact for mutual safety and strength, in a time of weakness; that his state was an equal partner; and could retire from business, and enter into new combinations by the choice of her people. On the other side it appeared that the freedom of the United Colonies was wrested from Great Britain as a *unit*; that the Nation had an existence before the treaty of peace of 1783; that the wording of the treaty did not disintegrate the section of the territory recognized; that the Continental armies were the armies of the United States as a Nation; that George Washington was the Father of his Country, although a son of Virginia, and that the Declaration of Independence signed by the delegates of all the colonies, inaugurated the year *one* of the Republic.

There being this difference of opinion as to which the allegiance of the individual was due, whether to the state or to the Nation, the question passed beyond debate into a conflict of armies. The surrender at Appomattox settled the dispute for all time, and on the part of the Confederates has been acquiesced in with the sacredness of honor. After four years of such desperate warfare, it could not be expected that the vanquished would settle down into peace without further effort, yet never a shot has been fired, and the cause for which they fought has become, indeed, the "Lost cause." When one contemplates the fearful campaigns of the French Republic against the insurrectionists of La Vendee; when the country, conquered and reconquered, yet again and again blazed forth the fires of revolt; when the in-

vading armies were accompanied by the engines of vengeance; when the guillotine reeked with the blood of the victims of hate; when the policy of annihilation and extermination held its sanguine sway; when one remembers this, and then turns to our own country and beholds the complete acquiescence in the results of the war, he must be convinced that generosity, magnanimity and love are more potent than the iron hand of oppression in obliterating the scars of strife. A hundred years ago the greatest crime of nations in modern times, the partition of Poland, was perpetrated. Incorporated into the territory of the conqueror, but not amalgamated, the rod of despotism has been extended over her cities, and yet the setting sun glistens on the sabre of the Russian trooper.

The "Lost Cause" has passed into a memory, and could no more serve as a rallying cry for an outbreak, than could the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, give an occasion for an insurrection at the present day against England. What if the survivors of the Confederate regiments meet to enlorge the memory of the fallen brave; what if, at these gatherings the banners that led them from conflict to conflict are again unfurled; what if the speeches glow with fervor at the recollection of their valiant deeds? There is no reason for the slightest abatement of confidence in the perfect security of peace. Something more than a memory is needed to tear men from their homes to plunge them into the heat of bloody strife. A present irritation, a smarting under oppression, would be needed to animate a revolt, and to arm a people. Such do not exist, for even the army of the United States has become almost a shadow of authority. If it were possible for some leader to raise the standard of rebellion against the general government in a Southern State, and endeavor to rally around it the survivors of those who wore the gray, the act would be denounced as the frenzy of a lunatic. No aid from the North would be needed to put down that insurrection. The perpetuity of the Union is in the hearts of the people, South as well as North.

The Union soldier recalls his years of service in the cause of the nation; when he remembers the sufferings and privations, and the oft-times scanty food, the ragged clothing, the ill-shod feet, and the multitudinous annoyances that rendered life wretched, he is apt to imagine that his lot could not have been much worse than it was. But when the contrast is made with the condition of the Confederate soldier during the war, the intensity of suffering, privation and peril remains with the latter. Of

course, from this comparison must be excepted the prisoners from the Federal armies that languished at Andersonville, Libby, and other places of rueful reputation.

Medical supplies and military stores of every description had to be smuggled into the South through the lines of a vigilant blockade, while the Federal armies were kept fully supplied in every particular, if it were a possible thing. The shoes furnished the Union soldier, though of an ungainly shape, were comfortable and reasonably lasting. Remembrance brings up an occasion in the autumn of 1862, just after a capture of a blockade running steamer, when a large quantity of foot-gear, originally intended for the Confederate troops, was issued to the Union forces. These shoes were of English make, comely to look upon, the heels protected with iron plates, and in every way gave promise of comfort and durability. We rather congratulated ourselves on the acquisition; indeed, we so rarely got anything that really belonged to the other side, that we rather felt proud of our new shoes. But this pride was of short duration, for when we got caught in the rain, the way those "plantations" absorbed and retained the moisture, ought to cheapen the price of sponge, unless the receipt for making that leather has been mislaid. The soles thickened up, and the uppers wilted down, became soft and flabby, indeed, they looked and felt like well-seasoned tripe. After a wetting it took about a week to dry them out, and when we had concluded that we had to slop around in those old "soakers" until they were worn out, we would suddenly find them stiff and unyielding, chewing up a blister on the most sensitive corner of our anatomy. The familiar army shoe was a welcome guest after that experience, but there was engendered a profound respect for the men that could carry on a campaign with those English shoes for best and barefoot for a change. It effectively aroused our compassion and pity.

In the Federal army, whenever there was a location long enough to admit of it, full rations in variety were issued, accompanied by soft bread. During the winter and early spring of '64, we were quartered at Mitchell's Station, near the Rapidan, and as the Confederacy, even then, betrayed symptoms of approaching collapse, there were numerous desertions to our lines. One morning, two conscripts from a Mississippi regiment came in, and before being forwarded to headquarters, were regaled with a hearty breakfast of beefsteak, coffee and soft bread. They ate with remarkably good appetites, and the quantity was unstinted. When

at last they sat back from the table in satiety, one of them turned to me with a glow of generosity spreading over his pleasant face, and drew from his haversack two small loaves of corn bread that looked as though they might have been mixed with swamp water gathered after dark, and baked in the ashes. They were presented to me. Somewhat startled at the gift, I courteously declined the "dingbats," and suggested that although his breakfast was safely hoisted in, there might be some doubts as to when the bell would ring for dinner. He dumped them back into his haversack that looked as if it had been in constant service since the firing on Sumter, while I concluded to stick to the soft bread diet for a while longer. The fact was apparent, however, that the contents of this man's haversack was a fair sample of the supplies issued to the Confederate troops after several months in winter quarters, with lines of communication in good order, and Richmond but a few hours ride distant by rail.

There was always a tendency to fraternize between the soldiers of both armies, if circumstances permitted, and, at times, considerable kindly feeling was exhibited. Before the battle of Fredericksburg, one of the skirmishers from the 13th Massachusetts regiment passed half way over the interval that separated the opposing forces, and held up his hands in proof of his readiness to hold intercourse with one from the other side. The signal was speedily answered, and the two apparent foes held a friendly meeting for several minutes. They parted with expressions of good will, and each resumed his place in the ranks of the combatants. Very early the next morning the advance occurred, and the peaceful plain resounded with the clash of arms. Among the wounded in the conflict was the Federal soldier that had solicited the interview the day before. In the afternoon during a charge by Meade's division, several hundred prisoners were taken, and among them was the Confederate who had responded to the amicable parley. As soon as he caught sight of a man with "13" on his cap, he eagerly inquired as to the safety of his new found friend. The expression of his sorrow at the misfortune of the Federal was genuine and heartfelt.

During the advance to South Mountain, a group of prisoners were coraled in an open field by the side of the road upon which the Union forces were marching. A halt occurring, hundreds of blue-coated interviewers surrounded the captives and held pleasant conversation. Some of the former were eating apples purloined—no, foraged from an adjacent orchard.

The prisoners expressing a wish for some, more than a score of men sprang into the trees, and speedily supplied the demand. Of course, the gift was of questionable benefit, the fruit being in a state of unripeness, but the motive was one of kindness.

The day after the retreat of Lee's army over the Potomac from Antietam, a party of us, in going over the battle ground, found in a remote part of the field, a wounded Carolinian under the eaves of a straw stack. He was suffering terribly from an ankle badly shattered by a cannon shot, and had crawled to his present location to escape from the pitiless rain. While some of our party hurried away to procure an ambulance to take him to the hospital, the rest endeavored to ease his position, and to minister to his comfort. When thus engaged, a man approached, his cap adorned with a bucktail, and noticing the gray uniform, began to assail the sufferer with the fiercest, most vindictive language. As soon as the bystanders recovered from the sudden and rude shock to their sensibilities, they reproached the newcomer for his inhumanity, and speedily drove him from the spot. The ambulance arriving, the wounded Confederate was carefully placed on the stretcher, and carried away to the hospital.

This incident shows that an amicable feeling between the masses of both armies, would break out on very slight encouragement, and that the clinched fist of animosity was ready to relax its tension, to yield the open palm of friendship whenever any sunshine of circumstances would permit. To those that suffered in the prison pens of Andersonville and Florence, or locked within the gloomy walls of Libby, it may seem almost impossible to forget the bitter anguish of the past, yet the dreadful sufferings that they were obliged to undergo, were not the acts of the Confederate armies as a whole. The deeds of injustice belong to individuals, not to the people. War is not calculated to encourage gentleness, kindness or sympathy, the very reverse is to be expected, and men become so demoralized by their surroundings, by the teachings of irritation, as to be incapable of any other than brutal treatment to those they reckon as their enemies. And yet there is another side, even on this topic. The guards about the Southern prisons performed their tasks in constant peril of their lives, for any relaxation of vigilance, any carelessness in the interests of mercy, would have let loose in the interior of the Confederacy a starving, desperate host of frenzied prisoners, utterly unrestrained, thirsting for vengeance. Imagination can picture the result.

That the memory of the great leaders of the Confederate armies should be dear to the hearts of the soldiers and people, is but the reasonable tribute to splendid genius and character. Had they proved recreant and economical in reverence and admiration, they would have merited the scorn and contempt of the civilized world. In the harangues of partisan orators interested in keeping alive the animosities between the two sections, we often meet with the expression, "unrepentant rebels." When we consider that the limit of state sovereignty was not accurately defined until the war, and that peace inaugurated by the surrender of Lee, established the solidity and supremacy of the Union, repentance for acts up to that ought not to be expected. The Southerner may believe that all has turned out for the best, that "whatever is, is right," and yet never experience a shadow of sorrow for the deeds of his section. Repentance is unnecessary, it belongs to the past, if at all—the present and the future calls for reconciliation and for forbearance.

That the organizations of the soldiers of both armies for charity, friendship and social intercourse, should be maintained, and that others should grow out of them, is but the natural course of events, but a fusion, a blending of the two former opposing bodies into a single association, is an impossibility. Both live on the memories of the past, and those memories are different. But the era of reconciliation is here, has been for a long time. It has grown, imperceptibly, until the demon of hatred has fled from the hearts of the people. Peace hath her victories, love has her conquests. Ranged behind her banners in triumphant progress, are the veterans of the armies of the Union, and to the heroes of the South they stretch out the open hands of fraternal solicitation, pulsing with the warm blood of affection. Those of kindred associations to our own, we address by that name, rich with the tender memories of mutual trials and perils, of "comrade," but to the men of the South we yield that other, no less expressive term of affection—our brothers.

Delvers in the soil of the Old World, over which raged the battles of ages ago, often unearth the rude, rust-eaten weapons of the combatants of those days. The sharp edges, the keen points, have crumbled away, and the film that remains is but a recollection, no longer a terror, or a threat. Even this hatred and bitterness have disappeared before the onslaughts of time; already they have become but the relics of a passing generation. To the coming time they are memories, showing the weapons with which the Civil War was fought.

CASE OF PURE LUCK.

"Talk about luck," says Col. A. R. Magill, State Insurance Commissioner of Minnesota, and then he proceeds to tell this story, on the truth of which he is willing to stake his chances for the next gubernatorial nomination. "When the Army of the Potomac, in the spring of 1862, moved into the fortifications at Manassas and Centreville, which had been vacated by the rebels, the boys spent much of their time gathering relics from the battle-field of Bull Run to send home to their friends. One day a gawky member of the Fourth New York brought in an unexploded percussion bomb and proceeded to draw the lead before sending it away. He might, if he had had brains enough to last him over the door-sill, have taken it to an artilleryman and had it safely unloaded, but instead of this he took it to the blacksmith shop, where, with hammer and cold-chisel, he sat down in the middle of the floor, took the bomb between his legs, placed the brass screw at the point and gave it a smart lick with the hammer. The next instant the atmosphere was dense with disintegrated blacksmith shop. A section of the battling roof had business over in another county, and a chunk of the side wall went down to visit the neighboring camp. Pieces of iron and steel that were once tools took an immediate vacation and fled to parts unknown. In short, the shop was completely demolished."

"But what of the man?" we asked of Colonel McGill.

"He's the chap I was coming to. When the boys rushed over to see what was the matter there he sat bolt upright in the midst of the debris, with his legs straddled out, a hammer in one hand and a cold-chisel in the other, and trying to spit a hair off the end of his tongue. 'By gosh,' he said, as he slowly crawled to his feet, 'I guess the folks 't home 'll have to git along 'thout that shell.'

"The only injury that had been done to him was the singeing of his hair and whiskers. He wasn't even very much frightened till the next day."

A pot of gold and silver coin was unearthed near the James River, during the year 1864, by some of the members of the Tenth Connecticut regiment, while digging in an entrenchment one day. There was a general rush for the spoils and the man who discovered the riches came out of the squabble with a very small share of it. He had very foolishly shouted out "Money!" Out of about \$900, he managed to get \$35.

WANTED: SOUR-KROUT.

"Did I ever tell you about the time that I had the whole army laughing at me for asking for sour-kROUT in July?" asked Dr. —, who was Gen. Jackson's corps surgeon, of me one day about a year ago, when we were waiting for a train at a little station down in Virginia. "It was after we reached Chambersburg, Pa., when Lee invaded the north. At that time, you remember, Hunter was in the valley playing the mischief with everything, and Lee had determined that if he did not stop that sort of thing he would get even on the first town of any importance that came in his way. Well, we heard something just before we got to Chambersburg that made Lee very mad, and he thought that the time for getting even had come. So he sent an officer or two into the town to say that the town council must expect to pay a considerable amount of money, or its equivalent; and they sent back the answer that the members of the council would meet a delegation of officers within two hours, or something like that. Our army was in a terrible state; the men wanted shoes, clothing of every kind, provisions and medicines were wanted for the hospital service. So I was sent to say what I wanted, and to see that I got it.

"After the officers had stated their wants, I was called on to read my bill of particulars. I wanted so much quinine, for the men were suffering from malaria and various fevers that required quinine, and I had none. I wanted a great many other things, and did not hesitate to ask for them under the circumstances, and at the end of my list I read out 'ten barrels of sour-kROUT.' In spite of the fact that the members of that town council were not feeling very jolly, every one of them burst out laughing, as did our officers. One little old man belonging to the council got up, and asked if I had come there to make fun of them. I replied that nothing was farther from my intention; that the soldiers needed acids very much, and if they did not have any sour-kROUT in town I would take lemons or good pickles. Then the testy little man wanted to know where I was raised. I told him that I was born in Virginia, and that I had spent most of my life in that State, but that I did not see what that had to do with the sour-kROUT. 'Did you ever make any kROUT?' he asked. I confessed that I had never been guilty of making any of the stuff, and that I did not remember that I had ever seen any of it, but that I had heard we were among the Pennsylvania Dutch, and I thought they would have sour-kROUT if they had anything. The little man put about two years disgust into his face

and said: 'If you had ever seen any kROUT you would not be asking for it in July. I thought everybody knew that it don't ever get ripe until late in the fall.' I did not hear the last of that sour-kROUT for more than six months. The story seemed to get all over the South; every new man that I saw for the next six months wanted to know if I had any sour-kROUT lately."

♦♦♦

AN ABSENT MINDED SOLDIER.

"I know of the humiliation that comes from a little mistake," said a one-legged veteran. "In one engagement every man in the company was in the fight with sixty rounds. After we had been in for an hour the report went from man to man that they must have more ammunition. Some of the men had fired more rapidly than others and the captain ordered a collection of cartridges for a distribution among the men. When they came to my cartridge-box they discovered every cartridge in its place. I had gone through the whole fight snapping my gun without firing more than once. I certainly had gone through the motions of loading and firing, but there was the evidence that I had not fired but one shot while other men in the company had fired forty and sixty shots. No explanations could be made. In fact, I had none to make."

♦♦♦

THE COMPANY COOK

The new regiment reaches the army. The arms, equipments, tents and rations come along promptly. Our letters to and from home, with rare exceptions, found us. On one occasion, when a pair of boots was sent singly, but one came, and the missing boot in a few weeks was replaced by another from home, when lo! the straggling cowhide came also—three boots for two feet! The express companies, even, would bring our boxes as far as the situation would permit. The sutlers followed us almost as persistently as the fleas. So that the background of army life was not less active and as necessary as the chivalrous front. My service, with the exception of a few weeks, was confined to the society of a musket and from forty to eighty rounds; yet I deem no man a hummer who went as ordered, staid where he was put, and performed the duties of the detail. I am not a hero, never was a hero, never intended to be a hero; but I have seen heroes and heroines in the hospitals, in the wagon trains, in the pioneers, and even in service under the provost-officers.

In my company was a man past sixty. He was a well known character when our boys' mothers and their beaux danced the long nights out and went home in the morning. Ziba

Cleyes was an excellent country fiddler, with an ear for music beyond the scope of his rosin. Ziba stood next to me when our last inspection (previous to U. S. acceptance) occurred. The Inspecting Surgeon said to him: "How old are you, sir?" "Fifty-four," replied Ziba. "Open your mouth." Ziba opened a cavernous grub receptacle, fairly glistening with perfect teeth. "Put your finger in there, Doctor," he said. The Doctor smiled and passed on to the next. I doubt if the old man had an enemy in the world, and I believe his motives for enlisting sprang from a true national pride. While in camp at Aquia Creek, or near Stafford C. H., the first Winter out, some fifteen or twenty of our officers resigned and quite a number of the men deserted. Blue-toned letters from home, and blue news from the army, together with much sickness among the new troops, made rather blue life in our soldier bunts. But among the few whose back-bone remained firm was old Ziba, our Company (G) cook. When rations were slow he was patient, and when a growler was dissatisfied with his pork rations, he would coolly suggest that no man had a right to find fault with Uncle Sam for giving him better than he was accustomed to at home—for as a rule of such were the growlers at the cook's tent.

Ziba had his violin, and after the duties of the day were over, the dreariness of our dull street was most happily enlivened by strains from the region of his hut. "Arkansaw Traveler," "Money Musk," "The Old Woman who Sat on the Hay Mow," or "Virginia Reel," came to our ears as something from home. Yet, when the cooks left their boiling kettles of meat for Stonewall's gray-coated men at Chancellorsville, they also left their personal effects, and that violin was captured together with the sick man, Brockway, who had it in charge, and the life of Company G was not until Uncle Ziba was again equipped for stag dances and an occasional breakdown at some house in the neighborhood where a bit of calico was to be found.

On the long march to Gettysburg, the old man and his helper, Pat Matthews, trudged along, bearing on a pole between them the "pottery" of Company G, and when we reached the fight and lay beneath the shelling behind the battery of our brigade, Old Ziba, too nearly played out from our hurried march to go himself, sent old Pat to us with fresh water. There we lay, each shell that exploded over us making us dig our noses deeper into the moist soil. Boys, you all know how it was. "Pat! I say, Pat!" calls his brother Jim; "lie down, you divil." "Which?" says Pat. "Don't you

hear the shells, Pat?" queried Jim, excitedly, his own head going up and down as the reports occurred. "Divil do I care for them, anyhow. B'ys, duz yez want any wather, any of yez?" And I can see him now, the brave old fellow, standing up in that unscreened cornfield; four hundred and fifty men flat in the July growth of trampled grain, and Pat with the kettle passing among the boys, who were so thirsty. And Pat walked to the rear; he did not run.

Again, on Morris Island, when the shells would cuff the sand in all directions, Ziba and Pat would be sure to have Company G's soup brought up hot and the tops of the kettles well covered to keep out the sand.

"Old Zibe," as we called him, was in his element at Ferdinand, Fla., and Georgetown, S. C., were contrabands of the tender sex were plenty and breakdowns possible. It was there he seemed lost in past memories, and the vigor of his youth, and the same old inspiration of time, tune and turnabout, as fifty years before, were upon him. Then his jolly, quiet laugh, as he told, in his deliberate fashion, of the tarheels, dresses, attitudes, flings, gestures and general flavors of the plantation dance.

Did I admire Uncle Ziba? I did—his better traits. And as they outnumbered and outshone his weaknesses, I may say that I not only liked him, but I respected him. Well posted in general matters, a man who had read a great deal, a good scholar of his day and an excellent writer, he would have honored many high stations that were filled by his inferiors. I often talked with him as with a father, and he treated me accordingly—not only me, but many others, as he was not partial among us. But long marches told on the old man, and at such times our boys relieved him as well as they could. On one forced march under a hot Florida sun, I took from him his kettle, and after carrying it a few miles passed it to another. When we reached camp, near midnight, I carried him his kettle, and he told me how much the boys had relieved him, and he frequently mentioned this little circumstance to me after.

Old Ziba now musters on the other side. He has been dead several years. He was poor—too kind-hearted to make money. But he will be remembered as long as any of those men live who ate of his cooking or drank of his brewing, smoked before his tent, or stepped off to the tune of his bow. Rest, then, in peace, old friend! The flowers of our thought shall decorate thy memory and thy name shall stand enrolled among those who served their country faithfully and well.

**MEDALS OF HONOR AWARDED FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE DURING THE
REBELLION TO SOLDIERS FROM PENNSYLVANIA.**

<i>Name</i>	<i>Rank, Co. and Regt.</i>	<i>Action.</i>	<i>Awarded for—</i>
Antmarmor, Robert W.	Private, B, 148th Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1861	Capture of 15th Reg. of 5th South Carolina
Bishop, Francis A.	Private, C, 57th Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1861	Capture of flag
Brown, Charles.	Sergeant, C, 50th Inf.	Weldon R. R., Aug. 19, 1861	Capture of flag of 6th Va.
Blanch, Charles.	Corporal, H, 188th Inf.	Fort Harrison, Va., Sept. 29, 1861	Planting first National colors on the fortifications
Bonbrake, Henry G.	Lieut., G, 17th Cav.	Five Forks, Va., April 1, 1865	Capture of flag
Bonnet, Orren.	Private, D, 141st Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865	Capture of flag.
Crest, Lewis F.	Private, D, 57th Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865	Capture of flag
Cart, Jacob.	Private, A, 7th Res.	Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862	Capture of flag of 19th Va.
Clapp, John E.	Private, F, 71st Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863	Capture of flag of 9th Va.
Caldwell, Daniel	Sergeant, H, 13th Cav.	Hatcher's Run, Va., Feb. 6, 1865	Capture of flag
Cornell, Frustrin.	Corporal, I, 138th Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865	Capture of flag.
Chambers, Joseph B.	Private, F, 100th Inf.	Petersburg, Va., Mar. 25, 1865	Capture of colors of 1st Va.
Davidiszer, John A.	Sergeant, A, 1st Cav.	Palme's X Roads, Va., Apr. 5, '65	Capture of flag
Donaldson, John.	Sergeant, L, 4th Cav.	Appomattox, Va., April 9, '65	Capture of flag
Delavie, Hiram A.	Sergeant, I, 11th Inf.	Five Forks, Va., April 1, 1865	Capture of flag
Evans, Thomas.	Private, D, 54th Inf.	Piedmont, Va., June 5, 1865	Capture of flag
Elliot, Alexander.	Sergeant, A, 1st Cav.	Palme's X Road, Va., April 5, '65	Capture of flag
Ewing, John C.	Private, E, 21th Inf.	Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865	Capture of flag
Flanagan, Augustine	Sergeant, A, 55th Inf.	Near Richmond, Va., Sept. 29, '61	Gallantry in action
Fink, West	Sergt. Maj., 121st Inf.	Appomattox, Va., April 9, '65	Capture of flag of 60th Va.
Fasnacht, Charles H.	Sergeant, A, 99th Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, '61	Capture of flag of 21st Tenn. Tigers
Fox, William R.	Private A, 95th Inf.	Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865	Bravery in action
Grant, William.	Corporal, I, 188th Inf.	Fort Harrison, near Richmond, Va., Sept. 29, 1861	First planting the colors of his State on the fortifications
Hogan, Franklin.	Corporal, A, 45th Inf.	Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1861	Capture of flag of 9th Va.
Harris, George W.	Private, H, 148th Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1861	Capture of flag
Hofenstein, Solomon J.	Private, C, 107th Inf.	Petersburg and Norfolk R. R., Aug. 19, 1861.	Capture of flag belonging to a N. C. Regiment
Higby, Charles.	Private, F, 1st Cav.	Virginia, April —, 1865	Capture of flag
Harmon, Amzi D.	Corporal, K, 21th Inf.	Chamberlain's Creek, Mar. 31, '65	Gallantry in action
Johnston, Summel.	Private, D, 90th Res.	Capture of flag of Hood's Texas Brigade	
Jennings, James T.	Private, K, 63d Inf.	Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 20, 1861	Capture of flag of 53d N. C.
Kindig, John M.	Corporal, A, 69th Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1861	Capture of flag of 28th N. C.
Kramer, Theodore	Private, G, 188th Inf.	Near Richmond, Va., Sept. 29, '61.	Taking one of the 100 captured prisoners
Keough, John	Corporal, E, 67th Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, '65	Capture of flag of 40th Va.
Leonard, William E.	Private, F, 83d Inf.	Deep Run, Va., Aug. 16, 1861	Capture of battle flag
Landis, James P.	Chief Bugler, 1st Cav.	Palme's X Road, Va., April 5, '65	Capture of flag.
Lilly, John.	Private, F, 26th Inf.	Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865	Capture of battle flag
Monaghan, Patrick	Corporal, G, 18th Inf.	Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1861	Recapture of colors of 7th New York Heavy Art.
Mitchell, Theodore	Private, C, 61st Inf.	Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865	Capture of flag.
Matthews, Milton.	Private, C, 61st Inf.	Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865	Capture of flag of 5th Tenn.
Marquet, Charles.	Sergeant, F, 39d Inf.	Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.	Capture of flag.
Mumsel, Harvey M.	Sergeant, A, 90th Inf.	Service during the rebellion.	carrying colors of regiment
McKown, Nathaniel A.	Sergeant, B, 56th Inf.	Near Richmond, Va., Sept. 29, '61.	Capture of flag
Oliver, Charles.	Sergeant, M, 100th Inf.	Petersburg, Va., March 25, 1865.	Capture of flag of 31st Va.
Orth, Jacob G.	Corporal, D, 28th Inf.	Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.	Capture of flag of 7th S. C.
Phillips, Josiah.	Private, E, 148th Inf.	Sutherland Station, Va., April 2, 1865.	Capture of flag.
Reed, George W.	Private, E, 11th Inf.	Weldon R. R., Va., Aug. 21, '61.	Capture of flag
Reigle, Daniel P.	Corporal, F, 87th Inf.	Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 19, 1861.	Capture of flag.
Rought, Stephen.	Sergeant, A, 111st Inf.	Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1861	Capture of flag of 13th N. C.
Robinson, Thomas	Private, H, 81st Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1861.	Capture of flag
Reid, Robert.	Private, G, 18th Inf.	Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1861.	Capture of flag of 11th Va.
Schellenburger, John.	Corporal, B, 84th Inf.	Deep Run, Va., Aug. 16, 1861.	Capture of flag.
Scott, John Wallace.	Captain, D, 157th Inf.	Five Forks, Va., April 1, 1865.	Capture of flag.
Shopp, George J.	Private, E, 191st Inf.	Five Forks, Va., April 1, 1865.	Capture of flag.
Shambaugh, Charles.	Corporal, B, 10th Res.	Charles City X Roads, June 30, '62.	Capture of flag.
Spillane, Timothy.	Private, C, 16th Cav.	Hatcher's Run, Va., Feb. 5, '65	Gallantry in action
Thompson, James B.	Sergeant, G, 1st Rifles.	Gettysburg, Pa., July 31, 1863.	Capture of flag of 15th Ga.
Warfel, Henry C.	Private, A, 1st Cav.	Palme's X Roads, Va., April 5, '65.	Capture of Va. State colors
Wilson, Francis.	Corporal, B, 93d Inf.	Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.	Bravery in action.
Young, Andrew J.	Sergeant, F, 1st Cav.	Palme's X Roads, Va., April 5, '65.	Capture of flag.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

He remembers a Grant's last days at his New York House,
 It was the month of April—historic month and day!
 The hoar of ages' shadows—a score of years away!
 The clock-stroke ended in midnight—no sound disturbed
 In air—
 Except the soldier's breathing, reclining in his chair
 These visions of his country lay face to face with Death,
 Whose form and binary fingers confined his choking
 Breath—
 A crimson beam illumed his sleeping sight,
 The crimsoned lifetime, from dawn to waning light
 A student, gray summers, beside his mother's knee,
 A youth, and post-purposé, his half-slit eyelids see—
 A soldier and a soldier, the pride of the parade,
 He smote and a Cossack, 'gainst Montezuma's blade
 A stormy paschaire farmer, within his rustic home,
 Bound to his fate, near these men, who never came to harm
 Facing their best companions, with pipes and loathing
 And hate—
 Tell tales of wild adventures, sing songs of hearty cheer
 But hark! the "bugle calleth!" Its clarions wake the
 Hours—
 "Your country's in danger! to arms! my sons to
 Arms!"
 The streets are black with soldiers; their bristling bay-
 onets elude—
 A regimental marching, as flows a mountain
 stream—
 The general inquisition describes a battle field,
 He hears the cannon roll, he sees battalions yield
 He sees the flag, colorfully, he sees the gray coats fall,
 The ghastly dead, half-dying, the "stars and bars" their
 goal—
 Along the main of rivers, against her trembling shore,
 Volcanic flames are booming, and volleying thunders
 roar—
 He sees the shells are crashing, with hind smoke
 and fire—
 Are men in distress, in pain, in sorrow, known to fame
 Again the picture changes! The Capitol is seen,
 Where rolls the Grand Potomac through banks of ever-
 green,
 But now fraternal kindness disports in festive garb,
 But brother armed against brother spurs on his fiery
 barb—
 Brigades and solid squadrons are marching out of camp,
 He hears their stirring music, he hears their steady
 tramp—
 The Wilderness the arena, a nation's life the prize,
 Their war-bard "On to Richmond!" He hears the
 battles' cries—
 Ten days, ten weeks together, repulsed, defeated, slain,
 As shields restrain old ocean, their ranks roll back again,
 They rising higher, higher, with loud exultant roar,
 The floating, raving billows sweep o'er the crumbling
 shore—
 Then he sees a planter's dwelling in Appomattox vale,
 The officers piled in breastworks, 'tis rent with iron
 hail—
 What villages of canvas for men in blue or gray,
 What lines of halting columns, in grave or grim array!

With an aspect twice lactant, 'tis heaven and the ground—
 The victors and the vanquished—That God, the world,
 is o'er!
 "The olive branch shall shade you, the olive oil
 shall shine!"
 The flag, 'so says the leader, "This olive oil
 shall shine!"
 No iron men and hearing, no eagle's eye of pride
 As modest as a schoolboy, the conqueror's
 His speechless joy of triumph by general's
 word—
 He feeds the conquered army! The beggar seeks the
 lord.

The reveille has sounded, 'twill never sound again!
 For days in martial splendor, three hundred thousand
 men,
 From Vicksburg and from Shiloh, Antietam and the
 sea,
 From Shenandoah's valley and Gettysburg's green lea—
 Those cannoners of Ruin, that hurricane of horse,
 With Pestilence behind them and Carnage in their
 course,
 Those—when Pickett's cohorts were charging wave on
 wave—
 That stood like granite ledges, the bravest of the brave
 With drums, with banners flying, with triumph in each
 eye,
 The grand review is marching—He sees them passing
 by
 As saw in dream, Napoleon, from that triumphal arch,
 That night in phantom phalanx, his splendid heroes
 march—

'Twas like a shield, all gory, that sun of Austerlitz!
 No bloody, ghostly phantom before our hero lifts
 Ye idol of the people who leads an army well
 Shall wield a nation's sceptre, in capitol shall dwell!
 *
 Past ages grim and hoary, their victors loved to crown,
 The flaming sword of conquest still wins sublime
 renown
 All echo and re-echo the glories of the brave,
 All, all, a grateful country, besew the soldier's grave—

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

When General Sheridan, at the head of his
 troops, reached Prince Edward court house, he
 dismounted at the fence of a stiff old gentle-
 man, who was sitting on his high piazza and
 scowling severely. He was the typical South-
 erner of fifty years ago; his long gray hair fell
 over the collar of his coat behind his ears; he
 was arrayed in the swallow tail of a by-gone
 period, a buff linen vest, cut low, and nankeen
 pantaloons, springing far over the foot that was
 neatly encased in morocco slippers; a bristling
 shirt frill adorned his bosom, and from the em-
 brasure of his wall-like collar he shot defiant
 glances at us as we clattered up the walk to his
 house. Prince Edward court house was a stran-
 ger to war, and our indignant friend was look-
 ing now for the first time on the like of us, and
 certainly he didn't seem to like our looks. He
 hobbled in a dignified way to the general, who

bobbed at him carelessly and sat down on a step, drew out his inevitable map, lighted a fresh cigar, and asked his host if any of Lee's troops had been seen about here to-day. "Sir," he answered, "as I can truly say that none have been seen by me I will say no; but if I had seen any I should feel it my duty to refuse to reply to your question. I cannot give you any information which might work to the disadvantage of General Lee."

This neat little speech, clothed in unexceptional diction, which no doubt had been awaiting us from the time we tied our horses to the gate, missed fire badly. It was very patriotic and all that, but the general was not in a humor to chop patriotism just then, so he only gave a short whistle of surprise and returned to the attack quite unscathed.

"How far is it to Buffalo river?"

"Sir, I don't know."

"The d—l you don't. How long have you lived here?"

"All my life."

"Very well, sir, it's time you did know. Captain, put this gentleman in charge of a guard, and when we move, walk him down to Buffalo river and show it to him."

And so he marched off, leaving us a savage glance at parting, and that evening tramped five miles away from home to look at a river which was as familiar to him as his own family.

* * * * *

An army officer tells an anecdote of General Hancock's love of dignity and discipline. He was in command of the train which brought General Grant's remains from Mt. McGregor to New York. General Hancock and his staff were in the coach next to the last. In the rear car was a party who were popping an occasional bottle of champagne and smoking quite sociably. General Hancock saw from his car what was going on in the rear. It did not comport with his ideas of the proprieties of so solemn an occasion, and calling the conductor, he said:

"Will you present my compliments to those gentlemen, with the request that they cease smoking?"

In a few moments the conductor returned with the announcement that the convivial gentlemen returned their compliments with a peremptory declination to relinquish their cigars.

"Where is the next switch?" asked Hancock.

"About five miles below," replied the conductor.

"When you reach it, if the smoking in that car has not ceased, switch it on a side track and leave it. You may tell the gentlemen what I have said."

In two minutes there was not a cigar to be seen in the coach. Its occupants knew that Hancock meant just what he said.

* * * * *

The following story was recently related at a G. A. R. camp-fire: "It was at the battle of Gettysburg," said the speaker, "when the bullets were falling like hail, and the shells were shrieking and bursting over our heads in a way to make the bravest heart tremble, a private dropped out of the ranks and skulked back to the rear. He was well under way when, unfortunately for him, he was met by General Slocum coming to the front.

"'What are you doing here? Get back to your post,' the general shouted.

"'The poor fellow stopped still and trembled like a leaf, but made no reply.

"'Get back to your post, you miserable coward; aren't you ashamed of yourself to be skulking back here when you should be in the front with your brave comrades?'

"'Still the man made no reply, but commenced to cry like a year-old infant.

"'You infamous, sneaking coward,' shouted the infuriated general, 'get back to your post; I'll ride you down like a dog. Why, you are nothing but a baby.'

"'I-I-I'll t-t-t-tell you what, g-g-general,' said the blubbling fellow, 'I'd g-g-give anything just n-n-now if I was a b-b-baby, and I-I-if I had my ch-ch-choice I'd r-r-rather be a female b-b-baby.'

* * * * *

One day soon after Pope's defeat at Second Bull Run and Chantilly, a private soldier belonging to an Ohio regiment, sought an interview with his captain, and announced that he had a plan for a military campaign which must certainly result in crushing out the rebellion. The officer very naturally inquired for particulars, but the soldier refused to reveal them, and asked for a chance to lay his plans before Pope himself. After some delay he was given a pass to headquarters. He did not get to see Pope, but after the chief of staff had coaxed and promised and threatened for a quarter of an hour, the Buckeye stood up and replied:

"Well, sir, my plan is for John Pope and Bob Lee to swap commands, and if we don't lick the South inside of sixty days you may shoot me for a patent hay-fork swindler.

When he returned to camp he was asked what success he met with, and he replied:

"Well, they had a plan of their own."

"What was it?"

"Why, they took me out and booted me for a mile and a half.

CORPORAL JACK.

There were ten of us youngsters in the company "G" squad which Corporal Jack marched forth to drill, and the old man's face wore a fatherly smile as he kept calling:

"Hay foot—straw foot—right face—left face—front."

If he had a home—a wife—children—we did not know. We wondered if he had left anybody behind who would mourn if his life went out on the field of battle; but he never talked of such things. He had a way of putting us off when we began to question of the past. We believed that some dark cloud rested over his life, and we agreed among ourselves that it was a mystery which must be held sacred. To the men he was stern and dignified; to us boys he was so kind and gentle that we grew to look upon him as a father. It was Corporal Jack who cured the blisters on our feet; who laughed our homesickness away; who took part of our loads away when the knapsacks galled our backs.

When he counted us after Bull Run and found that three of his ten boys had been left dead on the field, we missed him for a time. When he returned to us his eyes had the look of one who had been weeping. Later on, when company "G" swung into the slashed timber at Williamsburg, and men went down by twos and threes under the fire of sharpshooters, it was Corporal Jack who whispered to each one of us:

"Steady, my boy! I wouldn't have you give ground now for the world! More to the right a bit—that's it—keep covered if you can."

I remember how the light of battle blazed in his eyes that day as he faced the enemy, and how that light was changed to one of unutterable sorrow as we answered our names at night-fall and only six "ayes" were heard. The seventh lay dead in the timber, with the whip-poor-will uttering its sad night-call in the branches above him.

As we came into battle line at Mechanicsville there was a look of pride in Corporal Jack's eyes. His boys had grown to be soldiers. Our faces were no paler than those of the sturdy, middle aged men further along the line. As we knelt beside the log breastworks and opened fire, I heard the Corporal saying to himself:

"Good! That's it! Just see how cool they are!"

We broke line after line of the gray as they advanced upon us, but by and by we were forced to yield. A bit of shiver ran along the lines—the first symptoms of a panic—but the old Corporal was close at hand to say:

"Steady, now! Fall back in good order! We

are not beaten, but only falling back to a stronger position."

The head of the company broke back—the centre fell into confusion—our end of the line simply shivered and then became as firm as a rock. We knew not who had come out alive—who had been killed—until the old Corporal gathered us under his wings, as it were, long after darkness had shut down, and in a broken voice said:

"There are but four of my boys left, and I cannot sleep!"

After the fierce tempest of war had passed over the fields and forests of Savage Station there were only three of us. Corporal Jack bent down over the fourth, who lay dead in a pool of blood, cut off a lock of his hair, and said, as he reverently placed it in his pocket:

"This is for his mother, whose heart will be breaking over his loss! I pray God the rest of you may be spared!"

After Glendale there were but two of us. We toiled wearily over the highway with the stars shining above us and the sullen crackle of musketry in the rear. Corporal Jack marched with us, but for a long time he was silent. At last he said:

"Only two left! After to-morrow—what!"

At Malvern Hill he would have been our breastwork to receive the bullets. Darkness was falling, and we had broken and hurled back the lines of Magruder again and again, when a move by the left flank had somehow separated the three of us. There was a fierce and determined advance—a fierce and desperate resistance, and night shut down and the roar of battle died away. I went out with those who succored the wounded and mourned over the dead, and I found them—Corporal Jack and my boy comrade. They were side by side and dead, but in his dying moments dear old Jack had thrown an arm over the poor boy, as if to shield and save him.

Truly, those were the days when men's hearts ached and women's tears could not be dried.

General Sherman's middle name, "Tecumseh," he owes to his father, who had removed to Ohio just before the war of 1812, with the British and Indians, and in spite of Indian depredations, "seemed to have caught a fancy for the great chief of the Shawnees." In the new edition of his life, General Sherman says that his father had tried for years to get one of his sons named "Tecumseh," but that he did not succeed until his mother had named a son for each of her brothers. Then she ran out of names and Judge Sherman had his way.

FIELD AND POST-ROOM.

VOL. I.

HARRISBURG, PA., JULY, 1886.

No 7.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

1862.

Deep in the grass a maiden knelt,
Turning the green blades over,
With fluttering heart and anxious eye,
Hunting the four-leaved clover.

No treasure rare of jewel or gem
Seemed half so fair to her vision
As that slender wand of palest green,
Prophetic of lands elysian.

With a joyful cry she held the prize,
"Oh! darling four-leaved clover,
Wilt' bring my lover back to me,
When 'this cruel war is over?'"
"Wilt thou give him a sword, and shoulder straps,
And honor and fame, oh, clover,
Give riches, and health, and bring him back
When 'this cruel war is over!'"

1866.

A faded woman with streaks of gray,
Her scanty brown locks threading,
In sorrow and loneliness took the way
Which many feet were treading.

To honor the brave and noble dead
With chaplet and wreath and emblem,
With roses and daisies and violets fair,
And lily-bells nodding and trembling.

In a narrow grave, a flag at his head,
"Nearth a simple stone she found him,
No honors, no fame, no riches were there,
No tokens of rank around him.

No, none of the gifts she had asked that morn
Of the treacherous four leaved clover
Had come to the man who lay at her feet,
Her youthful and beautiful lover.

No cross, no crown, no wreath of bay,
Did she place on the grave of her lover,
But tied with a ribbon of blue and gray
A bunch of four-leaved clover.

IN BATTLE AND AFTER.

Only the sharp report of an occasional rifle on the skirmish line to disturb the stillness; only fifty yards from the main line of frowning fortifications, with its heavy *chevaux de frize*, the men sleeping in battle order, as we had charged and gained the hill—the skirmish line but five paces distant and the enemy's but five further, desultory blazing of musketry and reports between the contending forces—this was the scene at midnight.

On the 15th of June, 1864, Geary's Division of Hooker's Corps had been advanced from the original line to a point beyond Pine Mountain, Georgia, taken by assault that morning, and lay quiescent, awaiting further orders. Sturdy old "Fighting Joe," more respectfully dubbed by us "Uncle Joe," had ridden near the lines, saluting as our wild huzzas greeted him; for the old soldier loved the men who thus honored him, the dauntless veterans of the White Star Division. Geary had galloped by on his coal black charger, and young Ireland, of the New York brigade, was lying idly beneath a tree, only disturbed by the whistle of a stray bullet as it swept above us to the rear. There a few regimental commanders gathered, discussing the probabilities of an afternoon engagement, its ultimate issue, and laughing condolences to each other at mention of sudden flight heavenward, in view of unexpected calls from their present loved earthly sphere. Even before death's door will soldiers mock and prove that blood has made them callous.

The unexpected summons came, and a quick scattering of commanders took place, each hieing to his own battalion, there anxiously awaiting the order to forward. It came, and the men rising from their recumbent positions were soon put in motion. As they advanced, two strong lines of battle, the skirmish in our front deepened in its roar, proving that no small force awaited our coming. Steadily the column progressed, occasionally broken by the rise of hills, gullies, brooks or thick underbrush, but speedily closing up again.

Thus they advanced, until the sharp whir of leaden messengers about our heads, below and above us, warned us that our main line was under fire. The skirmishers had been reached, their thinned ranks falling to the rear under cover of our stronger column, there to reform as a battalion. The steady marching became a double-quick, and soon the enemy's first line of works appeared in view. With a loud, fierce yell, a cry that carried terror to our opponents hearts, onward dashed the column. A withering fire saluted us, repeated and repeated, replied to by our unbending ranks. Again that yell, a rapid forward, man and man struggling to be foremost, and with a wild hur-

ral that shook the old woods, the works were gained, on then, through the enemy's broken columns, they fleeing in utter discomfiture, we following rapidly with victorions shout, over hilltops into denser woods, through them, up hill again, until the dull roar of artillery, the crash of grape and canister, and the deadly crash of their line of musketry warned us that we had struck their second main line and the severest task was before us.

Not a moment's halt or respite. Closing up the scattered ranks, onward again until the fire became so perfectly fearful and intense that human beings could no longer withstand the shock. In the face of that dread fire, without support, we had dashed within fifty yards of the earthworks and their artillery. Night coming on caused a cessation of hostilities except between the skirmishers. The principal battle was finished, and the enemy, fearing such troops as had driven them from their first works, never ventured beyond the security of their fortifications. Feeling thus, our troops fatigued, wearied, after a hard, desperate day's fighting, they slumbered even as happily as though feathery couches were theirs, not the hard, rocky earth.

It seems strange to all but the veteran soldiers who have enjoyed its felicity, that men may and do sleep amid the din of contending arms, forgetful and oblivious of surroundings, and utterly careless of consequences that may come. Yet so it is. Exhausted nature must and will have rest; and wheresoever we may be, whatever the circumstances, however situated, whether 'mid pleasure or suffering acute agony of pain, wearied frames give way and sleep assures the *debaucher*, the patient, or the soldier of another day's life by its wonderful recruiting powers.

No objection was raised by the officers, for many of them slept as well, but the commandant, feeling his great responsibility wandered restlessly up and down the line, exposed to the fire of the sharpshooters and capture by a sudden dash on his pickets.

Wandering in this manner many a "zip" chased by his head, accompanied by some exclamation of the quick-eyed Confederate:

"There, you — Yank; take that home to your mother!"

Which would be replied to by some boy in a blue jacket, with:

"Bah! Tell your mammy I don't suck milk now; perhaps you da. Here's a shiner for Mammy Davis," and the quick crack of his rifle followed.

"See here, old bust head, how's that nigger

Abe up North thar? Gin' him my respect,'" from the Confeder.

"Quite well, thank you, Snuff-chewer. Won't you take this pill to Uncle Jeff?" said a Union picket.

Zip! zip! zip! follow the bullets in quick succession.

"See har', whar der yer belong to, eh?" quoth another Seesh. "What ar' regiment is youn, eh?"

"Two hundredth Irish, fresh from the Emerald sod—landed yesterday! What's yours?" replied Union.

"Rattlesnake Rangers from Whiskeytown, next to nowhere!"

Zip! zip! and again the dialogue.

"See har', you fellar, stop firing and I will," cried out Seesh.

"Nary stop! Chip away with that pill, or I'll give you a dose from mine that the doctor will think is a big one. Here's my compliments to Joe Johnston!" yelled Union, and once more the sharp click of rifles and whizzing balls was heard.

All night long this continued, with allusions to Bull Run, Chanceflorsville, Chickamauga, replied to by our men with taunts of Vicksburg, Stone River, Gettysburg, Antietam, etc., until all our battles of the war had been revamped and hurled at greyback heads, accompanied by leaden "bearers of glad tidings."

At daybreak the welcome order reached us to fall slowly back to our newly constructed parallel works. Silently and noiselessly the men obeyed, creeping down the hill side in squads, then joining the main body a few rods distant. A strong line of pickets or skirmishers occupied our former front. To become more personal, turning over the command to Capt. Van B—, in obedience to instructions, I hastened toward the whilom headquarters of the brigade.

On my way I met the Adjutant General, who, hailing me, ordered a return to the front to assume command of the skirmish line as Field Officer of the Day. Though completely worn out with the fatigue of the night, I hastened my return to the original line, finding the men alert and attentive to their duties. Looking to the right I perceived the skirmishers well posted, though under a severe fire; then looking sharply to the left I followed our line for some distance, until eventually on moving down a declivity I lost sight of them. Being unacquainted with the nature of the ground, and assuming that the line was merely disconnected or prolonged, I wandered on up a gully. Still no men greeted my sight, but yet no fear

of danger entered my mind, and I wandered on. Suddenly, to the right, and but a few yards distant, I noted a large body of men at work; at the same instant, and only some twenty feet from me, a burly rebel stood, rifle in hand, eyeing me.

Astonishment sat upon the features of both; he surprised at the intrusion of a Union officer, I startled at my own temerity, for in a second I perceived that through my ignorance of the situation I had unwittingly entered the enemy's lines! Great heaven's! what a position! No one knowing whence I had gone—perhaps reported dead and mourned for, while, in reality I might be languishing in a Southern prison for months and years. Agony was mine! This flashed through my brain in less time than I have taken to write it, and with these thoughts my resolve.

The rebel soldier, hesitating for a moment, afforded me an opportunity. Quick as lightning I sprang to the cover of a tree, though far assured from safety, for both to the right and left I had been perceived, and rifle balls were humming in close proximity to my ears. My first rebel in the meantime had secured a good position, and at each motion of my body a bullet sang in melodious note to its swaying, sent forth from his unfriendly rifle.

This could not last forever, and matters were assuming a decidedly serious aspect, for the enemy were hedging me in. To prevent ultimate capture my safety lay in running the gauntlet of fire, and as quickly as decided it was carried into execution. Twenty yards to the rear stood a huge buttonwood, and for this I ran, not in a straight line, but zig-zag and by curves, preventing a "head." Thus protected, amid a shower of bullets, I reached the tree; there halting for a moment to gain rest, I threw myself on the ground and crawled to the rear, the rebels cheering my escape.

Again within our lines I examined the spot and found that instead of a perfectly straight line the rebel works made a sudden curve, and our own line bent with them; that through oversight during the darkness the gully had been left unprotected and thus caused my strange adventure. Following the line as then posted, I soon reached our extreme left—the brigade left—connecting with the Second Brigade. Leaving instructions with the next ranking officer, as to the disposition of the companies there distributed, I started for a little rising in our front. Warned not to go there, as the enemy covered every inch, as was augured by their rapid fire, I smiled and walked on. Their whole position was open to my view, and

I stood, careless and easy, exposed to them. A dull thud, as though a rasping stove had passed over my right thigh, caused me to look down, but I did not dream of a wound. An apparent flow of warm fluid down my limbs bade me gaze upon the injury. Seating myself, belt and sword were soon unbuckled, and in that musketry, totally forgetful of it, I probed the wound, for such it was. Rising I turned slowly to the rear, reached our men, and fell fainting to the ground, caught up by willing arms, and was borne rapidly to the rear of the division line, and there placed in hospital. In bed for months, finally crutches, a cane, and then again to the front and into active service.

THE FIRST MILITARY EXECUTION OF THE WAR.

The execution of William Henry Johnson, a private of company D, 1st New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, on the 13th of Dec., 1861, for the crime of desertion, constituted a melancholy page in the history of the army in Virginia. Of this crime, the unfortunate culprit said: "I had not the slightest intention of deserting up to a few minutes before I started in the direction of the enemy's lines. The way I came to leave our army was this: I was on the outposts, and after dinner, when watering my horse, thought I would go to the first house on the Braddock road and get a drink of milk. When I rode up to the house I saw a man and a boy. I asked the man for some milk, and he said he had none; and to my inquiry as to where I could get some, he said he did not know except I should go some distance further on. I said I thought it would be dangerous to go far, and he remarked that none of the rebels had been seen in that vicinity for some time. It was then that I conceived the idea of deserting. I thought I could ride right up to the rebel pickets and inside the enemy's line, go and see my mother in New Orleans, stay for a few weeks in the South, and then be able to get back to our regiment again, perhaps with some valuable information. I never had any idea of going over to the rebels, and as it is I would rather be hung on a tree than go and join the rebel army. I don't see what under heaven put it into my head to go away. I acted upon the impulse of the moment. When the man at the house said none of the enemy had been seen lately in that vicinity, I asked where it was that the five rebels I had heard of had been seen some time ago, and he said it was at the round house on the left hand side of the road. I asked him where the road lead to; he said to Centreville, and so I went that way.

Riding along on the Braddock road, some miles beyond our pickets, I suddenly came across Colonel Taylor, of the Third New Jersey Cavalry, with his scouting party. I thought they were rebels, but at first was so scared that I did not know what to say. However, I asked him who they were, and he said they were the enemy. Said I to him,

"I'm all right, then?"

"Why so?" said he.

"Because we are all friends," said I; "I am rebel too—I want to go down to New Orleans to see my mother."

"Then he asked me how our pickets were stationed. I told him two of our companies which had been out went in that day toward the camps. He asked if I thought he could capture any of them, and I told him I did not think he could. He asked me why, and I replied that there were a number of mounted riflemen around. The head scout asked me what kind of arms the Lincoln men received, and at the same time said, 'Let me see your pistol.'

"I handed him my revolver. Col. Taylor took it, and cocking it, said to me:—

"Dismount, or I will blow your brains out."

I was so much frightened I thought my brains had been blown out already. I dismounted, delivered up my belt and sabre, while at the same time they searched my pockets, but there was nothing in them except a piece of an old New York *Ledger*, I believe. Then he tied my hands before me, and sent me back to camp in charge of three men, besides another who took my horse."

Johnson was duly tried by court-martial and found guilty. The place chosen for his execution was a spacious field near the Fairfax Seminary. The Provost Marshal, mounted and wearing a crimson scarf across his breast, led the mournful cortege. He was immediately followed by the buglers of the regiment, four abreast, dismounted. Then came the twelve men, one from each company of the regiment—selected by ballot,—who constituted the firing party. The arms, Sharp's breech-loading rifle, had been previously loaded under the direction of the Marshal. One was loaded with a blank cartridge, according to the usual custom, so that neither of the men could positively state that the shot from his rifle killed the unfortunate man. The coffin, which was of pine wood, stained, and without any inscription, came next, in a one-horse wagon. Immediately behind was the doomed man, in an open wagon. About five feet six inches in height, with light hair and whiskers, his eyebrows joining each other, Johnson indeed presented a most forlorn appearance.

He was dressed in cavalry uniform, with the regulation overcoat and black gloves. He was supported by Father McAtee, who was in constant conversation with him, while Father Willett rode behind on horseback. The rear was brought up by Company C, of the Lincoln Cavalry, forming the escort.

Arriving on the ground at half-past three o'clock, the musicians and the escort took a position a little to the left, while the criminal descended from the wagon. The coffin was placed on the ground, and he took his position beside it. The firing party was marched up to within six paces of the prisoner, who stood between the clergymen. The final order of execution was then read to the condemned.

While the order was being read, Johnson stood with his hat on, his head a little inclined to the left, and his eyes fixed in a steady gaze on the ground. Near the close of the reading, one of his spiritual attendants whispered something in his ear. Johnson had expressed a desire to say a few final words before he should leave this world to appear before his Maker. He was conducted close to the firing party, and in an almost audible voice, spoke as follows:

"Boys: I ask forgiveness from Almighty God and from my fellow-men for what I have done.

"I did not know what I was doing. May God forgive me, and may the Almighty keep all of you from all such sin."

He was then placed beside the coffin again. The troops were witnessing the whole of these proceedings with the intensest interest. Then the Marshal and the chaplains began to prepare the culprit for his death. He was too weak to stand. He sat down on the foot of the coffin. Capt. Boyd then bandaged his eyes with a white handkerchief. A few minutes of painful suspense intervened while the Catholic clergymen were having their final interview with the unfortunate man. All being ready, the Marshal waved his handkerchief as the signal, and the firing party discharged the volley. Johnson did not move, remaining in a sitting posture for several seconds after the rifles were discharged. Then he quivered a little, and fell over beside his coffin. He was still alive however, and the four reserves were called to complete the work. It was found that two of the firing party, Germans, had not discharged their pieces, and they were immediately put in irons. Johnson was shot several times in the heart by the first volley. Each of the four shots fired by the reserves took effect in his head, and he died instantly. One penetrated his chin, another his left cheek, and two entered the brain just above the left eyebrow.

The troops then all marched round, and each man looked on the bloody corpse of his misguided comrade.



MORTALITY OF OFFICERS.

The mortality among general officers during the war was much greater than is generally supposed, no less than eleven major generals and thirty-four brigadier generals having been killed or died of wounds. In addition to this, one major general was murdered and five died of disease. Two brigadier generals were killed by accident and eleven died of disease.

KILLED.

- Major General Philip Kearny, at Chantilly, Va., September 1, 1862.
 Major General Isaac I. Stevens, at Chantilly, Va., September 1, 1862.
 Major General Jesse L. Reno, at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862.
 Major General Hiram G. Berry, at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.
 Major General John F. Reynolds, at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.
 Major General John Sedgwick, at Spottsylvania, Va., May 9, 1864.
 Major General James B. McPherson, near Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864.
 Brigadier General Nathaniel Lyon, at Wilson's Creek, Mo., August 10, 1861.
 Brigadier General Thomas Williams, at Baton Rouge, La., August 5, 1862.
 Brigadier General Robert L. McCook, by guerrillas, in Alabama, August 6, 1862.
 Brigadier General Henry Bohlen, at Freeman's Ford, Va., August 22, 1862.
 Brigadier General Pleasant A. Hackleman, at Corinth, Miss., October 3, 1862.
 Brigadier General James S. Jackson, at Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862.
 Brigadier General William R. Terrill, at Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862.
 Brigadier General Conrad F. Jackson, at Fredricksburg, Va., December 13, 1862.
 Brigadier General George D. Bayard, at Fredricksburg, Va., December 14, 1862.
 Brigadier General Joshua W. Sill, at Stone River, Tenn., December 31, 1862.
 Brigadier General Edward P. Chapin, at Port Hudson, La., May 27, 1863.
 Brigadier General Samuel K. Zook, at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
 Brigadier General Stephen H. Weed, at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.
 Brigadier General Elon J. Farnsworth, at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

- Brigadier General Alexander Hays, at Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.
 Brigadier General James S. Wadsworth, at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.
 Brigadier General Thomas G. Stevenson, at Spottsylvania, Va., May 10, 1864.
 Brigadier General James C. Rice, at Spottsylvania, Va., May 10, 1864.
 Brigadier General James A. Russell, at Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864.
 Brigadier General Hiram Burnham, at Chapin's Bluff, Va., September 30, 1864.
 Brigadier General Daniel D. Bidwell, at Cedar Creek, Va., October 19, 1864.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

- Major General Joseph K. F. Mansfield, September 18, 1862, of wounds received at Antietam, Md.
 Major General Israel B. Richardson, November 3, 1862, of wounds received at Antietam, Md.
 Major General Amiel W. Whipple, May 7, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Va.
 Major General George C. Strong, July 30, 1863, of wounds received at Fort Wagner, S. C.
 Brigadier General Wm. H. L. Wallace, April 10, 1862, of wounds received at Shiloh, Tenn.
 Brigadier General George W. Taylor, August 31, 1862, of wounds received at Bull Run, Va.
 Brigadier General Isaac P. Rodman, September 30, 1862, of wounds received at Antietam, Md.
 Brigadier General Edmund Kirby, May 28, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Va.
 Brigadier General Strong Vincent, July 7, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa.
 Brigadier General Edward N. Kirk, July 29, 1863, of wounds received at Stone River, Tenn.
 Brigadier General Wm. H. Lytle, September 20, 1863, of wounds received at Chickamauga, Ga.
 Brigadier General Wm. P. Sanders, November 19, 1863, of wounds received at Knoxville, Tenn.
 Brigadier General Charles G. Harker, June 27, 1864, of wounds received at Marietta, Ga.
 Brigadier General Samuel A. Rice, July 6, 1864, of wounds received at Jenkins' Ferry, Ark.
 Brigadier General Daniel McCook, July 17, 1864, of wounds received at Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.
 Brigadier General Charles R. Lowell, October 20, 1864, of wounds received at Middletown, Va.

Brigadier General Thomas A. Smyth, April 7, 1865, of wounds received at Farmville, Va.

MURDERED.

Major General Wm. Nelson, at Louisville, Ky., September 29, 1862.

BY ACCIDENT,

Brigadier General Michael Corcoran, December 22, 1863, by being thrown from his horse.

Brigadier General George Wright, July 30, 1865, lost at sea on steamer Brother Jonathan.

DIED OF DISEASE.

Major General Charles F. Smith, April 25, 1862.

Major General Ormsby M. Mitchell, October 30, 1862.

Major General Edwin V. Sumner, March 21, 1863.

Major General John Buford, December 16, 1863.

Major General David B. Birney, October 18, 1864.

Brigadier General Frederick W. Lander, March 2, 1862.

Brigadier General Wm. H. Keim, May 18, 1862.

Brigadier General Joseph B. Plummer, August 9, 1862.

Brigadier General Charles D. Jameson, November, 6, 1862.

Brigadier General Francis E. Patterson, November 22, 1862.

Brigadier General James Cooper, March 28, 1863.

Brigadier General Thomas Welsh, August 14, 1863.

Brigadier General Stephen G. Champlin, January 26, 1864.

Brigadier General Friend S. Rutherford, June 20, 1864.

Brigadier General Daniel P. Woodbury, August 15, 1864.

Brigadier General Thomas E. G. Ransom, October 29, 1864.

♦ ♦ ♦

COL. POLK AND THE REFUGEE.

Colonel William H. Polk, of Tennessee, the well known scholar, politician and wit, of Tennessee, had a plantation some forty miles from Nashville, lived comfortably, had a joke for every one, and was, withal, a resolute man in his opinions.

A few days before the arrival of the U. S. army at Nashville, in 1862, and, indeed, before he heard of the fall of Fort Donelson, in going down the road from his farm, he described a fat, ragged, bushy-headed, tangled mustached, dilapidated looking creature, (something like an Italian organ-grinder in distress,) so dis-

guised in mud as to be scarcely recognizable. What was his surprise, on a nearer approach, to see the respectable George N. Sanders.

George had met the enemy and he was theirs—not in person but in feeling. His heart was lost, his breeches were ragged, and his boots showed a set of fat, gotty toes protruding from them. The better part of him was gone, and gone a good distance.

"In the name of God, George, is that you?" said the ex-Congressman.

"Me!" said the immortal George; "I wish it wasn't; I wish I was anything but me. But what is the news here—is there anyone running? They are all running back there," pointing over his shoulder with his thumb.

"No," said Mr. Polk, "not that I know of. You needn't mind pulling up the seat of your pantaloons. I'm not noticing. What in—are you doing here, looking like a muddy Lazarus in the painted cloth?"

"Bill," said George to the Tennessean confidentially, and his tone would have moved a heart of stone. "Bill, you was always a friend of mine. I know'd you a long while ago, and honored you—cuss me if I didn't. I said you was a man bound to rise. I told Jimmy Polk so; me and Jimmy was familiar friends. I intended to have got up a biographical notice of you in the Democratic Review, but that—Corby stopped it. I'm glad to see you; I'll swear I am."

"Of course, old fellow," said the charitable Tennessean, more pity in his tones than even of the flattering eloquence; "but what is the matter?"

"Matter!" said George; "the d—d Lincolmites have seized Bowling Green, Fort Donelson, and by this time have taken Nashville. Why," continued he, in a burst of confidence, "when I left, backs were worth \$100 an hour, and, Polk, (in a whisper), I didn't have a—cent."

The touching pathos of his last remark was added to by the sincere vehemence with which it was uttered, and by the mute eloquence with which he lifted up a ragged flap in the rear of his person that some evivous rail or briar had torn from its position of covering a glorious retreat.

"Not a d—d cent," repeated he, "and Polk, I walked that hard-hearted town up and down, all day, with bomb-shells dropping on the street at every lumpy post—I'll swear I did—trying to borrow some money; and, Polk, do you think, there wasn't a scoundrel there would lend me anything, not even Harris, and he got the money out of the banks, too!"

"No," interjected Polk, who dropped in a word occasionally, as a sort of encourager.

"Bill," repeated Sanders, "Bill, I said you was a friend of mine—and a talented one—always said so, Bill; I didn't have a red, and I've walked forty-five miles in the last day, by the milestones, and I haven't had anything to buy a bit to eat; and," he added, with impassioned eloquence, "what is a cussed sight worse, not a single drop to drink."

This is complete. It is unnecessary to tell how the gallant and clever Tennessean took the wayfarer home, gave him numerous, if not innumerable drinks, and filled him with fruits of the gardens and flesh of the flocks.

◆◆◆◆◆ THE BRAVE CORPORAL.

The following is an extract from a sermon recently delivered by the Rev. John R. Paxton:

I remember when the fight was on and the field was lost, and a beaten and broken army were falling back at Chancellorsville. I remember a regiment of soldiers in position behind batteries of artillery near the Chancellor house. The wounded cried piteously for aid; the shells crushed through the woods; it was an hour of dread and despair for the Union soldiers, of exultation and hope for the Confederates. All the troops had fallen back in disorder, a new line was being formed more than a mile to the rear. The soldiers supporting the batteries were alone on a lost and bloody field. These troops and batteries were to be sacrificed to the army. They were put there to hold the victorious army in check until a new line could be formed. The Confederates, flushed with victory and enraged by resistance on a field they considered won, yelled like demons and poured an incessant fire upon the Union guns. The regiment supporting the guns lay prone upon the earth, very still, while our artillery returned the enemy's fire. The shells came screaming over and into the regiment, not singly, not as skirmishers, but as if in columns. It was the first battle of the regiment. Between the brief pauses of loading and firing, the men could hear the sharp commands of the Confederate officers, "Load and fire." It was the mouth of hell or gate of heaven for many of them. They shivered and thrilled. It was appalling, yet it was glorious—to be living this minute and possibly dead the next. That was their situation. Officer after officer, soldier after soldier, were struck and heard no more on earth. It was awful. The wounded moaned and cried for water; the living—well some tried to pray; some shut their eyes and shivered as the shells came crashing through; the crackling of the flames consuming the Chancellor house were clearly heard. What did they

feel or fear, those men being slaughtered score by score? What visions of eternity, on the dizzy edge of which they were, flashed up in their souls! What did death mean! Wait till you are there to know. But in that regiment, being rapidly thinned by the Confederates, I remember a man and his conduct. He was the first corporal and dressed the company on the right. Tall was he and goodly to look upon, a farmer's lad from Pennsylvania. We heard a voice, strong, clear, serene, confident; we looked, and there on the right of the company, sitting upright, firm, while all of us lay down flat, we saw the corporal. His face was cold, a smile played over his features. He was so cold, so serene. He seemed to be looking away beyond the enemy's lines to something we did not see—to be utterly indifferent to the death-dealing shells. Here is what I heard from this corporal amid the carnage of the battle, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed and the mountains carried into the depths of the sea. For the Lord of hosts is with us; The God of Jacob is our refuge." The voice and prayer of this corporal silenced many an oath, and stifled many a groan, and nerved us to stand it out as no shriek of life or battle-drum had ever done. What made our corporal the man he was, at peace in battle, with a smile upon his lips in the jaws of death? It was this: He was a God-fearing lad, reared in an old covenanters' meeting house. When the day came to show the stuff men were made of, it was the man with this fear of God in his soul and no other fear that put us all to shame and showed us how to die.

◆◆◆◆◆
General Sheridan was once halted by G. M. Woodward, of Wisconsin, when the latter was a "high private" in the army of the Potomac, and on picket duty. A man on horseback came along, and was halted with the salutation:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," was the reply.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," said the young private.

"I am General Sheridan," was the reply.

Woodward gave him to understand that he didn't care if he was General Sheridan, that he wanted the countersign; and he brought his bayonet into close proximity to the general's person and demanded the proper answer. Sheridan smiled, gave it to him, and as he rode away, turned to remark:

"Young man, there's a regiment of infantry coming just behind me—don't molest them."

"Who comes there?" "A friend!" "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." "Field and Post Room."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
FRANK B. KINNEARD AND WILSON C. FOX,
320 MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG.

ENTERED IN THE HARRISBURG POST OFFICE, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

Price Five cents per year, in advance, Postage pre paid.

MISS CARRIE SHEADS, OF GETTYSBURG.

Gettysburg will be ranked in history as one of the few great, decisive battles of the world; and, in consequence, every hero who fell, and a great many of those who figured there, will enjoy a prominence not accorded to those who fought and bled on the other fields. So of those who were casually connected with those three momentous days, so big with the destiny of the republic.

When Lee's army advanced to the invasion of Pennsylvania, Miss Sheads was principal of Oakridge Seminary, a short distance west of the village. The evening of the 30th of June came, and with it Buford's Cavalry, the van of the Army of the Potomac. The first brigade of this division camped on the Chambersburg pike, not more than two hundred yards from the seminary.

The next morning was ushered in by the heavy boom of artillery, soon followed by sharp volleys of carbine and musket shots. So suddenly and unexpectedly had war unfurled its gorgeous but bloody panorama around her and the cluster of girls in her care, that no time was left to withdraw to a place of safety, and the battle was now actually raging a few hundred yards from her door.

So near the line of battle, and situated on the turnpike, the buildings of Oakridge Seminary were soon used as a hospital; and, with that amazing suddenness which can happen only in a time of active and invasive warfare, Miss Sheads found herself converted from the principal of a young ladies' seminary into the lady superintendent of an army hospital. The world is familiar with the story of this great battle, of which this cavalry engagement on the morning of the 1st of July was the opening; how Buford, with his handful of cavalry, checked the advance of the rebel masses till Reynolds, with the 1st Corps, came to their relief, and by the assistance of the 11th Corps, seized upon the key point of the position, the Cemetery Ridge, which was strengthened by the entire Union force as it came up, and which at the end of three days of awful carnage, remained secure in the iron grasp of the Federal army.

The issue of the first day's fight was the falling back of Howard—who commanded after Reynolds fell—from Seminary Ridge, where the action began, to Cemetery Ridge, on the other side of the town. Slowly and sadly the veterans of the 1st Corps turned to obey the order. And, although the rebels pressed them hard, and sought by desperate charges and wild huzzas to rout them in confusion, still they maintained their discipline, and obstinately contested every inch of ground.

Reynolds had fallen, but the dead hero had left his own gallant and self-devoting spirit in the breasts of his men. They were fighting on their own soil, by their own hearth-stones, on hills that had been familiar to many of them from boyhood, and this had made heroes of them all.

Among the last to leave the field were the 97th New York Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Charles Wheelock, who, after fighting hand-to-hand as long as there was a shadow of hope, undertook to lead his broken column through the only opening in the enemy's lines, which were fast closing around him.

Arriving on the grounds of Oakridge Seminary, the gallant colonel found the only avenue of escape effectually closed, and, standing in a vortex of fire, from front, rear and both flanks, encouraged his men to fight with the bayonet, hoping to force a passage through the walls of steel which surrounded him. Finding all his efforts vain, he ascended the steps of the seminary, and waved a white pocket handkerchief in token of surrender. The rebels, not seeing it, or taking notice of it, continued to pour their murderous volleys into the helpless ranks. The colonel then opened the door and called for a large white cloth. Carrie Sheads stood there, and readily supplied him with one. When the rebels saw his token of surrender they ceased firing, and the colonel went into the basement to rest himself, for he was thoroughly exhausted.

Soon a rebel officer came in with a detail of men, and on entering, declared, with an oath, that he would show them "Southern grit." He then began taking the officers' side arms. Seeing Colonel Wheelock vainly endeavoring to break his sword, which was of trusty metal, and resisted all his efforts, the rebel demanded the weapon; but the colonel was of the same temper as his sword, and turning to the rebel soldier, declared he would never surrender his sword to a traitor while he lived. The rebel then drew a revolver, and told him if he did not surrender his sword he would shoot him. But the colonel was a veteran, and had been in close

places before. Drawing himself up proudly, he tore open his uniform, and still grasping his well-tried blade, bared his bosom, and bade the rebel "shoot," but he would guard his sword with his life. At this moment, Elias Sheads, Carrie's father, stepped between the two, and begged them not to be rash; but he was soon pushed aside, and the rebel repeated his threat.

Seeing the danger to which the colonel was exposed, Miss Sheads, true to the instincts of her sex, rushed between them, and besought the rebel not to kill a man so completely in his power; there was already enough blood shed, and why add another defenceless victim to the list? Then turning to the colonel, she pleaded with him not to be so rash, but to surrender his sword, and save his life; that by refusing he would lose both, and the government would lose a valuable officer. But the colonel still refused, saying, "This sword was given to me by my friends for meritorious conduct, and I promised to guard it sacredly, and never surrender or disgrace it; and I never will while I live." Fortunately, at this moment the attention of the rebel officer was drawn away for the time by the entrance of other prisoners, and while he was thus occupied Miss Sheads, seizing the favorable opportunity, with admirable presence unclasped the colonel's sword from his belt, and hid it in the folds of her dress. When the rebel officer returned, the colonel told him he was willing to surrender, and that one of his men had taken his sword and passed out. This artifice succeeded, and the colonel "fell in" with other prisoners, who were drawn up in line to march to the rear, and thence to some one of the loathsome southern prison pens, many of them to meet a terrible death and fill an unknown grave.

When the prisoners had all been collected, and were about starting, Miss Sheads, remembering the wounded men in the house, turned to the rebel officer and told him that there were seventy-two wounded men in the building, and asked him if he would not leave some of the prisoners to help take care of them. The officer replied that he had already left three. "But," said Miss Sheads, "three are not sufficient." "Then keep five, and select those you want, except commissioned officers," was the rebel's unexpected reply. On the fifth day after the battle, Colonel Wheelock unexpectedly made his appearance, and received his sword from the hands of its noble guardian, with those profound emotions which only the soldier can feel and understand, and, with the sacred blade again in his possession, started at once to the front, where he won for himself new laurels,

and was promoted to the rank of a brigadier general. He had managed to effect his escape from the rebels while crossing South Mountain, and, after considerable difficulty and suffering, succeeded in reaching Gettysburg in safety. General Wheelock finally died of camp fever, in Washington city, near the close of the war, in January, 1865.

As the battle raged, Miss Sheads and her little flock continued unterrified in the midst of the awful cannonade, she soothing and cheering the girls, and they learning from her that noble calmness in danger, which, under all circumstances and in either sex, stamps the character with an air of true nobility and indicates genuine heroism.

The seminary was hit in more than sixty places, and two shells passed entirely through it. At length Miss Sheads and her young ladies became accustomed, as it were, to the situation, and in the intervals of the uproar would walk out in the grounds, and watch the magnificent yet fearful sight that the slopes of Cemetery Hill presented.

All devoted themselves to the great number of wounded with whom their halls and large rooms were crowded. For many days after the fighting ceased, and Lee had withdrawn his mutilated army south of the mountains, these poor fellows remained there, and were most kindly cared for, till all whose injuries were serious had been removed to the general hospitals that had been fitted up on the hills at the other side of the town.

The annoyance suffered by having the battle at their threshold was not the only trial which the war laid upon the family of Miss Sheads. There were four brothers, who, imbuing the spirit of patriotism which animated so many thousands in all the loyal States at the outbreak of the rebellion, thought

"The time had come when brothers must fight,
And sisters must pray at home."

The two eldest joined the army at the first call for troops, and by re-enlistment remained in the service until one was discharged for disability, and the other fell while bravely fighting at the battle of Monocacy.

The other two joined the army later; one of whom entered the hospital at City Point, while the other received, at White Oak Swamp, the wounds which have made him an invalid for life. All four have proved their loyalty on the bloody field, and while two of them

"Sleep their last sleep,
And have fought their last battle,"

another, by her exertions in providing for the sufferers and for the family, at the time of the

great battle, has rendered herself a chronic invalid. Thus five of this interesting and deeply loyal family have laid the most precious of earthly gifts—life and health—as free-will offerings on the altar of their country.

WOUNDS RECEIVED IN BATTLE.

"Of guns and drums and wounds, God save the mark!" protests valiant Hotspur; and these are assuredly subjects which should not be dealt with save by him who knows from experience whereof he speaks. Reading over the noteworthy explanation of the excellent fighter, as above, in which these strong words occur, I was just now led to reflect that an interesting article might be penned on the subject of wounds; not from the professional standpoint by any means, but in the way of giving some details of curious experience during the war of the rebellion, as to the nature and effects of wounds inflicted by bullets, shells, cannon balls, grape, &c., propelled by that "villainous saltpetre," which Hotspur's fop declared "it was great pity, so it was," that it

"—should be digged

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

Which many a good, tall fellow had destroyed

So cowardly!"

Those who have had much experience with the effects wrought by the missiles of modern warfare have been impressed by two curious facts; first, that a very slight wound is often sufficient to produce death; and second, that a human being may receive a most desperate and apparently fatal injury from these dreadful causes, and yet survive a long time, possibly just as long as though no wound had been received, and finally die from other causes. The experience of almost every soldier of the late war abounds in illustrations of these facts, and also of the other interesting fact that the most disfiguring and inconvenient wounds often do produce death. A few instances from my own observation may be set forth.

A soldier accidentally wounded in the great toe by the discharge of his musket, before Port Hudson, in June, 1863, died while chloroform was being administered to him preparatory to amputation. It may be questionable in this case whether the fatal result is properly attributable to the nervous attack, the fright, or the effects of chloroform. It is well known that in rare cases the administration of this anæsthetic is necessarily fatal.

Spent balls have sometimes produced death. At the battle of Winchester, in September, 1864, the present writer was knocked down by a musket ball which did not even indent the skin.

In some cases of this kind the shock of the nervous system has been sufficient to kill, without drawing a drop of blood.

At the assault of Port Hudson, on June 14, 1863, one of our soldiers in reserve saw a cannon ball, apparently spent, rolling over the ground near him. He carelessly reached out his foot to stop it. The result was a mangled foot, which had to be amputated.

In marked contrast with the above were the following cases, all occurring within my personal knowledge.

A major of Connecticut volunteers, before Port Royal, on the 27th of May, 1863, was struck in the breast by a grape shot, which traversed the body and was taken out from the back. Contrary to expectation he did not die immediately and was laid aside without attention until he should die, but a couple of days passed, and he still survived. He was sent down the river to New Orleans, with some hundreds of others, and lay there in hospital for months. Still he did not die—would not die, and becoming well enough to travel was sent home. At that time it was not within the expectation of any person who knew anything about the case that he would ever be able to perform the slightest military duty again. And yet, on October 19, 1864, just sixteen months after the wound was received, the major was in command of his regiment at the bloody battle of Cedar Creek, Virginia. He escaped the perils of that day unharmed, and for aught I know to the contrary is alive and well now.

Not to speak too much in the first person, at the assault of Port Hudson, June 14, 1863, I was prostrated by a buckshot just above the hip. After being taken to the rear, the wound was probed by a surgeon, and the ball could not be found. "This is serious," he said, and his face expressed his sincerity. I was laid aside to die, and others for whom something could possibly be done were placed on the table. Three days passed, and I lived; ate vigorously, and felt well, except for the condemnation of the surgeon, which seemed to settle it that I ought to have died within twenty-four hours. My persistency, not alone in living, but in feeling well, excited renewed attention, and the case was re-examined. It was then discovered that the buckshot had struck a rib, followed its general course around to the front, and buried itself in the abdominal integuments so deeply that it could not be extracted. And there it lies to-day. A heavy feeling in that vicinity sometimes reminds me of it, and occasionally a pain from the spot where the shot entered; but my life has not been shortened a day by the wound.

Before Port Hudson, June 10, 1863, Corporal Medbury, of my company, on duty with a fatigue party constructing a military road, was seriously wounded by a minnie ball striking him just back of the shoulder joint. The wound was probed; the ball lay too deep to be extracted; the patient was considered as fatally hurt. He was sent down to New Orleans and taken to a hospital. A week later I found him there, with his arm in a sling, walking about, feeling cheerful and well, and expecting to recover entirely in a few days. In five days after that Medbury was confined to his bed; in two days he was dead! A post-mortem examination showed that the bullet had passed through one lung and half through the opposite one. The death was caused by gangrene—mortification—and was necessarily fatal from the first. The curious part of the matter was that a man should carry a fatal bullet in his body for two weeks, should apparently recover from the wound, and should shortly afterward die of it.

On the assault of Port Hudson, before referred to, a sergeant of my regiment was struck in the mouth by a buckshot. It took out every tooth on one side of the upper jaw, front, as clean as a dentist's saw could have done it, and inflicted no other injury.

I saw after the surrender of Port Hudson, a colonel, who, during the siege, had received a minnie ball in one cheek, just forward of the angle of the jaw. It had passed entirely through the face, through both cheeks, taking out at least four double teeth on its course, but happily escaping the tongue. The wound had entirely healed, and the disfigurement was great; but the gallant colonel could eat and talk as well as before.

At the St. James' Hospital, New Orleans, on the pallet next me, in June, 1863, lay a captain of the Fourth Wisconsin volunteers, helpless, and suffering with one of the strangest wounds I ever saw. He had received it on the 27th of May, in command of his company of skirmishers, creeping over the ground in advance of the lines of assault, among the tangled forest and ravines before the enemy's works. While working forward upon his hands and knees he was struck by a minnie ball just below the hip. The ball took a circular course round the leg, never touching the bone, but running round through the muscles at least twice between the hip and knee; thence skipping the kneecap, it circled round twice in the same manner between knee and ankle, and was finally extracted near the foot. The wound was one of the most debilitating and confining, as well as painful, but not necessarily dangerous.

At hospital in Winchester, in November, 1864, I saw among others, a soldier who had been shot by one of a squad of Mosby's guerrillas while out on a reconnaissance. The wound was inflicted by a heavy navy revolver or carbine. The ball entered behind one eye, and apparently took a straight course through the head. It did not come out on the opposite side, and probing failed to discover it. The man was sent to hospital and given up as one who was certain to die. Yet, when I saw him, almost two months had elapsed since the wound was inflicted; the sight of one eye was gone, but that of the other was perfectly good. The general health of the patient was good, and everything seemed to indicate his speedy recovery.

A surgeon of the Second New York Mounted Rifles told me that while before Petersburg, in 1864, a cavalryman came in on his horse one day from a skirmish, with one leg entirely torn off by a shell, and hanging from the scared and ragged stump was the dangling end of the great artery, effectually closed by the heat of the shell. It was impossible that the patient could live with such a wound. The great wonder was that he could have traveled a mile or two on horseback without bleeding to death; and it was quite as strange that he lived three days after being placed in hospital.

WITH WOODEN LEGS.

"We have the names of about 18,000 veterans who have applied for repairs," said Mr. Ramsey, who has charge of the artificial limb department of the surgeon-general's office. "You know we fit them out with new sets of legs, arms, or other apparatus every five years. It is now getting toward the close of one of these periods, and we have repaired 14,000 veterans."

"Aren't the one-legged men dying off?"

"Now that's an interesting question. I guess they are. I presume many of those whose names we have, have since died, but I can't tell certainly. Now, as I have said, every five years we reconstruct the maimed veterans of the army, but they have their choice to take the repairs or the money. The allowance for a leg is seventy-five dollars, for anything less than a leg is fifty dollars. From one period to another many old veterans drop out. Some of them make one or two applications and then we never hear from them again. Naturally, we conclude when they don't send for their money or legs they must be dead, and have no more use for them. But we don't limit ourselves to men who have actually lost their limbs. A man who has simply lost the use of his limb is entitled to a wooden leg or arm, as the case may be, though

he can't wear them. So, you see, we can't keep a record of all the one-legged men; but I guess there are not as many as there used to be. Yet there are lots of them, and many who haven't any legs at all, and some with neither arms or legs. Then there are many who have not lost their limbs, but who have no power to move. There is one man who gets two arms and two legs allowance, who cannot move any part of his body, except the little finger on the left hand, which he can move the least little bit. There is another, a New England soldier, whose arms and legs are dead, and who is blind in both eyes. Not long ago a man came in here with no arms, and sat down at one of the desks and wrote with his teeth. It was not particularly fine writing, but you could read it.

"But you ask if they are dying off. Now here's a roll we are just completing," and he laid several tally sheets on his desk. "You can see how they run. This is the fourth period, and here's a man who has gotten four legs, quite a number for one man, if he used them all at once. And here is another who has gotten four legs and four arms. No, we don't furnish heads, but we supply parts of hands, jaws and sections of the skull and eyes. Now, here's a man who got one leg in the first period and has never gotten any since. He is probably dead. But, here is another who came in for repairs just after the close of the war, and was never heard from again until now, when he comes up again; he didn't wear out very fast. Some men wear well, and don't bother about getting repaired so often. And here's another, who comes up for the first time, having done without his limb all these years. It runs this way all through. Those men who have not applied for their fourth leg, or whatever it is they want, we conclude must be dead."

"What are the legs made of?"

"Willow wood generally, and there are a variety of styles. They can take their choice. Some take the straight stick and stump it through life. Some legs have rubber joints and rubber feet. There is one made with a very fine ball and socket joint at the foot. There are many men with wooden legs whom you would never suspect. There are several officers of high rank who come here for arms and legs."

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

At that point on Grant's lines around Petersburg where my regiment was posted for several weeks, Federal and Confederate were so close to each other that it was certain death to raise a head above the breastworks. I have seen a

soldier's cap held up on a bayonet receive five bullets from sharpshooters before it could be lowered. The earthworks were protected by an *abattis* of sharpened stakes, and beyond this *abattis* the pickets were pushed out every night as soon as darkness fell. Each man had an excavation deep enough to shelter him in a cramped position, and the distance from Federal to Confederate was in some places not over eighty feet. There was a tacit understanding between the pickets that no firing should be indulged in at night. At such close quarters it was simply cold-blooded murder. While this agreement was fairly held to most of the time, there were occasions when orders came from headquarters to fire at every living thing on our front.

I suppose this idea was to worry and annoy Lee's men and keep them under arms as much as possible, and understanding it to mean that, their pickets would return shot for shot and seek revenge. One night the picket next to me was a tall, slathey chap named Sherman. We were not over ten feet apart, and his excavation was so narrow that he was terribly cramped for room. We had not been posted five minutes before he began to complain, but just at that time, the pickets down on the left began blazing away, and the fire ran along the line until we were all at it. From that moment it would be death to show a head above ground.

Sherman got some little satisfaction in blazing away into the Confederate earthworks, but in the course of half an hour he called to me:

"Say! I can't stand this!"

"But you must!"

He evidently began digging to enlarge the hole, but three or four rifles were turned on him and he had to hug the bottom. Pretty soon he called again:

"Say, I'm going to get out of this!"

"If you try that you'll be killed!"

"But I'll die anyhow!"

He talked so loud that the Confederate sharpshooters heard him, and then the fire of seven or eight rifles were concentrated upon him. He kept down for perhaps ten minutes, though all the time I could hear him growling and swearing. Then all of a sudden, he sprang up, shouted: "Charge em', boys!" and dashed at the pickets in his front. There were two "Johnnies" in the same excavation, and he jumped in on them before a shot was fired. In a minute the alarm spread, and the actions of that "Yank" called out 5,000 men in less than ten minutes. He kept up a shouting and yelling, and as the two pickets were boys about 18 years old they were badly rattled. He disarmed them, threw their guns away, and then grabbing either by

the hair of the head, he rushed them across the neutral ground past his pit and into the sheltered reserve lying in a dip, and none of them got a wound. A few minutes later, when the affair came to be understood on the other side, the Confederates raised a hearty laugh and called for Sherman to come back after his cap, which he had left in the pit. Sherman was placed under arrest for his movement, but was released as Lee evacuated Petersburg, and nothing further was ever done in the case.

HOW A PROMOTION WAS WON.

A distinguished officer in an Illinois regiment tells this story; "I was the senior captain in our regiment, and was acting as major in a certain battle when the brigade was ordered to carry by storm a position in which the rebels were strongly fortified. The regiment went forward, but when it came under fire the centre wavered, while the wings made a dash to reach the stone wall in front. The minute when it seemed that the flanking companies would reach the stone wall the centre was well to the rear, and the regimental line was bent like a rainbow. I was in the rear of the centre urging the men to push forward, when my horse, which was new in the business, took the bit in his teeth and dashed at a gallop ahead of the men and up to the stone wall. I tried to control him and hold him back, but could not. I was as helpless as a baby, and I was carried far in advance of our own line on to the very bayonets of the rebel line. When the horse reached the wall I made the best of an awkward situation, raised in my stirrups, waved my sword and called upon the men to push forward. Believing that I had gone willingly into danger, they dashed forward to my rescue, and after a furious fight we drove the rebels from their position, went over the wall, and were soon in full possession of the ground that we had been directed to occupy. I was credited, of course, with extreme bravery. There was a great deal of talk about the gallant manner in which I rode up to the very bayonets of the rebels. In the end I was promoted to colonel at one jump, and ever after that I endeavored to maintain the standard of bravery fixed by that stubborn old horse. I was no more responsible for that daring ride than if I had been carried there by a hurricane. My creditable part in the performance was in the fact that I was not too badly scared to take advantage of the position in which the horse's stubbornness had placed me. As I could not get back I urged the men to come to me."

A TOUGH REGIMENT.

Jack Stephens tells how it came about that his regiment was in the late Senator Miller's brigade but fifteen minutes. Jack's regiment was one of the toughest in the army, and nobody seemed anxious to have it in his command. After it had been transferred from one brigade to another and had found nobody to control it, General Miller, who was on pretty good terms with himself and had a high opinion of his ability to control any set of men, asked to have the tough regiment added to his brigade. There was no opposition to this, of course, and the transfer was made. General Miller immediately ordered the regiment up in line and proceeded to make a speech to it, telling the boys what he was, and what he was not going to suffer them to do. As he warmed up to his subject he drew off his long gauntlets and laid them on a drum standing near him. Hardly had he done this, when one of the boys in line sneaked around behind the general and in plain sight of the entire regiment, stole the gauntlets and succeeded in getting back to his place in the ranks unobserved by the eloquent general. At the close of the speech, which did not take more than ten minutes, the general dismissed the boys, and turned to pick up his gauntlets. "Well, I'll be blessed!" What he said is not fully reported, but the fact is known that in five minutes more he had succeeded in having the regiment turned over to another brigade.

HE SMELLED THE MEDICINE.

A bright little five year old boy was visiting his father, who belonged to a New York regiment, in camp.

One day as he was playing before his father's tent, he was accustomed to being noticed, as a child in camp was a great luxury, but this soldier he evidently feared and showed signs of moving away.

"Come here, my little man," said the officer who addressed him.

The discerning child replied: "I don't want to; you are a doctor; I know that you are a doctor."

"You are mistaken; come here; I am not a doctor."

But the little fellow stuck to his convictions and only put his head out of the tent far enough to say: "Yes, you are a doctor, too; I know you are a doctor, for I can smell the medicine on your breath."

And during the remainder of that officer's term of service, he never received any other name.

MY OLD CANTEEN.

I bring you out my old canteen,
Near twenty years have passed between
The time I saw you last, old friend,
I love to think that at my end
You may be present, generous one,
That gave until you all were gone,
And filled again your good quart punch
For march, for battle, for the couch,
Of all the friends I've known or seen,
None was your better, my old canteen.

Dost recollect, when we held the bridge,
When Hayniman erept o'er the ridge,
Crushed by a sword blow in the head?
How kind you were, for when he said
That he was thirsty, all you had
You gave in welcome, and were glad
That you could ease his thirst. We sighed
At his misfortune. Well, he died,
Much of the war's grief have we seen,
You and myself, my old canteen.

I well know when I saw you first;
I had not then been much athirst;
You were respectable looking then,
I know I was much younger when
I grasped you in my hand, and slung
You o'er my shoulder; we were glad,
Moth eaten now's your rusty coat,
And partly rusty is your throat;
But no new one shall come between
Our old-time-love, my good canteen.

You know the men who kissed your lips,
Some died in battle; some in ships
Have ventured far from port; and some
Still wear the uniform; hear the drum,
Some turned from the good drink you gave—
One fills I know a drunkard's grave,
Some in the fight for daily bread
Are quite successful; some are dead,
Few better men were ever seen
Than shared your love, my old canteen.

**A CONFEDERATE EGG-NOG.**

One cold, cloudy Christmas day, when the prospects of the Confederacy were as gloomy as the weather, an Arkansas soldier, whose clothes looked as though they had been run through a threshing machine, approached General Hindman, who sat on a stump near a fire, and said:—

"General, wouldn't a little aignog go pretty well this mornin'? You know in Arkansas we allus cilibrate Christmas with a little o' the stuff."

"Yes," the general replied, "and I should like to have a quart of it right now."

"Well, let's go to your tent, whar nobody ken see us, an' we'll make some 'rangements."

When they entered the tent the soldier said:

"You git the whiskey and I'll git the aigs an' sugar."

"All right."

The soldier went away, and after a while, with dejected countenance, he returned with

the information that some one had stolen the articles.

"I'm divilish sorry," said he, "for I've been er savin' them things fur yer benefit fur a long time, knowin' how aignog would strike yer Christmas day."

"That is bad," said the general, "and if I could discover the thief he should be punished. Stay here and let me go out and skirmish."

The general, after much difficulty, succeeded in securing the ingredients, and ere long a bowl of the frothing drink was prepared.

"Ah," said the soldier, refilling his tin cup the third time, "this tastes like old times, when Iuster get up afore day an' fire off the old fuzee. Put two men's heads together, an' suthin' is goin' ter happen."

Shortly after the soldier left the tent, Colonel Rob Newton, chief of Hindman's staff, entered and said:

"Do you remember old Dave Aickett, who used to run a flatboat on White River?"

"Yes, he was here a few minutes ago."

"He came to me this morning," the colonel continued, "and began to talk about egg-nog. Said that he had been keeping eggs and sugar for me for a long time, and that if I would furnish the whisky we would have a Christmas drink. I agreed, and he went away, returning pretty soon, and sorrowfully announced that some one had stolen his treasure. Rather than see the old fellow disappointed, I furnished everthing, and for a few moments—"

"Good morning, gentlemen," said General Churchill, entering the tent. "Had a fine egg-nog early this morning. An old fellow that used to run a flatboat on White River said that he would furnish the eggs and sugar—"

"But did he do it?" asked Hindman and Newton simultaneously.

"No; some wretch had stolen the stuff. Hello, here is Fagan."

"Gentlemen," said General Fagan, "you ought to have been with me this morning. An old fellow, a former flatboatman, came to me and talked about eggs till he made my mouth water. He said he had been saving up a lot of eggs and sugar for my benefit, and that if I would furnish the whisky we would celebrate. I agreed, and he went away, but I never saw a more east-down man than he was upon returning. Some one had stolen the eggs, but I furnished the outfit, seeing that disappointment would about kill the old fellow. Hello Reynolds!"

"Good morning, gentlemen," said General Reynolds. "I have had a fine time this morning. An old fellow—"

"Hold on," shouted the other men, "we all know about that egg-stealing business."

General Hindman called an orderly and giving him the name of the egg man, said: "Find that man, and make him drunk, if it takes every drop of whisky in the Confederacy. Such merit shall not go unrewarded."

BRIDGING THE CHASM.

While we were tramping over the battlefields around Marietta, Ga., the young man from Connecticut grew sweet on the pretty daughter of the widow with whom we boarded. It was love at first sight, and they went in heavy. Our guide had been an old rebel soldier, and when he saw how things were going winked the girl to a seat on the wash-bench behind the house and said:

"Now, Lucy, this 'ere orter stop."

"What 'ere?"

"In love with that feller."

"Hain't I a right?"

"No, gal. Me'n your old father sarved in the ranks together. We fit agin them Yanks together, and together we cum home calkerlatin' to hate 'em as long as we lived. 'Twouldn't be right fur you to go back on your dad that way."

"Jim Skuce," she replied, as she stood up to wave her arm, "mebbe ye never heard nutlin' 'bout bridgin' the bloody chasm and shakin' hands across the last ditch. I know pap was a fighter, but after he'd been home a year or two 'long came a Yank one day looking for land. He had a bottle o' whisky, and he and pap sat down on this very bench and fit them old fights over until both got drunk and fell in a heap. When they woke up they begun to shake and bridge, and they kept it up till the Yank hurrahed for General Lee, and pap hollered for General Grant. Now, you shut! If you don't want to bridge, you can stub around with your nose stuck up and your knees steekin' out to the weather, but don't you go to interferin' with me! Dad bridged, mam's bridged, and I'm going to climb out of the last ditch and hustle for a Yankee husband."

THE OLD ARMY CRACKER.

During the peninsula campaign, the bread had become inhabited by a very lively species of insect of a brown color and amiable disposition. Various stories are told of the crackers in camp, some of which, I think, are malicious fabrications. One was that the insects were purposely put in the bread to save mule transportation; one that when the commissary wish-

ed to transport the bread, he simply whistled and it came itself; another was, that four of these crackers were seen on battalion drill one evening, going through the evolutions with great precision. One of the boys had a lot of bread so thickly settled as to be untenable, and took it down to the commissary to be exchanged. He was told to lay it down and take some others, when he very honestly asked, "Hadn't I better hitch 'em?"

In many camps, early in the war, the hard bread was wholly unfit to be eaten, and some of that issued to the 95th P. V., in the winter of 1862, at Camp Franklin, was cherished by the men as a rare curiosity, and was by many sent north as a proof of what they had written concerning it. One lot was marked thus:

PILOT BREAD,
Boston—1840.

It was so mildewed—covered with a thick blue mold—that some of it was scarcely recognizable, and was extremely tough and flint-like. Some of the men facetiously took it to the wood pile, and in an attempt to cut it with an axe, failed. In many of the camps of the Army of the Potomac, we were informed, a few of the boxes were branded as follows:

"865, B, C."

And this could not refer to the number of the box, for each one was numbered also.

CLAIMS TO HAVE A GHASTLY CURIO.

Curiosities are now the rage, says George Conklin, of St. Louis, Mo., and many collectors are proud of their specimens; but if one will visit my place on Grand Avenue, I will show them a curio that would make an antiquary's mouth water. There is only one of the kind in existence; there never was another and there never will be. Rare? Well, I should think it was. It is the left ear of John Brown. It is not a wax imitation, nor the ear of some ordinary individual procured from a dissecting room. It is the bona fide ear of John Brown, all except the "dony" part. It is well authenticated, and its history is this: When the post-mortem was made, the physician who conducted the examination cut off the left ear and sent it to Governor Wise, who retained it till his death, when it felt to his son, and this son in person gave it to me for my collection. There are few people whose left ear will be preserved and treasured for twenty-seven years after they are gone.

The interest paid on the national debt is four times as large as the sum paid in pensions, yet people will complain of excessive pensions.

PURE GRIT.

I was one of the first men who signed papers with the much vaunted Confederate cruiser, the *Alabama*, and my service in her did not end until she sailed into an English port with the Confederate flag flying. You will thus realize that I participated in the capture of several dozen Federal merchantmen and whalers. There was a sameness about our manner of making captures which we were glad to have broken now and then. It was but rarely that a vessel was overhauled during the night. If we were in chase of her we simply kept her in sight, or tried to, until daylight came. While we could not anticipate any stubborn resistance, the right sort of a skipper might fire a volley into a boat's crew or go to some other uncomfortable extreme. As a rule we had only to close on our victim, fire a solid shot across his course, and he would heave to and put the best face possible on a bad matter. The First Lieutenant would be sent off to him with a boat and half a dozen marines, and in the course of half an hour his fate would be decided. If it were thought best to bond him, the papers were made out and signed and he was permitted to go his way. If his craft were to be destroyed, the men were allowed to bring their clothing and knick-knacks, the officers to pack up their personal effects, and inside of an hour the craft would be ablaze and we would be sailing away in search of another victim.

When we ran around in search of whalers we came upon a Yankee skipper who didn't know what surrender meant. We were just well to the west of the stormy cape, when, one morning after breakfast, we raised a whaler. He was headed up the coast, and about noon we overhauled him. He paid no attention to the first shot, and it was only when the second one hulled him that he came into the wind. It was then seen that he had fifteen or sixteen men aboard, and that all were armed with muskets and meant to defend the ship. The Lieutenant was sent off with his boat, but no sooner was he within fair musket range than the whaler opened on him, killing one man and wounding two at the first volley. The officer pushed ahead and demanded a surrender, but he got another volley and the reply that the whaler "would go to the bottom before he would surrender to a d— rebel!"

The boat was recalled, and our gunners were instructed to hull the whaler with solid shot. We approached him within rifle range and opened fire. Everyone of the balls plumped through his side at and above the water-line, and he answered with his muskets, severely

wounding two men. He was repeatedly hailed to surrender, but in reply he encouraged his men to maintain their fire. We soon had the sea pouring into his starboard side through a dozen holes, and when it was seen that he would soon go down we ceased firing and again demanded his surrender. I can remember just how he looked as he sprang upon the rail—tall, gaunt, hair flying, and eyes blazing, and shouted in reply:

"The Ben Scott don't surrender! Come and take us—if you can."

Five minutes later his craft settled down bow first. We lowered the boats to save his crew, and strangely enough not a man was lost. When we brought them aboard the Yankee skipper walked up to Semmes, bareheaded, barefooted and coatless, and said:

"If I'd only have had one old cannon aboard we'd have licked ye out of yer butes! Here we are, and what are ye going to do with us!"

He was voted a jolly good fellow, and the crew were better treated than any other ever forced aboard. In order to give them their liberty the very next capture we made was bonded and they were put aboard to sail for home.



On one occasion, near Cave City, General Buell ordered the men to be kept away from a fine spring, but the detachment on guard was over-run by thirsty men, and Buell rode with his stern official dignity to the spring to assume charge of the detail in person. He wore at the time a little straw hat and his fatigue uniform. A large, energetic man came up, thirsty and very impatient to fill his canteen. He rubbed against the General as he passed and stepped with one foot into the water, to fill his cup. Buell said quietly but decidedly: "Take your foot out, sir!" Still stooping, the six-footer looked up and said: "You go to Greenland's icy mountains. I don't want any Quartermaster's clerk ordering me around." For an instant the Commander of the Army of the Ohio was stunned by the unexpected reply. Then he said quietly but emphatically: "Gen. Buell orders you to take your foot—out—of—that—water." The man gave the General a look of unmistakable admiration, and then said quickly: "I'll do it, sir. If Gen. Buell would order me to jump head first into a cannon I would do it. Out comes the foot. Why didn't you say so before." This reply bothered the General a good deal, but he said nothing.



The Grant Memorial Fund continues to grow—slowly.

FIELD AND POST-ROOM.

VOL. I.

HARRISBURG, PA., AUGUST, 1886.

NO 8.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

The daring act of displaying the stars and stripes as the rebel army passed through Frederick, on the 6th of September, 1862, which this nonagenarian dame is reputed to have performed, forms one of the most charming episodes of the Rebellion. Whittier's poem has immortalized her name and the story. In reply to a letter inquiring the origin of the poem, Mr. Whittier wrote under date "Amesbury, 6mo. 16, 1872. My original informant was Mrs. Southworth, the authoress, of Washington. Soon after, Mrs. Dorothea Dix visited the city of Frederick, and confirmed her statement. Within two years, a nephew of Barbara Frietchie visited me, with a full confirmation of the heroism of his relative, and I have no doubt the main facts of the story are true."

The following is a portion of Mrs. Southworth's letter to the poet, dated "August 3, 1861. When Lee's army occupied Frederick, the only Union flag displayed in the city was held from an attic by Mrs. Barbara Frietchie, a widow lady, aged 97 years. Such was the paragraph that went the rounds of the Washington papers last September. From friends who were in Frederick at the time I have heard the whole story. * * * When, on the 6th of September, the advance of Lee's army, led by the formidable rebel, General Stonewall Jackson, entered Frederick, every Union flag was lowered, and the halyards cut; every store and every dwelling-house was closed. The inhabitants had retired indoors, the streets were deserted, and, to quote the official report, 'The city wore a church-yard aspect.' But Mrs. Barbara Frietchie, taking one of the Union flags, went to the top of her house, opened a garret window, and held it forth. The rebel army marched up the street, saw the flag, and the order was given, 'Halt! Fire!' and a volley was discharged at the window from which it was displayed. The flag-staff was partly broken, so that the flag drooped. The old lady drew it in, broke off the fragment, and, taking the stump, with the flag still attached to it, in her hand, she stretched herself as far out of the window as she could, held the stars and stripes at arm's length waving over the rebels and cried out, in a voice of indignation and sorrow, 'Fire

at this old head, then, boys; it is not more venerable than your flag.' They fired no more; they passed in silence, and with downcast looks; and she secured the flag in its place, where it waved unmolested during the whole of the rebel usurpation of the city. Stonewall would not permit her to be troubled. She died a few weeks after the Union troops entered; some thought of joy at the presence of the Union army, and others from the fatigue and excitement that she underwent in the 'lionization' that she received from those who would not emulate the old lady's courage, but did honor to her act.'

Such is the story which the poet has so beautifully paraphrased:—

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchard sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one!

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town;
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!" the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!" out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with the seam and sash,
Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf:

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.
All day long through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law:
And even the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

Barbara Frietchie's house was close to the bridge which spans the stream that crosses through Frederick. The house has since been pulled down, in order to widen the street, and a plain oaken case, made from its woodwork, was given to the poet by a nephew of the old dame in 1870, when he visited him, and confirmed in every particular the facts in the matter. Shortly after the poem was published, and began its never-ending circulation, Mr. Whittier received a letter from Judge Underwood, of the Supreme Court of Virginia, written at the request of a daughter of Stonewall Jackson, then resident in the judge's family, to thank the poet for his tender and graceful mention of her father in the true incident, where the general played such a conspicuous and noble part. The story, as told by Mr. Whittier, has been the occasion of much newspaper controversy; and one lady, over her own signature, has claimed to herself the honor of the deed which is inseparably connected by the poet

with Barbara Frietchie. Says one writer:*

"It is really of the smallest intrinsic consequence whether the actual Barbara Frietchie, nonagenarian dame of Frederick City, during troubled war times, now with God, did really set the patriot flag-staff on her attic window, and from that high perch, with shrill and gaunt gesture, address the oncoming bands of Confederates, with Stonewall Jackson at the head, in the energetic terms recited by the poet; for whatsoever the actual nonagenarian dame of invaded Frederick did, or did not do on that memorable day, the lady of the poem, who is the imperishable personage of this spirited battle-piece, certainly did stand (and stands yet) at her attic window; certainly did wave above the advancing foe (and waves yet) the old, heart-kindling ensign; and in this attitude—some what more real and enduring than her frail and passing prototype, or the dusty files that, under her slow-waving banner, have marched by into the still kingdoms—she will continue to stand, till all the memories of our war and Mr. Whittier's poetry have died out in the clamor of wilder wars and louder songs. There is no Barbara Frietchie for whom the world cares a fig, except the Barbara Frietchie of Mr. Whittier."

A correspondent of the *Army and Navy Journal* furnishes the following as the true story of Barbara's deed:—

"Old Barbara was both brave and patriotic. During the passage of the rebels through the town she is said to have had a very small flag inside of one of her windows, which she refused to give up on the demand of an officer or soldier.

"One day, returning from a walk, she found her steps occupied by a large number of rebel soldiers, to whom, using her cane with some energy, the old dame cried out, 'Clear out, you dirty, lousy scoundrels.' When our troops entered Frederick, she was at the window waving a flag. A general said to have been Gen. Reno, raising his cap, and reining in his horse, asked, 'How old is grandmother?' Some one at the window mentioned her age (over ninety), when he cried, 'Three cheers for the loyal old grandmother!' They were lustily given, and the column moved on.

"Mrs. Frietchie was a stont-hearted, patriotic, Christian woman, and it was not her fault that she did not do all attributed to her. Her house was a quaint, but attractive old-fashioned, steep roofed structure, with curious rear buildings immediately on the banks of Carrol's Run, a little stream which flows through Frederick City. In the slope of the roof which looks towards the street, are two

attic dormer windows, from one of which Barbara displayed her flag. This, the true story of Barbara's achievement, was obtained from a gentlemen who knew the old woman well, possessed her autograph, and had every opportunity for knowing the truth."

While it may not be appropriate to connect an absurdity with the foregoing account of the deed of an heroic woman, still we deem it proper to close this short sketch with the following parody on Whittier's Poem, the authorship of which is unknown:

Barbara Frietchie—New Version.

Id was droo der streeds of Fredericksdown,
Der red-hot zun he vas shine him down.

Bast der zallons all tilt mit beer,
Der rebel vellers yalked on dier ear.

All day droo Fredericksdown so fast,
Horses, und guns, und zogers bast.

Der rebel flag he shone him out so bridt,
As if, by Jinks, he had some ridt.

Vere was der Onion flag? Der zun
He looked him down on not a von.

Up jumped dot olt Miss Freitche den,
Zo olt by nine score years und ten.

She grabbed up der old flag der men haul down,
And fassen id quick by her nigtown.

Den she sot by her vindow var all could see
Dere vos one vot lofe dot flag so free.

Putty soon came ridin' up Stonewall Jack,
Sittin' from der mittle of der horse's back.

Under him brow he squint him eyes;
Dot flag! dot make him great surprise.

Halt! each veller make him still,
Fire! vas echoed from hill to hill.

Id busted der sdrrings from dot nigtown,
But Barbara Freitche, she was aoundt.

She grabbed the flag again so quick,
Und out of der vindow her arms did sdick.

"Obnse ef you would dis olt bald head,
But leave alone dot flag!" she said.

Zo soon, zo quick as Jack could do
He holler him out mit a face zo blue:

"Who bull a hair out of dot bald head,
Dies awful quick; go ahead!" he said.

Und all dot day, und all dot night,
Till efery rebel was out of site,

Und leave behind him dot Fredericksdown,
Dot flag he vas sticken by dot nigtown.

Dame Barbarie Freitche's vork is done,
She don't forever got some fun.

Bully for her! und drop a tear,
For dot old voman mitoud some fear.

ON HART'S ISLAND.

The last year and a half of the war I was stationed at Hart's Island, New York harbor. The island was a receiving depot for recruits from New York and a few neighboring states. It was fitted up with long barracks, twenty in number, each capable of accommodating four hundred men, but sometimes they would be crowded with half as many more, then in a few days there would be but few in number, according as they were fitted and drafted to the front.

To the majority of the men while here it was a jolly time, as they were composed mainly of substitutes, and were very flush with greenbacks. Very few got less than \$500, and many boasted of having received thousands. The attaches of the island could go to New York quite often on business, and at such times would be loaded down with commissions for those who could not get away.

Gold watches, rings, diamonds, breast pins and all sorts of extravagances were indulged in. Men who never had but a few dollars in their possession before were rich then and thought it would last forever.

The sutler must have made an immense fortune in that time, as he had no opposition, and his prices were enormous. No whisky was to be sold except to officers, but empty bottles could be picked up almost anywhere. Half pint bottles sold for \$1, oyster stews for fifty cents, bread twenty-five cents, and other things in proportion.

I must say here that the drafted men did not indulge quite so much on the fat of the island, and no doubt some who read this will remember their long faces and loose waistbands.

Soldiers would gamble, and as the maxim says, "don't spoil a good story for relation sake," here is how I got caught. I had been on the island but a few days when I was appointed sergeant and given command of a barracks.

I entered upon my duty at once, and I found the boys mainly occupied in passing their time at poker, vingt un, monte, and if you ever read Hoyle, you can find the rest. Having a forgetful disposition, I forgot my duty, which was to stop it, and putting a watch on the front door, I joined in. Soon after the back door opened, and glancing that way, who should I see enter but Col. Crane, the commandant of the island. Being seated on a blanket on the floor, it occurred to me that I was sleepy, and I rolled over and was fast asleep in quicker time than ever before. I awoke again about as quick, for as soon as he got near enough I felt his presence. Said he, "Go to your quarters under

arrest." I went. Do some of you old soldiers know how I felt? I was willing to be sent to the front, but not under arrest and with charges against me. I watched until the colonel went to his quarters, and in a few minutes I stood in his presence, cap in hand, and at attention. He looked at me but did not speak for five minutes or more.

"I ordered you to your quarters under arrest."

"Yes, sir, but will you not allow me a few words?"

"No; go to your quarters."

I stood a few minutes and then said: "Colonel, I was in the regular army, and along with you on that expedition to Salt Lake in 1856, and while there I formed that habit, and if you can overlook it this time it shall not happen again. I don't care how quick you send me to the front, but I will never get there with charges against me."

He questioned and found I spoke truly. He forgave me, we did not kiss, and sent me back to duty. No more gambling in my quarters, but it was no trouble to find the boys at any time under the bank enjoying themselves.

A good many roughs, bounty jumpers and scalawags were always on hand, and through them came plenty of trouble, as they were always committing robberies and using every means to swindle others out of their money. An outcry one night in my barracks brought me out to see what was the matter, when I found that a man had tried to rob another who happened to be awake. The thief had drawn the blanket off his victim, and began to feel for his money, when the would-be victim seized part of his pillow, a heavy boot, and knocked the thief down, nearly killing him. When searching the thief we found three packages of money and two watches he had stolen from other parties that night. Hardly a night passed but robberies were reported.

The small-pox broke out one day, and then there was fear and trembling. I never knew men want to get to the front so before. There were fifty-four cases of small-pox before it died out. Of that number only five died, and one of those had had the disease before. He was employed as a nurse and was terribly marked, yet in two weeks he was dead from a second attack of the same disease.

Having done the doctor a favor one day he had me transferred to the hospital department, and in connection therewith I must relate a few instances that came under my notice. I made it my practice to pass through the receiving barracks every day and inspect the recruits.

It was terrible to witness the condition of many of the men. The worst cases were those who had been roped in while under a long spree. The sudden cessation of their allowances of liquor caused many of them to have the delirium tremens. To see them trembling with wild and scared looks was enough to make one shudder. I made it my business to take them before the doctor, who would invariably send them into the hospital. One day I found a man in that condition, and in the absence of the doctor I took him to the dispensary for a dose, for I had learned what they wanted as well as if they had a prescription. Well, this man took the glass in both hands, he trembled so badly, and as he raised it to his lips he fell flat upon his back, dead.

One day I found a large, portly, noble looking man in the agonies of tremens, and it took a half dozen of us to get him to the hospital. In a few days he was sent to the barracks as cured. In about a week I found him again with tremens, and so terrible did he become that he had to be made a spread eagle of, for everytime he had the use of his hands or legs he would do some one an injury, and destroy all his clothes, bedding and everything he could get hold of. In a few weeks time, from one who would weigh 200 or over, he became reduced to a mere skeleton, and was discharged. His name was Davenport. He was an actor, and while in his delirium, almost day and night, spouted Shakespeare, and it was grand to hear him, but not to see him. He told me in his lucid period that he did not know how he came to get enlisted. He had been roped in.

Once in passing I saw a face that seemed familiar, but the man avoided me. The next time I met him I asked him where I had seen him before, when I found he was from my own home, and we had done business together. He told me that he had gone to New York to see a brother off to Australia, and walking along the street a stranger invited him to take a drink, after which he knew no more until he found himself upon the island. This man was sixty-five years old, but he said that as he had been made such a fool of, at his age, he should not ask for his discharge. Poor, old man, he went to the front, but never returned home. A great many such cases came under my observation.

One day there was a large detachment standing in line waiting to go on the boat, when a man motioned me to come to him. I did so, when he handed me an undirected envelope, and made the remark that I should read it when he was gone. Soon they left and I went to my quarters and opened the letter, when

out dropped a \$100 bill, and inscribed was "You saved my life."

Another time a man asked me to go with him to the sutler's. He ordered six of the best shirts in the establishment to be done up in a bundle, then handed it to me and asked me to accept them for what I did for him. He was one of the roped in. I must not forget to state the shirts cost \$6.00 each.

Near the last days of the war 10,000 rebel prisoners were sent on the island, and with them came the One Hundred and Forty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers as guards.

A large slice of the lower end of the island was fenced off and sheds erected. It was a beautiful place for a prison, as there was no means of escape except by swimming four miles. I never heard of any one trying it, nor of any one having escaped in any way. Our boys used to dig out occasionally down south. None of that here. Every man that saw the rebels arrive cannot but remember seeing near the head of the column a rebel who stood something over seven feet, but who looked about ten, on account of his extreme thinness. He was the occasion of a good many remarks of a kind not pleasant to him.

In the course of a few weeks the poor fellow was brought to our hospital and died. No coffin was found long enough, so his legs were unjointed at the knees and the difficulty obviated.

The rebels had no cause of complaint except as to freedom from prison life, as there was plenty to eat, drink, a place to bathe, and good quarters. The only difficulty was their lack of change of clothing, which made it difficult to rid themselves of lice. I believe a good many died from that cause alone, for I saw many a poor fellow when brought to the hospital and stripped, upon whose skin one could not place his finger but it would touch a raw spot, made so by vermin. I do verily believe I have seen 10,000 shaken out of some poor, sick fellow's shirt.

After one had passed through the prison department he could spend the rest of the day profitably in hunting. Thumb nails were in demand.

An order was issued that everybody on the island, rebs and all, should be vaccinated, so at it the attaches of the hospital went; but among the rebs there was great remonstrance, and it went very slow. One day I was sent, and to facilitate matters I made the sergeant in charge of each hundred fall in their men in two ranks, then open ranks two paces, face inward, and every man roll up his left sleeve, and here, I claim, I did the biggest day's work of the kind

ever recorded. That day I stuck the virus into 2,100. A man held the virus and I worked the probe; and I can't help laughing to this day to think of the difference in men. Some yelled, some jumped, some got down on their knees, and some said d— you; but small-pox had broken out, and business was business.

◆◆◆
COMMODORE MORRIS AND GENERAL BUTLER.

Farragut seized all the steamboats that had escaped the attention of the retreating Confederates at the capture of New Orleans, and among them was the famous *Tennessee*, which the blockading fleet had been watching for some time, and which failed to elude the vigilance of the cruisers. She was a side-wheeler, about 1,300 tons burden, and carried five guns. She was built in Baltimore in 1853.

When boarded by boats from the fleet, the *Tennessee* was found ready for the flames, the cabins, deck and hold having been filled with combustibles of all descriptions. In one of the boats were two engineer officers to take charge of the machinery, and upon their entering the engine room, it was discovered that the injection valves had been left open, the pipes cut in two, and that she was rapidly sinking. All hands worked with a will, knowing just what to do, and she was soon ready for service, being employed in transporting Butler's troops and supplies from the quarantine station to the city.

She was soon after repaired, strengthened, and supplied with a battery, and commissioned to carry supplies and stores to the West Gulf blockading squadron.

The *Tennessee* was officered and manned from Farragut's fleet, making a very valuable and welcome addition to the force.

On one occasion, when about forty hours distant from the Passes, the steamer encountered a heavy southeast gale of wind. She was a very good weatherly craft, and despite the wind and choppy sea that prevailed, all would have gone well but for an accident in the engineer's department. In the height of the gale the out-board delivery pipe broke in two. The vessel was loaded deep, the pipe was over three feet under water, rendering it impossible under the circumstances to remedy the evil. At the rate the water was pouring through the aperture into the ship it was only a question of a very short time as to how long she would remain above the blue waters of the gulf.

All hands were called to save the ship; the men worked like beavers, and under the cool, calm orders of the officers were enabled to jettison a large portion of the cargo. A sufficient

quantity was shifted over to give the vessel a strong list, which helped matters wonderfully, and with the aid of the steam pumps control was kept of the leak.

The commanding officer lost no time in heading his sorely pressed craft towards the passes of the Mississippi, which she reached in due time with great difficulty and no small amount of labor.

Upon arrival at quarantine the quarantine doctor ordered the vessel to anchor and undergo the usual term of detention for the safety of all concerned.

"But, doctor, I have been to no port since I left here. My vessel is leaking badly, in fact almost sinking beneath me, and it is only through the mercy of Providence that I have escaped foundering with all on board. If my pumps should give out, even now, we would sink in half an hour."

"I am very sorry for your misfortunes, sir," was the cool and exasperating reply of the quarantine official, "but I cannot permit you to proceed to town. My orders are imperative."

"But consider my situation. See how the vessel is careened, listen to the constant clank of those pumps. Am I to lose the vessel merely to conform to a useless regulation in this instance?"

"I am not here to argue the point, sir, but to obey and carry out the orders of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, commanding at New Orleans."

The commander of the vessel glanced over the side, the doctor's boat was towing just abreast the gangway. Stepping to a bell-pull communicating with the engine room, he turned to the doctor, saying:

"I shall be pleased to offer you a passage to town, sir; but if you cannot leave your post, I advise you to get into your boat without further loss of time. I am about to go ahead at full speed, sir," and suiting the action to the word signalled the engineer to "go ahead full speed."

The doctor stared, the commander raised his cap, turned on his heel and walked away, while the discomfited disciple of Esculapius passed rapidly and wrathfully over the side, omitting on that occasion the customary courtesy of saluting the commanding officer of the vessel. That individual, however, smiled grimly as he entered the pilot-house, and the doctor, muttering audibly as he was paddled ashore, vowed that "You may crow now, but 'he laughs best who laughs last.' It may not be many hours, my fine cock-a-hoop, before I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again right here, and compelling you to pay proper respect to

the quarantine regulations, or I shall be very much mistaken in my estimate of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. Sinking, eh? Well, what has that got to do with quarantine instructions and necessities, I should like to know? Let him sink after he has been fumigated and quarantined. That is no concern of mine," and the doctor waxed madder, as the Tennessee glided up stream, disappearing around the nearest bend.

Arriving at New Orleans the crippled vessel made fast to the wharf, and directly abreast of the Pensacola, then flag-ship at New Orleans, and flying the broad pennant of Henry W. Morris, as brave, courteous and finished a seaman as ever graced a ship's deck, or carried Uncle Sam's commission in his pocket. Capt. Farragut was away at the time, which left Morris senior officer of the forces afloat.

As the Tennessee was making fast to the wharf a sergeant and platoon of soldiers appeared at the head of it, and with fixed bayonets, posted themselves in such a manner that it was impossible to pass them, either approaching to or leaving the wharf.

The commander of the Tennessee noticing a cutter from the Pensacola lying in the next slip, and desiring to lose no time in communicating with his superior, as was his duty, hurried up the wharf to catch the boat, but was brought up standing by a row of glittering steel.

"What the devil does this mean?" roared the astonished officer as he stepped back. "I am on important business and must not be delayed."

"You are an officer of the Tennessee, sir?" inquired the sergeant as he drew himself up in proper attitude, eyes to the front, and made an elaborate and respectful salute.

"Yes, sergeant, I command her, and my vessel is sinking. I must get help at once or she will be at the bottom of the Mississippi."

"I beg your pardon, captain, but I must obey my orders, and they are not to allow any one from the Tennessee to leave the wharf or communicate with shore."

"And from whom did your orders emanate?"

"Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, sir."

"Damn Gen. Benjamin F. Butler," growled the officer, as he retreated rapidly up the wharf in the direction of his vessel, "but I know a trick worth two of that."

The next instant the Tennessee's gig was called away bearing the commander in safety alongside the massive and frowning sides of the flag ship.

He requested to be shown at once into the presence of the flag officer, who greeted him

with the bon homie characteristic of a true son of Neptune. Capt. Morris was a fine appearing officer, short, broad shoulders, smoothly shaven, hair as white as snow and an eye blue and keen as the glitter of a Toledo blade.

In a few words the commander made his report, gave brief details of the disaster, its nature, how it occurred and the trouble with the quarantine officials.

"Did I understand you to say that Butler's soldiers were on the wharf now?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll fix it for you"—and turning round to his table the flag officer addressed a polite note to the general commanding, explaining the circumstances connected with the Tennessee, and while requesting that the officer in charge might be allowed to go about his business without further molestation, demanded an explanation of the high-handed measures so arbitrarily enforced. "You will be pleased to remember," concluded Morris, in his note, "that you are not dealing with persons disloyal to the government, but with United States naval officers."

"Orderly, my compliments to the officer of the deck, and tell him to send this note to Gen. Butler's headquarters by an officer without delay."

Pending the arrival of an answer from shore, refreshments were served in the cabin, and the gentlemen were enjoying their cigars when an official document from army headquarters was handed into the cabin.

"Ah, we have it now, and you are all right, my friend," said the senior officer complacently, as he adjusted his eye glasses and proceeded to read the document.

A sudden outburst of wrath—one, two, three, very strong adjectives, an emphatic downward stroke of the senior officer's fiat on the table to the imminent peril of glassware, saluted the astonished ears of the commander of the Tennessee.

Things did not appear to be "all right," and the General had, in fact, flatly refused to accede to the senior officer's request. "The vessel in question," he wrote, "has willfully evaded the quarantine, and proceeded to town contrary to all rules and regulations governing the sanitary precautions inaugurated for the safety and health of the city. The Tennessee, much as I regret the necessity and possible annoyance to which it may subject you, must undergo quarantine."

"Van, where the devil is Van!" shouted Morris, his usually placid countenance red as a turkey cock's from suppressed rage and astonishment.

"Here I am, sir," quietly replied his private secretary, emerging from behind a large curtain.

"Sit down, sir, sit down, and write as I tell you," and Morris strode up and down the cabin, his coat-tails fluttering wildly behind him, while his deep blue eyes sparkled like Ceylon sapphires fresh from the mines. Halting for a moment along the table he growled: "Write Gen. Butler that I will allow him just thirty minutes to rid the wharf of his soldiers. If it is not done in that time, I will save the trouble by securing the place with grape and canister. Furthermore, if my authority as senior officer of this fleet does not meet with more respect, I'll drop down the river with my force and let him defend the city as best he can against the thirty thousand rebs who are waiting outside. He couldn't hold the place twenty-four hours were it not for our presence," continued Morris. "Orderly, tell the executive officer to come here." As that gentleman entered, the senior officer said: "Have the signal made for the fleet to prepare to get under way, sir."

The officer was too well trained to show any surprise, and in a few minutes balls of gaily colored hunting were dancing aloft from all the numerous vessels of the fleet. The hum and bustle of preparation resounded on all sides, everybody wandering "what was in the wind."

In the midst of it all an officer in a ten-oared barge pulled alongside the flag-ship. He was arrayed in full uniform and bore a letter for Capt. Morris.

That gentleman opened it in hot haste. The fire in his eye gave way to a mellower light as he ran rapidly over the contents, and with the faintest outline of a smile upon his thin, compressed lips, he turned to the expectant commander of the Tennessee, who had been the innocent cause of all the official bobbery, saying:

"Go look after your vessel, sir, the wharf has been cleared."

"It is good," * * * referring to army reunions, "to see the boys filing by as we saw them twenty-five years ago; but, alas, how gray they are, and how stooped and awkward of step. But 'our boys' they will always be in spite of the snow in their hair, and the stiffness in their limbs. They were the heroes of the grandest army the world ever saw, and the scenes and conflicts in which they participated were the most brilliant that history has ever recorded, and of which our nation can justly be proud."

"Who comes there?" "A friend!" "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." "Field and Post Room."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
FRANK B. KINNEARD AND WILSON C. FOX,
320 MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG.

ENTERED IN THE HARRISBURG POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Fifty Cents per year, in advance. Postage prepaid.

A BLOODHOUND'S GRATITUDE.

At Andersonville the prisoners were allowed to go out in squads, strongly guarded, to collect fire-wood. One day it was the hero's turn to go, and for the first time since his imprisonment he caught sight of "Colonel Catchem," the big bloodhound. The Michiganier noticed that the dog limped painfully on one of his fore feet, but gave the matter no special attention until, after being out for half an hour, he sat down to rest near one of the guards. The dog approached the guard as if to ask some favor, but was repulsed with an oath and threatened blow. He then skulked around and came near the prisoner, who saw that he had an old horseshoe nail run into his foot. With a little coaxing he got the dog near and finally pulled out the nail, and the animal ran away, seemingly well pleased. Twelve days after that, one night about midnight, a tunnel was ready. The prisoner was a long time getting clear of the neighborhood, and weak and starved as he was, he was not more than two miles from the stockade when day broke and "Colonel Catchem" was put on his track. When he heard the hound coming he looked for a suitable tree to climb, but failed to find one. Armed with a club, he took his stand and resolved to make a fight for it. The dog recognized the man and began exhibiting every sign of friendship. After a few minutes the pursuers were heard in the distance. The dog at once trotted off in that direction, and was shortly baying and leading them over a fictitious trail. The prisoner pushed ahead for half an hour, and was then rejoined by the dog, who kept either close to his heels or just ahead of him all day, and lay beside him in the woods at night. This position of guardian or companion he maintained until towards night of the second day, when he returned to the stockade. The prisoner was then thirty miles away, but on the fifth morning he was recaptured. When he returned the hound met and caressed him. From that hour to the close of the war the dog would not take the trail of an escaping prisoner.

A NEWFOUNDLAND STEW.

In January, 1863, the Third Vermont and Twenty-sixth New Jersey regiments, brigaded together in the First Vermont brigade, were in winter quarters at White Oak church, opposite Fredericksburg. The Twenty-sixth was a nine months' regiment, recruited mainly in Newark and the Oranges, and its boys were fond of good living and plenty of it, but did not get a large enough allowance from the quartermaster to satisfy them. They made it up, however, by "foraging" on the commissary stores when some one of the other regiments in the brigade, particularly the Third, was on guard. This had been going on for about two months, and the Third got tired of it. The Twenty-sixth owned a large, fat Newfoundland dog, which a foraging party of the Third captured one night. It was killed and dressed to look like mutton, and then hung among the commissary stores during the following day. At night the Third was placed on guard with instructions not to be particular about preventing the foragers from the Twenty-sixth from taking what they desired.

And sure enough in the morning the dog was gone. The next day some of the officers of the Twenty-sixth sent an invitation to some officers of the Third to dine with them. The invitation was accepted; and hosts and guests sat down to a well-appointed dinner, the heavy piece of which was "mutton-stew." The visitors did full justice to every course except the "stew" to which, however, their hosts applied themselves vigorously. At the conclusion of the meal, Surgeon Goodwin, of the Third, picking up one of the ribs and addressing himself to the Surgeon of the Twenty-sixth, who sat beside him, asked:

"Doctor, isn't this a rather peculiarly constructed rib for a sheep?"

The New Jersey Surgeon took it in his hand and examined it carefully. Then he blurted out, loud enough to attract the attention of all: "It's a dog rib, by thunder!"

The joke was out; and from that time until they were mustered out of the service the members of the Twenty-sixth were greeted by other regiments with a chorus of barks.

A FLUCKY CAPTAIN.

The brilliant exploit of Captain Strong, of the Second Wisconsin regiment, in escaping as he did, from the Confederates, into whose clutches he unfortunately fell, was the theme of congratulation on the part of every one who knew the gallant captain's worth. When he enlisted

as a Union soldier he was a student in Racine College, about twenty-one years of age, well built and very active and agile. He was regarded in college as the best jumper, runner, etc., and withal an excellent shot, as well as a popular comrade of the students. Of his remarkable escape he says:

"As I was passing through a thicket I was surrounded by six rebel soldiers—four infantry and two cavalry. The footmen were poorly dressed and badly armed, having old rusty altered muskets, while the cavalry were well mounted and well armed.

"Seeing I was caught, I thought it best to surrender at once. So I said, 'Gentlemen, you have me.' I was asked several questions as to who I was, where I was going, what regiment I belonged to, etc., all of which I refused to answer. One footman said, 'Let's hang the d— Yankee scoundrel,' and pointed to a convenient limb. Another said, 'No, let's take him to camp and hang him there.' One of the cavalry, who seemed to be the leader, said, 'We will take him to camp.' They then marched me through an open place—two footmen in front, two in the rear, and a cavalryman on each side of me. I was armed with two revolvers and my sword. After going some twenty rods, the sergeant, who was on my right, noticing my pistols, commanded me to halt and give them up, together with my sword. I said, 'Certainly, gentlemen,' and immediately halted. As I stopped, they all filed past me, and, of course, were in front.

"We were at this time in an open part of the woods, but about sixty yards to the rear was a thicket of undergrowth. Thus everything was in my favor. I was quick of foot and a passable shot. Yet the design of escape was not formed until I brought my pistol pouches to the front of my body and my hands touched the stocks. The grasping of the stocks of the pistols suggested my cocking them as I drew them out. This I did, and the moment I got command of them I shot down the two footmen nearest to me—about six feet off—one with each hand. I immediately turned and ran toward the thicket in the rear. The confusion of my captors was apparently so great that I had nearly reached cover before shots were fired at me. One ball passed through my left cheek, passing out of my mouth. Another—a musket ball—went through my canteen.

"Immediately upon the volley, the two cavalrymen separated, one to my right and the other to my left, to cut off my retreat—the remaining two footmen charging directly towards me. I turned when the horsemen got up, and

fired three or four shots; but the balls flew wild.

I still ran on; got over a small knoll, and had nearly gained one of our pickets, when I was headed off by both of the mounted men.

"The Sergeant called to me to halt and surrender. I gave no reply, but fired at him and ran in the opposite direction. He pursued and overtook me, and just as his horse's head was abreast of me, I turned, took good aim and pulled the trigger, but the cap snapped. At this time his carbine was unslung, and he was holding it with both hands on the left side of his horse. He fired at my breast without raising the piece to his shoulder, and the shot passed from the right side of my coat through it and my shirt to the left, just grazing the skin. The piece was so near that it burnt the cloth about the size of my hand. I was, however, uninjured this time save the shot through my cheek. I then fired at him again and brought him to the ground, hanging by his foot in the left stirrup, and his horse galloping toward his camp. I saw no more of the horseman on my left, nor of the two footmen; but running on soon came to our own pickets, uninjured save the shot through my cheek, but otherwise much exhausted from my exertion."

THE GENERAL AND THE EDITOR.

The other day a bore sauntered into a newspaper office, took a chair beside a journalistic friend, pulled out a *Century* and opened to the map of a celebrated engagement. With a sigh, the editor, who, by the way, stutters most disastrously, laid down his pen and prepared to be bored for an hour. Said the veteran:

"Oh, this was a famous battle, and how well I remember the day and recall the scene. How plainly this map recalls to my mind the green fields and the dusty roads! Here where my finger points is where the enemy tried to turn our left flank. Here is where we charged, driving them back in disorder. At this point our gallant major fell, penetrated by a score of minnie balls. And here, right beside this clump of trees, is where I had my leg broken by a bullet."

"G-G-General," said the editor, his face as impassive as a wall, "w-w-won't you show the b-b-boys, please, where your b-b-brains were blown out."

During the Rebellion, the number of deaths are estimated at 284,000, which is rather low, and each death cost the government the sum of \$16,725.

THE BLUE AND GRAY.

Old Farmer Gray came in from work, took off his coat and hat.
 And hung them on the well-worn peg near where the good wife sat;
 Then putting on his spectacles, for his eyes began to fail,
 And bringing up the old arm-chair, took out his evening's mail.

For years and years together they had walked life's rugged road;
 Together they had jogged along, each bearing half the load;
 Full fifty years had swiftly passed since he with boyish pride
 Brought her beneath that humble roof, a happy, blushing bride.

The old man read his papers, the good wife sat and thought
 Of the many, many changes that time's swift flight had brought;
 Of the little curly heads that once had nestled on her breast;
 Of the little chubby fingers that the mother's hand had pressed.

Before her, like a fitful dream, rose up the buried past;
 She saw again her oldest boy just as she saw him last—
 As he bore aloft his country's flag, his comrades by his side,
 And marched away that summer day, his mother's joy and pride.

She saw, again, the other son—the noble willful Ned—
 Who, since he left his parents' home, had been to them as dead;
 For when grim death stalked through the land and war clouds filled the sky,
 He drew his sword against the flag our fathers placed on high.

The weeks that passed she ne'er forgot, the weary mouths and years,
 Each with its share of dread suspense, its hopes, its joys, its fears.
 The sleepless nights, the anxious days, their heavy load of cares,
 Though each were followed day by day with a mother's fervent prayers.

One boy had followed Sherman on the march down to the sea;
 The other, he had fought and bled with Longstreet and with Lee.

In all the world no braver sons a mother had than they,
 Though one had worn his country's blue, the other donned the gray.

Near one of Georgia's dismal swamps, among the tangled vines,
 Beneath the spreading cypress and the stately, waving pines,
 Where met the lines of battle, two graves lie side by side—
 'T was here the brothers met, and here they fought and died.

And though she loves her country's flag, borne by the boy in blue,
 She loved the boy who wore the gray, and gave his young life, too;
 And every year, as time rolls round, on Decoration Day,
 She scatters flowers in memory of both the blue and gray.

GETTING OUT OF THE ARMY.

One of the earliest tricks practiced on the surgeons to secure a discharge was to be taken down with rheumatism. Unless the soldier was too sharp he stood a pretty fair chance of gaining his end in time. A bad case of inflammatory rheumatism would reveal itself to the surgeon at once, but in case a man pretended to be sore, lame, and almost helpless, there was no telling whether he was a fraud or a sufferer. The wise soldier didn't go beyond a certain limit in his helplessness. He was just helpless enough to escape all duty, and lie around until it was believed that he would never be any better, and that it was wisdom to discharge him. He might be six months securing his end, but it was pretty sure to come. There were three cases in my regiment where men played this dodge on me and got their discharge. Each one of them had been helpless for months, and yet they had not been discharged more than a week before they were all as active as any one. The soldier who was suddenly taken with inflammatory rheumatism, either had a genuine case or his hypocrisy was soon exposed and he was returned to duty.

Now and then a desperately homesick man resorted to the expedient of losing his voice to secure his discharge. It was not long before every surgeon was "on" to this scheme, and very few men could play it successfully for any length of time. We had in our regiment a private named Alanson White, who first tried the rheumatic dodge to secure his discharge. He was sent to the hospital to be treated, and seemed to suffer considerable pain, and to have the symptoms of inflammatory rheumatism. On the third day of his stay he received a letter to the effect that his wife had lost \$200 of the money he had sent home by lending it on poor security. He was so excited and indignant that he rushed up and down the ward, swearing and cursing, and finally dressed himself and walked four miles to camp to talk the matter over with the boys. His cure was instantaneous. Three months later he suddenly lost his voice. I suspected trickery, and after diligent inquiry learned that he had gone deliberately at work. He had held his feet in ice-cold water in order to catch cold, and as if that was not enough he had exposed himself to a soaking rain for several hours and let his clothes dry on him. He got a cold, and after coughing for several days he began to lose his voice. In a week he could not speak above a whisper. I sent him to the hospital with instructions that he be watched. He anticipated this, and he set himself at work to beat us all.

Several surgeons examined White's throat very thoroughly, and it was the unanimous verdict that nothing ailed him. In a week he was over the cold, but he doggedly asserted that his voice was gone, and it was no use to return him for duty. We then conspired to betray him. One day, as he sat outside the hospital building in the sun, smoking his pipe, one of the nurses was ordered to pass near him with a pail of water and bring about an accident. This he did, and White was suddenly doused with three or four quarts of water. He gave a great jump, but did not yell out, as we had anticipated. On another occasion his chair was suddenly pulled from under him, but nothing more than a grunt was the result. At another time, by what seemed altogether to be an accident, a pistol was discharged at his ear, but the fellow uttered no exclamation. He had set his mind to the idea that he had lost his voice, and waking or sleeping he was determined not to be betrayed.

We held three or four councils over his case, and at length we hit upon a scheme that was successful. It was given out among other convalescents that White was to be discharged, and, of course, the news soon reached his ears. The fact that he had gained his point, or was about to, would naturally excite his exultation and render his sleep more or less restless. One night before going to bed the convalescent next to White began to tell stories of snakes, tarantulas and centipedes, and how such reptiles had been found in his bedding in Texas before the war. The bite of a tarantula he assured White, felt like the application of fire, and it was seldom that a victim recovered. He worked on White with such stories until the man went to bed with his mind full of reptiles. He occupied a bed at the extreme end of the ward, and next to a window. It was an hour before he fell asleep, and then he was uneasy and evidently bothered with bad dreams. By and by the head nurse of the ward carefully approached with a lighted cigar. With his free hand he cautiously uncovered one of White's feet, and the cigar was touched to his big toe. The result was astonishing. With a series of screams that awoke every patient in the ward, White leaped out of bed, and as he danced up and down he called at the top of his voice:

"Get the doctor, quick! I've been bitten by a centipede!"

Such was his excitement that it was two or three minutes before he realized that he had betrayed himself. Then he owned up like a man to the facts, expressed a desire to become a more worthy soldier, and was returned to his

company to be wounded and honorably discharged a year later.

♦ ♦ ♦

The above reminiscence recalls to memory a similar case. As hospital steward of my regiment I had opportunity to notice the different tricks and devices employed for getting out of the army. One of the most laughable and best played was that of a private of one of the companies, who had been suffering from rheumatism for some time. He persistently used a cane while walking—one of his legs appeared to be drawn up and lame. Although closely watched, he had been so consistent in his actions that the regimental surgeon and camp officers thought it best to give him a discharge. After having been examined by the brigade surgeon the soldier's papers were sent up to headquarters, but on account of some red-tape omission came back to us for correction. The camping-ground, on the right bank of the Mississippi, was very much infested by rats, and the boys enjoyed themselves by pouring water into the rats' holes, causing them to come out, whereupon they would be pursued and much fun resulted from the chase. One morning while eating breakfast our crippled soldier was standing near the kitchen tent, a deeply interested spectator of the sport the boys were having in drowning out and watching the sousing of the rats. All at once that lame man surprised us by running as fast and well as a school boy would, calling out: "Rats, boys, there is a rat," and throwing his cane at the rats at the same time.

Well, he gave it up. The discharge papers not having been returned to headquarters yet, were corrected in such a way as to return a soldier to his company, of which he was afterwards a good member.

♦ ♦ ♦

At Cold Harbor a shell exploded in an Ohio regiment advancing against a battery, and sixteen men were wiped out in an instant. Of these nine were blown to fragments and the others horribly mutilated. The battery was firing thirty to forty shells per minute, and this was the work of a single one. One discharge of grape in the same fight killed fourteen men in a Michigan regiment, and a New York regiment that went in with seven hundred and three men in line came out with two hundred and sixty. On one acre of ground the burial party found over seven hundred dead men. In a bit of woods where the battle lines had clashed, more than two thousand dead were found in a space not wider than a square in a city, and no more than three times as long.

MR. LINCOLN AND COL. SCOTT.

It was in the summer of '62, and McClellan's sojourn in the Chickahominy had filled the hospitals far and near with the sick. Col. Scott, of a New Hampshire regiment, lay low with fever at Newport News. The nurse wrote to the wife of the condition of her husband, and told her that the doctor in charge of the hospital remarked that morning, as he visited her ward, "that special care must be given Col. Scott, for he was a very sick man."

The very day that the wife received this letter she started for Virginia. She found her husband alive, and her courageous spirit and loving assiduity soon began to tell in his improving health. In a week, leaning on her loving arm, he was able to walk a little about the hospital. A great battle was daily expected, so a steamer was to take to the hospitals about Washington such of the patients as could bear removal, that room might be made for the expected wounded. Mrs. Scott found difficulty in getting her husband designated among the several scores that were thus to be sent north.

That evening just as the steamer turned from the bay into the Potomac, she came in collision with a transport coming down, was badly stoveen, several state rooms being carried away with their sleeping occupants, and some twelve or more of these sick men and their attendants were drowned, among the number the faithful and noble wife of Col. Scott.

A few who were thrown into the water were rescued, but when all hope of saving others was at an end, the steamer proceeded on her way.

The next day a telegram was received at the War Department, telling that the people residing in the neighborhood had found the bodies of several of the victims of the collision, and had given them burial in such a manner that they could be identified if friends called for them; that among these rescued and buried bodies was that of Mrs. Scott. This information coming to Col. Scott, he naturally was anxious to return down the river, that he might receive the body of his devoted wife and take it to New Hampshire for sepulture.

A grand forward movement at the front then being in contemplation, for a day or two there had been an order issued from the War Department that no passes on transportation down the Potomac should be allowed any one, save those actually engaged in operating with the movement. So, when Col. Scott applied to Secretary Stanton for permission to go down the river he was refused, and no time permitted him for entreaty. From Mr. Stanton, Col. Scott hurried

to the White House. It was late on Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Lincoln had left, wearier even than was his wont, for his retreat at the "Soldiers' Home;" and in the hope of an undisturbed evening and quiet Sabbath, that he might gather some strength for the coming week, expected to be one of stirring events.

Col. Scott soon found a New Hampshire friend who knew Mr. Lincoln, and the way out to the "Soldiers' Home." When they reached the gray stone cottage where Mr. Lincoln spent his weary nights and thoughtful Sundays of that anxious summer of '62, it was in the deepening twilight. The house was still and dark—not a lamplighted, not a sound, save the "katydids" in the old elm calling to "katydidn'ts."

The servant who answered the bell led the way into the little parlor, where, in the gloaming, entirely alone, sat Mr. Lincoln. In his escape, as he supposed, from all visitors, and weary with the heat and care of the day, he had thrown off his coat and shoes, and with a large palm leaf fan in his hand, as he reposed in a broad chair, one leg hanging over its arm, he seemed to be in deep thought, perhaps studying the chances of the impending battle.

Uninterrupted by a single word from Mr. Lincoln, the Colonel told his sad story; his sickness, and the coming to him of his wife, her terrible death, the finding of the body, and his desire to reach it and take it to his home. Then he added that he had been to Mr. Stanton, been refused permission to go down the river, and so, in his despair, he had come to him.

At this point, Mr. Lincoln rose to his feet, and in a voice of mingled vexation and sadness, asked: "Am I to have no rest? Is there no hour or spot when or where I may escape this constant call? Why do you follow me out here with such business as this? Why do you not go to the war office, where they have charge of all this matter of papers and transportation?"

The Colonel repeated the fact of his going to Mr. Stanton, and his refusal.

"Then probably you ought not to go down the river. Mr. Stanton knows all about the necessities of the hour; he knows what rules are necessary, and rules were made to be enforced. It would be wrong for me to override his rules and decisions in cases of this kind; it might work disaster to important movements. And then you ought to remember that I have other duties to attend to—heaven knows, and enough for one man—and that I can give no thought to questions of this kind. Why do you come here to appeal to my humanity? Don't you know, Col. Scott, that we are in the midst of war? That suffering and death press upon

all of us? The works of humanity and affection which we would cheerfully perform in days of peace are all trampled upon and outlawed by war. There is no room left for them. There is but one duty now, that is to fight. The only call of humanity now is to conquer peace thro' unrelenting warfare. War, and war alone, is the duty of us all.

"Your wife might have trusted you to the care which the government has provided for its sick soldiers. At any rate, you must not vex me with your family troubles. Why, every family in the land is crushed with sorrow; but they must not each come to me for help. I have all the burden I can carry. Go to the War Department. Your business belongs there. If they cannot help you, then bear your burden, as we all must, until this war is over. Everything must yield to the paramount duty of finishing the war."

Colonel Scott was terribly disappointed and crushed by this totally unexpected rebuff. He knew there was no hope in returning to Mr. Stanton, so he returned to his hotel, and walked his room until morning, when, throwing himself upon his bed, he had scarcely fallen asleep, when he was awakened by a hurried footstep in the hall, and a sharp rap at his door. He opened it and was seized by both hands by Abraham Lincoln, who, in a voice as buoyant and sympathetic as last night, though it was weary and ceremonious, exclaimed: "My dear Colonel, I was a brute last night. I have no excuse for my conduct. Indeed, I was weary to the last extent, but I had no right to treat a man with rudeness, who had offered his life for his country, much more a man who came to me in great affliction. Col. Scott, I honor you for your attachment to the memory of your wife, and for your desire to take the body to your home and kindred. She was a devoted, heroic wife, worthy of your love, and to think that I should have made any criticism, as I did last night, upon her being away from her home and in a place of danger. This war, Col. Scott, has shown many qualities on the part of our people; but in my soul I have no higher admiration than in the nobility of our women, in the patriotic order with which they gave up their husbands and sons for the service, and the tender devotion with which they follow and care for them in the hospitals. That I should have any but words of warm consideration for such a woman, hurrying to her husband's sick bed, or been seemingly indifferent to the terrible grief, my dear Colonel, which crushes you, I cannot understand. I have had a regretful night. Now, my good man, hurry

and get ready. I have seen Secretary Stanton, and he has arranged all. They are getting up the fires on a boat at the Navy Yard, which you will take down the river. An undertaker, with his assistants in the service of the Quartermaster's Department, has been ordered aboard the boat to give you all the needed help. You will find everything on board necessary for your sad errand. Now, get ready; don't stop for breakfast, you can get that on board the boat after you start, and I have my carriage here and will go with you to the wharf. And, Colonel, when you get home, don't tell your children of my conduct last night; but tell them that I beg permission to share in their sorrow for the loss of so good a mother. And, Colonel, notwithstanding my apparent indifference last night, I honor you from the bottom of my heart for your manly love for your wife and devotion to her memory."

The President, in his carriage, took Colonel Scott to the steamer, and seeing that every detail had been attended to, stood by until the boat cast off, and then rode back six miles to his breakfast.

Such was the great, true, warmhearted Abraham Lincoln. He was our countryman—and God be thanked that when the most terrific war of history beat upon our government, he was our President.



An old gentleman who was on intimate terms at the White House during the war, says:—"Stories about Mr. Lincoln are plenty enough, but I will tell you one which I can vouch for as being true. One of Mr. Lincoln's most esteemed friends was ex-Governor Tod, of Ohio. He was a quaint old character, and Lincoln loved him for his honesty, ability and native shrewdness. At one time he thought of Mr. Tod in connection with the secretaryship of the treasury, but afterwards he gave him a foreign mission. One evening when Mr. Tod was in the city Mr. Lincoln invited him over to the White House. They had a long chat together when Mr. Lincoln finally said: 'Look here, Tod; how is it you spell your name with only one d? I married a Todd, but she spelled her name with two d's. All of her relatives do the same. You are the first Tod I ever met who spelled his name with so few letters.'

"Old Tod looked at Mr. Lincoln in his peculiarly quizzing manner and then replied: 'Mr. President, God spells his name with only one d, and what is good enough for God is good enough for me.'

"Mr. Lincoln used to repeat the story to some of his most intimate friends."

COUGHED UP A BULLET.

General William J. Bolton, of Norristown, on May 20, 1881, coughed up a bullet which he had carried in his body for seventeen years. It was received on the 30th of July, 1864, the day of the famous mine explosion at Petersburg. He was then Colonel of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, which had been detailed as a forlorn hope to lead an assault upon a fort to the left of the crater. Those familiar with the history of the war will remember that a portion of the rebel works before Petersburg were undermined and successfully exploded, making a breach through which it was thought the Federal army would make a grand push. The assailants advanced into the crater produced by the explosion, which caused such a panic in the ranks of the rebel army there that, in the opinion of many critics, they could have pushed forward, meeting with little resistance. But for some reason the head of the column halted in the crater, until the rebels rallied and drove them back. The first assailants were colored troops, and Colonel Bolton received his wound while standing exposed on a mound of earth, watching them as they marched to the assault. A spherical shell, charged with small iron bullets, a favorite form of ammunition with the Confederates, burst near him, and one of the bullets struck him in the right lower jaw. It entered exactly at the point where he had received a bullet wound in the battle of Antietam, on the 17th of September, 1862, or nearly two years previous. The Antietam bullet broke the jaw bone, but the Petersburg ball passed under and lodged behind it. Incidentally, his mishap was a piece of good fortune for the troops under his command, half of whom would probably have been killed had they made the assault as intended, for, as soon as his fall was reported at headquarters, the order was countermanded.

The Colonel was carried to the rear, and taken to a field hospital, where the wound was dressed by Dr. Wm. C. Shurlock, afterwards Clerk of the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, and now a resident of Fargo, Dakota. He was then Surgeon of the Fifty-first, and reputed to be one of the most skillful operators in the army; still he was unable to find the bullet, but predicted that it would eventually work out. Several other surgeons probed for it without success. He was taken to City Point and from there to Georgetown Hospital, and at each place examined by surgeons without any result. Then he came home on a thirty days' leave of absence. While standing in front of the Montgomery House, a few days after his return, he

felt the ball in his neck, a little below the point where it had entered. He returned to the front at once, although his furlough had only half expired, and reported the fact to Dr. Shurlock, upon which a determined attempt was made to extract the missile. The operation was performed at the Division Hospital, where he was placed on a dissecting table and a silver wire thrust into his neck, by which the surgeons found the position of the ball. They made forty distinct incisions in their efforts to extract it, and completely failed. The patient bore the severe ordeal without chloroform or any other anæsthetic, and three days afterward resumed command of his regiment.

From that time until May 20, 1881, he carried the bullet in his neck, where it caused him considerable pain, especially in damp weather, and obliged him always to sleep on the left side. Just prior to this time the pain became worse, and he could feel some sharp object cutting its way through the tissues towards the throat. One evening he was compelled to close his store before the usual hour and go to bed, where the foreign substance felt, to use his own expression, "like a fifty pound weight." Still it did not occur to him that the bullet was working out. His idea was that some fragments of his shattered jaw bone had detached themselves, and the thought that they were cutting into his throat alarmed him.

On May 20, 1881, while waiting on a customer, he had occasion to stoop, and was seized with a fit of coughing which nearly strangled him. Instinctively, he placed his hand over his mouth, and to his astonishment the next cough drove out the bullet and it fell into the palm of his hand. It was somewhat stained with blood and was covered with mucus, but its dislodgement was not followed by any bleeding and gave him immediate relief. When the bullet was washed off it was found to be somewhat corroded with rust, which had covered its surface with sharp ridges, sufficient to account for the pain it produced as it worked its way through his flesh. In spite of the loss by rust, it weighed 273 grains.

A physician who served through the war, and had numerous opportunities of studying bullet wounds, says that he has known of several somewhat similar cases, in one of which a bullet fired into a soldier's chest came out afterwards at the abdomen. The ball, he says, if it does not enter a vital organ and is not soon taken out, is apt to become "encysted;" that is, enclosed in a bag or vesicle. Thus coated it works its way through the tissues, causing comparatively slight disturbance, and event-

ually comes to the surface. The principal is the same as in the frequently reported cases of pins and needles swallowed or thrust into the flesh, coming out in unexpected places.

Another surgeon says that he once attended a man who had been wounded in the right side at the battle of Malvern Hill. He was taken prisoner and the rebel surgeons were unable to find the ball. Being exchanged shortly afterwards the wound healed and he returned to duty. Some months later his right thigh became stiff and sore. A lump appeared, which grew more tender, until the bullet could be felt directly under the skin, and upon making an incision it dropped out. The tendency of such objects is to work their way out at the nearest point by a slow process of ulceration.

CAPTURED WITH THE "FLORIDA."

Early in October, 1864, the Confederate cruiser Florida entered the port of Bahia to replenish her supplies and make some needed repairs. About thirty miles off the coast we came up with the American barque Mondamon and captured and burned her, and upon entering Bahia the crew of the barque were landed to shift for themselves. We found the Federal cruiser Wachusett in port, having run in there to get information of our whereabouts, and in less than two hours it was generally understood among our crew that there was trouble ahead. We had to pass quite near her to reach our anchorage under the guns of the fort, and the Florida was hissed and groined by the entire crew of the Yankee cruiser. We threw defiance back at them, but were warned by the Captain to avoid the men ashore, and do nothing to provoke any act of hostility.

Inside of twenty-four hours our Captain received a challenge to go outside and fight. Had the matter been left to a vote of the crew our ship would have gone, but Matfit declined the challenge. The Federal carried more guns and more men, and we should have been at a disadvantage. All day on the 7th we observed much excitement aboard of the Wachusett. She had protested against our being allowed to remain more than twenty-four hours, but the Brazilian authorities had refused to take action in the matter. We had begun renewing our stores and making repairs, and when we saw the Federal with steam up it was supposed that he meant to run outside and wait for us.

During the afternoon of the 7th at least half the crew were allowed shore leave, and of those who remained aboard at least a dozen were in ill health. Matfit had been ashore for two days, and the ship was in charge of the first lieutenant.

The night came on dark and stormy, and soon after all but the deck watch had turned in, the Wachusett came bearing down upon us with a full head of steam. No alarm was given until she was close at hand. Her intention was to sink the Florida where she lay, but she struck us a glancing blow instead. The shock aroused everybody, but before anything like a general alarm could be given the Federal threw fifty men on our decks and captured the ship. Only half a dozen muskets were fired and but one or two men were wounded. As soon as they got possession of the ship they lashed her to the Wachusett, retained a prize crew aboard and then headed out of the harbor. The alarm had by this time reached the fort and the two Brazilian war vessels in the harbor, but they dared not open fire on account of the situation. The Wachusett conducted us to Hampton Roads, her commander knowing that he had grossly violated the neutrality laws, and doubtless expecting an investigation. A vigorous protest was made by the Brazilian government, and while the American consul at Bahia was recalled, the commander of the Federal cruiser was ordered before a court martial. The proceedings in both instances were but a blind to silence the clamor raised by the press of three or four different nations against such an outrageous breach of the neutrality laws. To crown the whole proceedings, the Florida was towed to the deepest spot in the Rhoads and there "accidentally" sunk. It was a case of night makes right. Had the Confederate been lying in any port belonging to England, France, Germany, Italy or Spain, the action of the Wachusett would have been taken as a declaration of war.

During the war with Mexico, when the American army was marching to attack Monterrey, it passed through a small town some twenty-four miles north of the city. While the troops were marching through the streets, a tall, strapping Kentucky volunteer stepped up to General Taylor, (who, in his usual plain, ordinary clothing, stood at a corner, resembling more an attack of the wagon-master's department than a general-in-chief,) and, ignorant of his rank, accosted him with: "Hello, old fellow! can you tell me where I can get any whisky?" The old General answered in a very quiet way, pointing to General Twiggs, who was just passing by on horseback: "Follow that tall officer and you'll find some." The soldier obeyed, and returning in a short time, hailed General Taylor with: "You were right, old boss; I got the lieker!"

IN LIBBY PRISON.

Of the six officers of the regular army who found themselves in Libby prison in 1863-4 one was a fine looking colonel from Indiana—a big-bodied, big-brained, big-hearted fellow, chock-full of energy. He worked like a steam engine until he got out of Libby. Once he found his tunnel too small for his burly form; once he was checked at the outer end of it by two or three armed Confederate soldiers who had been quietly waiting for him again, a clever ruse was detected just as he got to the middle of the gate, and so it went on until he made half a dozen attempts. But he never gave up and finally got out and is now a prosperous citizen of Indianapolis, a trifle stouter than when he was in Libby, and a good deal richer but otherwise unchanged. As Uncle Remus says, the colonel's "min" was allus wukking."

After two or three of his attempts to get out of Libby failed, he began to suspect that his failures were the result of treachery in the prisoner's camp. Exchange, like kissing, went by favor. The colonel after thinking each failure over, came to the conclusion that some poor devil was selling his manhood for a mess of potage—carrying the favor which would "exchange" him to his home by betraying the plans of his companions-in-arms to the enemy. He looked about him for the man. Cautious inquiries at length gave such information as prompted him to say to each of the five regular army officers: "Meet me at such a spot at midnight. I have found the traitor. We will court-martial him to-night."

At midnight the six men met in a dark corner and in whispering voices organized a drum-head court-martial. The colonel presented the name of the suspect, and the proofs. In the ballot that followed each of the six voted "guilty." "Now," said the colonel, "this is not a farce. We must vote a sentence and then we must execute it." "Very well," said the next man. "Well," said the colonel, "I vote for death. The wretch deserves it." "So do I," said the next, and so on down to the sixth—a Pennsylvania major. He knew the culprit, a Pennsylvanian, like himself, better than the rest. He knew that he was quite capable of the crime charged against him. He had no doubt of his guilt. He wanted to see him punished. He said all this to the other members of the court and then he added: "But you know we are not a legal court-martial. We have no authority to act—certainly not to kill. We may sift the evidence presented against a man for our own satisfaction, but we cannot sentence, much less kill him. The most we can do is to

prefer charges against him to the war department. We can't kill him."

Suddenly interrupting himself, he said: "Colonel, what is that in your hand?" "The rope," said the colonel grimly; "I've been plaiting it as we talked," and he passed it around. He had taken an old shirt, torn it into narrow strips and woven it into something that looked like a rope. "Now, major," he said, when it was handed back to him, "what you have said is all very well. It does credit to your heart as well as to your head. But you are out-voted; the majority is against you. The sentence of the court is that the scoundrel shall die, and die he will this minute for I'll kill him myself. Come captain," he said to the brawny Irishman next him, "you and I will settle the rascal." "Why, you wouldn't strangle him in his sleep, would you?" asked the major, also on his feet, as others moved toward the sleeping form of the traitor. "Certainly" whispered the colonel, "why not? He can't pray and we can't have any noise." "You never will," said the major firmly, getting in front of the colonel; "I won't let you—you'll have to kill me first—I won't stand by and see you stain your honest hands with his dishonest blood in such a way.

Gliding softly before them, he reached the sleeping man and sat down beside his head. There he sat till the gray morning became stealing in through the chilly atmosphere. Long before that time the colonel and his companions baffled and disgusted, had stolen away to their sleeping places, carrying the plaited rope with them. As soon as the major could see the traitor's face, in the dim light of the dawn, he waked him and told him all that had occurred. "Now sir," said he sternly, "I saved your life last night, although I believe you worthy of death. I won't do it again. I saved your life for my sake, not for yours. My advice to you is that as soon as the guard comes in for roll call you get out of Libby and as soon as you get to Washington get out of the army. If you're in the army when I get out I'll prefer charges against you, and if I meet you, I'll kill you."

Trembling with excitement the wretch, without a word of palliation or denial, got up, and as soon as the guard came in, got out. The stalwart six forwarded charges against him from Libby. When they got out of prison they found him out of the army, so they dropped the matter. The traitor is in the army now, reinstated by act of Congress, I believe; but the major who promised to kill him on sight is under the green sod of the prairie. Still, the colonel would make things lively for the traitor, if they meet face to face.

FIELD AND POST-ROOM.

VOL. I.

HARRISBURG, PA., SEPTEMBER, 1886.

No 9.

WHAT DID THE PRIVATES DO ?

Our dailies teem with daring deeds,
And books are filled with fame,
Brass bands will play and cannons roar
In honor of the name
Of men who held commissions, and
Were honest, brave and true,
But still the question comes to me,
What did the privates do ?

Who were the men to guard the camp
When foes were hovering 'round ?
Who dug the graves of comrades dear ?
Who laid them in the ground ?

Who sent the dying message home
To those he never knew ?
If officers done all of this,

What did the privates do ?

Who were the men to fill the place
Of comrades slain in strife ?
Who were the men to risk their own
To save a comrade's life ?

Who was it lived on salted pork,
And bread too hard to chew ?

If officers done this alone,
What did the privates do ?

Who laid in pits on rainy nights
All eager for the fray ?

Who marched beneath a scorching sun
Through many a toilsome day ?

Who paid the sutler double price,
And scanty rations drew ?

If officers get all the praise,
Then, what did the privates do ?

All honor to the brave old boys
Who rallied at the call—

Without regard to name or rank,
We honor one and all,

They're passing over one by one,
And soon they'll all be gone

To where the books will surely show
Just what the privates done.



A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

The commanding general of the Department of Washington sat in his office at headquarters studying the map of Virginia. There was a look of anxiety on his bronzed features, and an air of expectancy about him, as if he waited for one that came not. The steps and voices of men without caused him to drop the map and turn hastily toward the door.

A soldier, dusty and travel stained, entered, giving the usual salute, more from habit than any other reason, and scarcely waiting for the General's "What news, Braxton," before saying dejectedly, "The worst of luck, General."

"How? what?" asked General Wadsworth impatiently.

"Wilbur Norman is captured, General."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain, sure. Gen. Gordon's men gobbled him. He has been sent to Richmond, court martialed, and sentenced to be hung."

Gen. Wadsworth bent his head a few moments in deep thought.

"This is positive information?,"

"Positive, General. I'd stake my life on its truth. I only wish it was only a rumor."

"Send Col. Ashton to me," said the General quickly. "Norman's services are too valuable to be lost; he must be saved if possible."

The soldier withdrew, and the General sank into a reverie, from which he was roused by Col. Ashton.

"You sent for me, General?" said Col. Ashton, inquiringly.

"Yes, Colonel, I did. Braxton tells me he has received positive information of the capture of Wilbur Norman by Gordon's men, and that he has been sent to Richmond, tried and condemned to be executed as a spy."

Ashton frowned. "Is it possible," he said, "one of our best spies and scouts, knows the country every inch of it, in his section, and a fine fellow into the bargain."

"I presume there is no doubt of it; Norman is too good a man for us to loose without an effort in his behalf. He lives in Leesburg."

"Yes," said Ashton, "I know where he lives, five or six miles south of the town."

"Yes," said the General, "I know. Send a telegram to Col. Mulford, in charge of the flag of truce on the James, to send out a squad of men to make reprisals. I must have at least three of the prominent citizens of Leesburg under guard in the Capitol prison, within forty-eight hours. Three prominent rebels, one of whom, and which shall be determined by lot, shall be shot or hung, shall meet the same fate which is allotted to Norman."

"Yes, I see," said Ashton, "'tis the only way to save the poor fellow, and I hope your plan will be successful."

Ashton left the room as he spoke, and the commanding General turned back to his books and papers.

The sun was just setting behind the Virginia hills when a squad of Federal cavalry rode out of the Union camp, about forty miles above Leesburg, guided by a colored man who knew every house in the town and every man beneath the roofs. The road was not very thickly lined with pickets, for the reason that the rebels could not spare many men for picket duty and the Federal cavalry following Sam's lead found little difficulty in eluding Johnny Reb. Into Leesburg about midnight dashed Capt. Gardner and his troop, eager and anxious to save the life of the spy, whose unflinching loyalty, when all about him were crazed and drunken with secession, showed the sterling worth of a character formed and trained amid the highlands of the Hudson, so rich with historic memories of the earlier struggles of the country.

At the dark and silent house of the Judge of Loudoun County, Sam stopped, saying: "This is the place, Cap'n."

Capt. Gardner dismounted and taking his pistols in his hands, rapped loudly at the door. A few moments of silence, then a window opened over his head.

"What do you want," asked a man's voice.

"I want the Judge of Loudoun Co. Are you the man?"

"Yes, what is it," asked the Virginian. "Have you a message from General Lee?"

"Dress yourself and come down, I cannot tell my business, so that the winds may carry it about," said Gardner colly, understanding perfectly well that the judicial eyes and mind had not distinguished between Confederate gray and Federal blue, and rather enjoying in anticipation the learned judge's perturbation when he should find himself a prisoner in Federal hands.

A few minutes more and a man's tread sounded though the hall, a light glimmered though the uncurtained windows, a key turned in the lock, and the Judge stood on the threshold.

As he stepped out, Capt. Gardner and Lieut. Brandon took him by the arms and politely escorted him down the steps.

"You are my prisoner, Judge," said Capt. Gardner, quietly, "to be held as hostage."

"W-w-what's this," stammered the dour official, his teeth chattering with fear—"are you yankees? what! am I to be held as a hostage?"

"We are Yankees, I am happy to say, and you are to be held as a hostage for the safety and life of your neighbor and townsman, Wilbur

Norman, now a prisoner and condemned to be executed as a spy in Richmond."

A soldier led out the Judge's horse, and the trembling hostage was obliged to mount, and the horse was led into the midst of the Federal squad.

A short trot brought the Federal troops to the house of the Deputy-Sheriff, who was summoned in like manner, the voice of a woman from the upper regions responded: "Oh! what is it? What do you want here?"

"We only want the Deputy-Sheriff—we are not going to harm you—don't be frightened," said Capt. Gardner, soothingly.

"He ain't to hum," responded the voice.

"Don't lie about it madam, we happen to know that he is," answered Gardner, sternly.

"Stand away, Annie," said a man's voice.

"What do you want, down there?"

"The Deputy Sheriff of Loudoun Co.; nobody else."

"Anybody to be hung?" queried the official.

"Come down and see," said Gardner, growing impatient of delay.

The man came down almost instantly, coming out and closing the door behind him.

"Now, what is it?" he said, as the Federal officers grasped his arms.

"Oh! just a night ride to the Federal camp," said Gardner, showing his pistol, "you are one of the hostages to be held for the safety and life of your loyal neighbor, Wilbur Norman, now a prisoner condemned to be executed as a spy in Richmond, that's all."

"My God," exclaimed the sheriff, "if they hang Norman, then you will hang me."

"Very probably," answered Gardner, as he escorted his prisoner to his horse, bade him mount, and saw him safely bestowed beside his fellow prisoner, surrounded by the Federal guard.

"One more, boys!" said Gardner, "we'll take the schoolmaster next. Sam, lead on to the High School teacher's house."

"Yes, sah, certainly," said Sam turning his horse, "this way, Cap'n."

To the officer's summons, a man's head popped out of the window, and demanded to know the cause of being thus aroused at this time of night.

"Come down, I can't talk to you up there and rouse the neighborhood," said Gardner, "come down, directly."

Curiosity, perhaps, had something to do with the alacrity with which the principal of the Leesburg High School responded to the Federalist's summons, and find himself a prisoner in company with his friends, the Judge and the

Deputy-Sheriff. They were all three well known to be Rebels of the bitterest stripe, and the most influential citizens of the town, and Capt. Gardner felt if Wilbur Norman still lived when the news of the capture of his three townsmen reached Richmond, his life was safe. Straight on to Washington went the Rebel trio, under a strong Federal guard.

Leaving his troop in charge of Lieut. Brandon, Capt. Gordon presented himself at Gen. Wadsworth's headquarters.

He found that official busy as usual with half a dozen soldiers and civilians waiting the General's leisure. Gardner well knew his business brooked no delay. Hat in hand, he stepped up to the General's desk. "I am Capt. Gardner, detailed with part of my command to dash into Leesburg and make reprisals for the capture, and threatened execution of Wilbur Norman, one of the scouts and spies of this department," said Gardner answering the Commanding-General's look of inquiry in his quick, nervous way.

"Yes, yes," said Gen. Wadsworth, rising and extending his hand, "I am glad to see you here, Capt. Gardner, for the fact that you are here, is a proof that you have been successful.

"Yes, General, I bagged the Judge, the Deputy Sheriff, and the principal of the High School of Leesburg, three of the biggest and most influenced Rebels in the town, if poor Norman is alive, I believe he is safe."

"Braxton says his execution was to take place Friday, 'tis now Wednesday, so Davis will have time to fully digest the news before he approves the finding of Gordon's court-martial" said the General reflectively.

"Hasn't he done so," asked Gardner.

"Don't know if he has. I hardly think that now he will allow my scout to be hung."

"The Judge, Deputy Sheriff and the school-master, you said, did you not.

"Yes, sir, I found them to be the three most available prisoners for our purpose."

"Very well, take them to the old Capitol prison, and deliver them to Superintendent Wood, with the understanding that they are to remain in prison until the fate of the prisoner at Richmond is ascertained. If the Richmond government have shot or hung him, then one of these three men—and which one shall be determined by lot—shall be taken out and shot or hung, which ever death has befallen Norman, within twenty-four hours after the news of Norman's execution shall have reached me. Take your prisoners down, and I will send Superintendent Wood written instructions to this effect by Col. Ashton."

"It shall be done directly, General," said Gardner as he hurried off to put his orders into execution.

* * * * *

Jefferson Davis, in his sanctum at Richmond, was surprised one morning to receive a communication through the Yankee Colonel in charge of the flag of truce on the James, that the Judge, the Deputy-Sheriff, and the principal of the High School at Leesburg were in the Old Capitol prison at Washington, and were held as hostages for the life and safety of Wilbur Norman, the condemned Union scout, and, should the sentence of the court-martial be carried into execution, and Norman be either shot or hung, one of the three prisoners,—which to be determined by lot—would meet exactly the fate of Norman, within twenty-four hours after the news of Norman's death should be received in Washington.

"Ahem!" said Jefferson Davis, rubbing his hands as vigorously as Lady Macbeth, and with something of the same reason,—“why, why, why—this can't be. Where's Gordon, somebody go for General Gordon. Why—why—why, the Judge and Deputy Sheriff of Loudoun County, and the High School master of Leesburg, prisoners in the Old Capitol and liable to be hung, no, no we can't have that; send for Gordon."

The Brigadier thus summoned by his chief made his appearance as soon as might be, at the Richmond executive mansion.

"Why—why—why—Gordon that spy you brought in mustn't be hung—mustn't be executed, the Federal Cavalry have raided Leesburg and captured the Judge and Deputy-Sheriff of Loudoun County, and the High School teacher of Leesburg,—we can't afford to lose one of such men as they, in exchange for this pitiful Yankee spy,—no, no, we can't afford that,—what's to be done." And the Richmond chief Rebel rubbed his hands briskly in impotent distress.

"Done," said the Brigadier coolly, "why nothing, we can't afford to hang the fellow, that's all. I'm sorry, for he is decidedly too smart for us to manage, and I, for one, would be glad to get rid of him; he has been a thorn in my side for many a day. The fact is, Mr. President, the Yankees have got us in a tight place, and to save our Leesburg friends we must let the fellow go, though 'tis bitterly against my will to do it, nevertheless."

"Yes, yes, general, surely we must let the spy go; 'twould never do to let the Federals execute our friends. No, no, that will never, never do."

"Of course not, Mr. President," said the Brigadier, "we mustn't return the spy under a flag of truce—and, he was to hang to-morrow—well, I suppose 'tis lucky for us that he is alive to-day, or we would only exchange his carcass for the corpse of one of the three Leesburgh gentlemen, I'll go down and see how we can get rid of the fellow easiest and quickest, if you desire it, Mr. President."

"Oh, yes, Gordon, pray do," said the Richmond chief executive, rubbing his bald spot nervously. "Send the fellow to the Federal lines, by all means, and let us have our friends back. We can't spare them. No, no, Gordon, we can't spare them. Oh, no, we can't spare them, no, no, no."

The Brigadier hurriedly made his adieu—and a hasty exit, quite as anxious as the pseudo President of four brief years to save the Leesburgh men.

* * * * *

In his prison cell, where the noontday sunshine only made a twilight dimness, sat the condemned spy, Willbur Norman. A man of middle age, with a keen eye, well cut features, and an expression of adamantine firmness stamped on the close shut mouth. He had been writing—the clemency of his jailors had allowed that privilege—his last words of loving counsel to his wife and children, bidding them remember that his fate was only one of the terrible chances of war, and he had as truly died helping to preserve the great American Union intact, as if he had fallen on the field of battle, and desiring his children as they grew up to be men and women, to stand firm in those principles which had cost their father his life, which he had laid a willing sacrifice on the altar of his country. He still held his pen in his hand, and the stern lines about his mouth softened into tenderness as his thoughts went back to the quiet Virginia farm house, the busy patient house-wife, the noisy, roguish boys, and the laughing, sunny-faced girls.

The rattle and clash of bolt and bar roused him from his reverie, he drew his hand hastily across his eyes and the old, stern look settled over his face. The jailor's step sounded behind him on the stone floor. He wondered why he came alone. "Is it time," asked Norman, quietly, without turning around, "I'm ready." He signed his name as he spoke on the paper before him, folded it, and slipped it into the envelope already directed, lying on the table, as leisurely as if the man was only waiting to take him off on an excursion for the day.

"Your sentence is not approved by President Davis, the finding of the court-martial is revers-

ed," said the jailor, "I came to tell you that instead of being executed to-day, you are to be sent to the Federal lines."

"What," exclaimed Norman, springing up, "I am not to be hung!"

"No, sir, you are to be sent to the Union lines."

"Man, what right have you to play upon a condemned man's feelings? Why do you come to me with a trumped-up story of my release, when you know that in an hour or two I shall be beyond the reach of Rebel spite and Rebel hatred forever?"

"'Tis God's truth, sir, Rebel though I am, I would not lie to a condemned man. The guard waits below to convey you to the Union lines."

Norman staggered back white and faint. He had expected death, and death in its most repulsive form, and braced himself to meet it, schooling heart and nerves for the terrible ordeal and, now, standing on the border land where one's existence ends and another begins, to be told that this life still opened out to him its familiar paths, that in a few hours he would stand among friends, clasp warm hands, look into eager eyes, hear the old familiar speech, that he might once again enter his own door, and sit with wife and children about the familiar ingleside; came to him like a shock from an overcharged electric battery. Happiness never kills, and the blood that had rushed back to his heart when his brain first realized the jailor meant what he said, bounded through his veins with the velocity of boyhood. He snatched his own letter on the table and tore it into minute bits; anything to relieve the nervous force that must find expression in some way. He caught up his hat and walked up and down the little cell, the jailor watching him with a half-smile, for the man had been a Whig before the Rebellion and had really very little sympathy with the secession movement from the first, and could he have had his way, the war would never have been.

"I can hardly realize my good fortune," said Norman, pausing as suddenly as he begun to walk. "I felt as if I must do something to wake myself from a dream."

"I understand, sir," said the jailor, "now if you are calm enough, we will go down."

"Calm," said Norman, with a laugh, "calm, if you had taken me out to hang me, I should have been calm as the bosom of a summer lake when not a breath of wind is blowing, but now I feel somewhat as a boy does when he can only relieve his superfluous excitement with a whoop and a yell. Come on, I am ready."

Norman followed his jailor down the steep,

narrow stairs, and at the door was formally delivered over to the custody of a corporal's guard under a flag of truce, detailed to take the prisoner to the Union officers and demand of them the return of the hostages.

* * * * *

Colonel Mulford in his tent on the banks of the James was somewhat surprised by his sentinel announcing, "party of Rebels coming in under a flag of truce, Colonel." He dropped his papers, threw away his cigar and hurried out to see what was in the wind.

The rebel officer in charge rode up and lifting his cap, said inquiringly, "Colonel Mulford, I presume?"

"The same, sir," replied Mulford courteously.

"I have the honor to deliver over to you the person of Wilbur Norman, lately captured by General Gordon as a spy, and to demand in return the persons of the judge, sheriff and high-school teacher recently captured by a party of Union cavalry raiders in Leesburgh and held by the Washington Government as hostages for this man's safety."

"Very well, sir, the exchange shall be made with the greatest pleasure on my part."

The rebel signalled his men and Wilbur Norman rode out of the ranks and up to the speaker. Mulford grasped his hand warmly, saying: "I need not say, Norman, this will be real-letter day in camp when the boys know you are free. I congratulate you most sincerely on your escape. Report to the commanding general immediately, please." Then turning to the rebel Union officer continued: "I will telegraph to General Wadsworth of the release of your prisoner, and no doubt he will be as pleased as I to return our prisoners to your charge."

Half an hour later General Wadsworth read with delight a telegram from the Army of the James.

"TO GENERAL WADSWORTH, Washington:

"Flag of truce just brought in Wilbur Norman, the condemned spy. Richmond authorities demand the release of the Leesburgh prisoners, held as hostages.

"MULFORD, charge of flag of truce, Army of James."

* * * * *

Tic, tic, tic, tic; the messages flew over the wires, and Colonel Mulford at last had his impatience gratified, and he read to the waiting Rebels the answer he expected:

"TO COLONEL MULFORD, Army of James:

"The three prisoners held as hostages for the safety of Wilbur Norman, captured and sen-

tenced to be hung as a spy in Richmond, were released this day, and are now on their way south.

"Per order GEN. WADSWORTH.

"J. Barclay,

Acting Superintendent of old Capitol Prison."

Probably three rebels were never so well pleased before at the fortunate escape of a Union prisoner from the scaffold as the Leesburgh gentlemen, when escorted by Col. Mulford's orders to their own lines and informed they were free men once more.

* * * * *

Long after the war, General Gordon was reported saying he "once captured a Yankee spy and, though the proof of his nefarious business was complete, he did not hang him. He humanely (?) kept him until he was re-captured by Union friends."

There are two ways of telling a story, and one side is good till the other is told. General Gordon has told his, but the Union men who captured and held the Leesburgh hostages for that spy's life have their side also, and when that is told the Brigadier's humanity is beautifully less apparent.

"THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST."

A slender, white-whiskered, brave-eyed man sat near the fare-box in the upper end of an F street car one afternoon. He wore a high white Derby hat upon his head and his clothes were of black broadcloth. A high Henry Clay collar grasped his neck, and a pair of black-rimmed spectacles hung by a string upon his vest. He was chatting to a lady at his side and his black eyes sparkled and a most winning smile beamed over his weather-beaten face as the conversation went on. The car stopped and I was surprised to see him jump to his feet and walk rapidly to the door. As my eyes followed him they rested upon a little fair-faced hunchback on crutches who was trying to get into the car. She had the face of a child and the body of a mature woman, but that body contorted and twisted and dwarfed out of all human proportion. I saw this slender, gray-whiskered, bronzed face, dark-eyed man bend over her and ask her where she wanted to go. She told him and her face lighted up as he assured her that this car was the right one. Then, addressing her with as much courtesy as though she had been the President's new bride, he asked her if he might not help her into the car. She thanked him and putting his hands under her arms, he lifted her up the steps, and placed her crutches beside her. He

tipped his hat and then resumed his seat and conversation. This old gentleman was Gen. Joe Johnston, the great Confederate leader.

◆◆◆

PLAYING SICK FOR A FRIEND.

During the war about twenty Confederate prisoners were at Fort McHenry, stored away in a fodder loft under guard. One morning Capt. Ned Bridges was playing an innocent game of cards when the sick call was sounded—the signal for ailing soldiers to report at the surgeon's office and be examined.

"Lieutenant," said Capt. Bridges, turning to a young soldier, "answer sick call for me and let us finish this game. Go down there and persunate me, and tell the doctor you want another box of his liver pills."

The obliging lieutenant marched out and proceeded with other soldiers, under escort of the guards, to the surgeon's office. When the name of Capt. Bridges was called, the lieutenant's face appeared at the little office window.

"Doctor," he began, "them pills you give me helped me considerably, but I want another box. I think another box will fix me all right."

"Didn't them pills cure you?" asked the doctor abruptly, looking over his spectacles at the bogus Bridges.

"No, but another box will fix me, I think."

"Well, well," said the doctor half to himself. "I'll have to change the treatment on you."

Thereupon he picked up a graduated glass, and from various bottles mixed the most infernal mess that mortal ever saw.

The lieutenant shuddered.

When the villainous compound was made up the doctor stirred it vigorously and viciously, and handing it out said:

"Drink that."

The lieutenant took hold of the glass. * Cold chills ran up and down his spine.

"Doctor," he stammered, "I'd—I'd er heap rather take the pills."

"Drink it," stormed the doctor, and in the excitement the medicine went down the lieutenant's throat.

When the lieutenant returned to the fodder-loft he was very glum. When the game of cards grew monotonous Capt. Bridges turned and asked:

"Lieutenant, got them pills?"

"Naw!"

"Well," said the captain, "you needn't be so snappish about it. What did the doctor say?"

"He said he was going to change the treatment on you, and if you don't git well it ain't my fault, for I've taken the nastiest d—d dose for you that ever I saw!"

◆◆◆

THE CAPTURE OF GEN. MARMADUKE.

The "Battle of the Osage" was fought in the latter part of October, 1864. There were two engagements, one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

During the morning fight the present Governor of Missouri, Gen. Marmaduke, was taken prisoner. I was a participator in the charge made by the Union forces, and an eye-witness of his capture, although his identity was not known for a half hour afterwards. The country for miles in the Osage region is unbroken prairie; the ground undulating; the hills and hollows seeming to run parallel. It was, therefore, a model battle ground, and, in reading the accounts of the English campaign in the Sudan, I was reminded vividly of our pursuit of the Confederates through Missouri.

Just after crossing the dry bed of the Osage River, we heard skirmishing, and soon came in sight of the enemy, formed in line of battle, and waiting for us. I was captain of Company H, Tenth Missouri Cavalry; Col. Bentine, commander, and Gen. Pleasanton, brigade commander. My position was on the left as we drew up in line. During my four years' service I had seen many wonderful sights, and had been in some close quarters, but never had I seen 9,000 horsemen drawn up in battle array, and the sight was certainly a thrilling one. I believe I am safe in saying that since the battle of the Pyramids in Egypt, modern warfare had not seen the like. The enemy were well supported by their artillery, and as I looked across the intervening space I could see the mouths of the cannon. While we sat on our horses waiting for orders, Generals Pleasanton and Curtis came riding down between the lines. As they passed me I heard Pleasanton say, "we must come together now." These words, and the ominous looks of the cannon, assured me that a serious moment was at hand. I had \$600 about me, which I put into an official envelope. I then directed it to my sister, and gave it to the surgeon, with the request to forward it in case of my death, or as the boys were in the habit of saying, in case I did not "come out."

At last the bugle sounded the charge. The long lines surged in and out, but no advance was made.

Again the bugle rang out on the still air, and again the lines wavered.

Then suddenly a rider on a white horse burst through the ranks and rode at the foe. Like an avalanche we followed. In the excitement every fear vanished, and we rode through the enemy's ranks, dispersing them right and left. They had fired one volley and had no time to reload.

Their right wing was completely cut off from the main body and surrounded. Having no other alternative they surrendered, and we were soon busy dismounting them and hurrying them to the rear. On my way back with a crowd of prisoners, we met Gen. James Lane going to the front. He stopped, and pushing his way through the crowd of guards and prisoners, walked up to a tall, fine-looking Confederate, held out his hand, and said: "How do you do, General Marmaduke?" The man shook his hand warmly, and after a few words General Lane walked away taking General Marmaduke with him. When taken General Marmaduke had on his hat a star and crescent. At the time no one knew him, and Colonel Bentine noticing the ornaments cut them from the hat as trophies of war. The star when last heard from was in a museum in Chicago. General Marmaduke had no insignia of office from which he could be distinguished from the common soldiers, having a simple gray uniform and a large slouch hat. I have never learned who the rider on the white horse was that led the charge other than that he was a staff officer.

The Confederates made a stand again in the afternoon, forming in squares, but could not stand before our onslaught, and again retreated. That night horses and men lay down and slept together. So utterly worn out were we that no one thought of eating; going to sleep was so much easier.



AMBUSHING A BUSHWHACKER.

When the war feeling in East Tennessee had become so bitter that all Union men had to flee from their homes or remain at the peril of their lives, a mountaineer named Alexander Brown left his wife and two children to make his way through to the Union lines and enlist. I knew him well. He was not an educated man, and one would not have looked for sentiment under his coon-skin cap and ragged clothes. It was curious, speaking of sentiment, how the uncouth, uneducated and poverty-stricken mountaineers were aroused by the war and made to take for and against the Union. If one was a Unionist he was as firm as a rock; if one was a Confederate you couldn't move

him. Brown was for the Union, and, though an ignorant man in the general sense, he had a ready tongue, a good memory and he could out-talk any man in the neighborhood. After a time this made him a dangerous man to the Confederates, and he received plenty of hints that his life was not safe. He could not remove his family, having no means, and he was determined not to enter the Confederate ranks. He therefore bade his family good-bye one evening and started for a tramp of sixty miles across the country.

A man named Ben Lock, living in a cabin about eight miles from Brown, and getting his living by hunting, farming and stealing, had by this time gathered a dozen other bad men around him, assumed the title of Captain, and was riding around the country to rob and abuse Unionists. I met him and his gang the very day Brown fled, and understood from their talk that they were after him. It seems they got a hint of his having left home and laid for him along a path which he was expected to follow. He was thus captured. In the struggle he killed one of the men, and in return they roasted him alive to the stake. It was six months before the facts were known to Mrs. Brown. She had remained right at home, and though known to be a Unionist, had not been disturbed. When she learned of the horrible fate of her husband she registered a vow to kill every man engaged in the affair. As the whole crowd had been merged into another command and sent off to Virginia, the chances of her threat being fulfilled looked very slim. She did not leave home, but waited for time to aid her in her revenge.

In January, 1863, Ben Lock, who was a sergeant of cavalry, came back home for the first time, having a mission to enlist such men as could be prevailed upon to join his flag. He took up his quarters at a house three miles from Mrs. Brown's, and during the first hour of his arrival gave out that he intended to burn her cabin and drive her and her children into the hills. On that first night, as he took the water pail just at dusk, and started for a spring a few rods away, the report of a gun was heard, and when some of the people went out to investigate they found Ben Lock lying near the spring with the top of his head blown off. It was well known for miles around that she ambushed and killed Lock, but so far as I know, she was never disturbed on that account. On the contrary, the Confederates around her all praised her nerve, and had no laments for the fellow Lock, who was tumbled into a shallow grave.

"Who comes there?" "A friend!" "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." "Field and Post Room."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

FRANK B. KINNEARD AND WILSON C. FOX,
320 MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG.

ENTERED IN THE HARRISBURG POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Fifty Cents per year, in advance, Postage prepaid.

REGIMENTAL LOSSES.

83d Pennsylvania Volunteers, Vincent's Brigade, Griffin's Division, 5th Army Corps.

	Officers.	Men.	On the roll.
Field and staff.	4		12
Co. A.	1	23	172
B.		25	116
C.		20	188
D.		23	162
E.	2	30	236
F.	1	24	200
G.	2	20	167
H.		26	173
I.	2	45	193
K.		28	181
Band.		1	
Total.	12	265	1801

277 killed, =15.3 per cent.

RECAPITULATION.

Gaines' Mill,	58	Laurel Hill,	61
Malvern Hill,	49	Wilderness,	20
Manassas,	28	Petersburg,	14
Hanover C. H.,	1	June 2, 1864,	1
Gettysburg,	18	Peeble's Farm,	11
Fredericksburg,	4	Bethesda Church,	2
Hatcher's Run,	4	North Anna,	2
Gravelly Run,	2	Chancellorsville,	1
Five Forks,	2		

This is the largest number killed in any Pennsylvania regiment, and probably the greatest of any regiment in the service.

140th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Zook's Brigade, Caldwell's Division, 2d Army Corps.

	Officers.	Men.	On the roll.
Field and staff.	2		13
Co. A.	1	18	116
Co. B.		14	129
Co. C.	2	25	113
Co. D.		21	108
Co. E.	1	10	101
Co. F.	1	22	120
Co. G.	3	18	103
Co. H.	1	27	135

Co. I,	12	110
Co. K,	13	101
Total,	11	180

191 killed, =16.4 per cent.

RECAPITULATION.

Gettysburg,	61	Spottsylvania,	47
Chancellorsville,	13	Petersburg,	18
Topotomoy,	11	Wilderness,	7
Cold Harbor,	6	Farmville,	5
Deep Bottom,	5	Po River,	4
Todd's Tavern,	4	North Anna,	4
Hatcher's Run,	2	Ream's Station,	1
Mine Run,	1	Sailors' Creek,	1
Bristoe Station,	1		

This is the heaviest per centage of loss of any Pennsylvania regiment.

The 145th Pennsylvania Volunteers had 9 officers and 85 men killed at Fredericksburg, and only had 8 companies in action.

The 69th Pennsylvania Volunteers lost at Gettysburg, 6 officers and 49 men killed, out of 258 men. (This beats the 2d Massachusetts' record at Gettysburg, as inscribed on their monument there.)

The 95th Pennsylvania Volunteers had 6 field officers killed, viz: 2 colonels, 2 lieutenant colonels, 1 major and 1 adjutant.

Cooper's Battery (1st Pennsylvania Artillery) lost 2 officers and 18 men killed; the heaviest loss of any Pennsylvania battery.

The 49th Pennsylvania Volunteers lost 107 men killed or died of wounds, at Spottsylvania.

The 8th United States Colored Troops lost 76 men killed at Olustee, Florida.

Co. C, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers lost 7 commissioned officers and 28 men killed.

Co. I, 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers lost 47 men killed out of 193 names carried on the rolls. The 129th New York and the 61st Pennsylvania Volunteers each lost 21 officers killed.

The 55th Illinois lost 138 killed out of 1172 men, being the heaviest loss of any Illinois regiment.

The 5th New York lost 79 men killed and 170 wounded at Manassas, out of 490 men.

At Gettysburg, the 141st Pennsylvania Volunteers had 48 men killed or died of wounds, out of only 198 present at morning roll call.

HIDEOUS FACE OF WAR.

In the excitement of battle the fall of a comrade is scarcely heeded, and half of a company might be wiped out and the other half fight on without the knowledge of it. It is only after the loud mouthed cannon and the murderous

musketry have ceased their work that the hideous face of war shows itself to make men shudder and turn away. Soldiers who have not gone over a battle-field or been one of a burial party, have missed half the grimness and awfulness of war.

After Gettysburg one of the Union burial parties buried eighty Federal soldiers in one trench. They were all from a New York regiment, and all seemingly fell dead at one volley. They were almost in line, taking up but little more room than live men. All of them were shot above the hips, and not one of them had lived ten minutes after being hit. Here lay then what was a full company of men, wiped out by one single volley as they advanced to the charge. Some of them had their muskets so tightly grasped that it took the full strength of a man to wrest them away. Others died with arms outstretched, and others yet had their hands clasped over their heads, and a never-to-be-forgotten expression on their white faces.

At Fair Oaks, the Third Michigan had its first baptism of fire. The boys had been held back on other occasions, and now, when given an opportunity, they went for the enemy posted in the edge of the woods on the double-quick, and with yells and cheers. A part of the regiment had to swing across a glade, and in so doing lost fifty or sixty men in the space of sixty seconds. One company lost twenty men, who went down together in one spot and scarcely moved a limb after falling. Details of five men were made from each company to advance as sharpshooters, and of these fifty men who plunged into the woods as a skirmish line only six came out alive, and every one of these was wounded from one to three times.

At the battle of Savage Station during McClellan's change of base, a solid shot fired from a Federal field-piece into the head of an approaching infantry column marching by fours, killed twenty-one men and a horse before its progress was checked. The first ten men were reduced to bloody pulp and the others crushed and bruised to death. At this same battle, a rebel shell exploded under a Federal gun and killed four artillerymen, dismounted the gun, wounded two men, and the butt of it flew off at a tangent and killed a second lieutenant of infantry who was eighty rods away.

At Fredericksburg, as the United States infantry marched in solid masses up the valley beyond the town, the Confederates opened fire from behind a stone wall. The fighting along the line was over in ten minutes, and 5,000 Federals lay dead within reach of each other. In

many cases three or four men had fallen over each other. A shell from a gun on the hill exploded in the midst of some New Hampshire troops, and killed a sergeant, a corporal, and twelve privates, and wounded six others. Before the Union troops crossed the river, and while shelling the town, a shell struck a house and exploded in a room where there were five soldiers and a citizen. All were blown to pieces and three citizens in a room directly overhead were also killed.

Perhaps the most destructive work ever made by a shell among troops occurred a few miles below Vicksburg. A Federal gunboat was fired upon by light artillery from the bank, posed in full view. There were two six-pounders working close together, and each had fired a shot when the gunboat opened with a sixty-four pounder. The shell struck between the two guns and exploded. The guns were thrown high in the air and came down a wreck. The eighteen men around them were all killed outright, and fifteen others who had been lying under cover rushed up just as the caisson exploded. Of the fifteen eleven were killed outright, three wounded and one escaped unhurt, but so dazed that he sat down and waited to be captured by a boat which pulled ashore. Two of the wounded died the next day, leaving only two men alive of the thirty-three who had composed the party. Nothing was left of the gun carriages but splinters, and the guns themselves were terribly battered. The only remains of the caisson that could be found was the hub of one wheel filled with broken spokes. Most of the dead had been blown to fragments, and the bushes were covered with shreds of flesh. When the caisson exploded the head of one of the victims was blown high in the air, and fell into the water within a few yards of the gunboat.

ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

I was for fourteen long months a prisoner in the hands of the Federals on Johnson's Island, and I am a living witness that our treatment there in a general way, was a great deal better than any prisoner of war had a right to look forward to. We were well housed, well fed, given prompt medical treatment, and the sanitary condition of the prison was excellent. I belonged to a band of what the Federals were pleased to term irregular cavalry, and was captured in Kentucky after being twice wounded. These wounds healed in a few weeks, and then I was ready to enter into any plot looking towards escape.

Some of the plots and plans concocted were

a credit to the genius and nerve of the men, while others bordered on the ridiculous. I remember that the plan of an infantry colonel was for us to set our barracks on fire some designated night at a given moment, and during the rush and excitement of the Federals we were to attack and overpower them. According to his line of reasoning we would have possession of the island in fifteen minutes. All the Federals were to be held prisoners, and no one was to be released until the Federal Government offered us a safe conduct back to the Confederate lines. There was a battery on the island, and the twelve hundred of us could make a good defence against any body of military brought up to the attack. The colonel had secured 200 converts to his plan before some of the more level-headed officers showed him how weak it was. Anything like a general revolt must end in our destruction. The guards were always looking for some move of the sort, and some of them seemed disappointed that it did not take place.

First and last I was engaged in three tunnel enterprises. One of them was discovered when it was only a day old; the second was pretty well under way, and the third was completed. This last was in October. The intention was to get out of our barracks, get possession of a small boat and reach the mainland at some point before daylight. There was no guard at the back of the barracks when we began the tunnel, but on the day we completed it a regular beat of sentinels was established, and their paths ran within five feet of where our tunnel came out. Three of us determined to take our chances, and one dark and rainy night the crust was broken through. A first lieutenant from Tennessee was the first to creep out, and he got out safely away from the sentinel. The next was a Kentucky lieutenant-colonel, and he was captured about forty rods away. As I was ready to pass out the sentinel discovered me and fired at me from a distance of only twenty feet. I had my head and shoulders out of the hole, but though his target was a big one his bullet missed. He then lunged at me with the bayonet, but I retreated into the tunnel before he could reach me. The first man got out into the bay unmolested and started out to swim to the city. He got hold of a plank at the start, and had the water been warm he would have made the trip without much difficulty. The bay was very chilly, however, with quite a sea running, and after getting out half a mile the lieutenant concluded to return and postpone his visit to the Confederacy.

Our escape, or attempt to escape, was a break

which kicked up the wildest excitement. The drums beat, guns were fired, bodies of men rushed here and there, and the whole bunch of us were turned out into the cold rain for two hours while each barrack was inspected for tunnels. The two who were captured were locked up for a couple of weeks as a punishment, but they could not ascertain who the third man was. Oddly enough, the search for tunnels that night revealed three which were almost ready to break ground. These were being dug by men who knew of our tunnel, and yet they were so sly and suspicious that they had refused to trust us. That same search brought to light six different blue uniforms which had been smuggled into the barracks as aids to escapes, and before the matter was dropped two private soldiers and a civilian were sent off to some fort under arrest.

PICKING UP A TORPEDO.

I was among others detailed from the Federal steamer *Monongahela* to search the Red River between the Tensar and the Mississippi, for the torpedoes which had been planted by the Confederates before our fleet appeared in those waters. These torpedoes were of all makes, shapes and sizes, from a pork barrel half full of powder, to be fired by electricity, from the shore, to a glass denijohn holding ten pounds and to be exploded by contact. Some were on the surface, some just under it, and some on the bottom. We went out in gangs of four in row boats to hunt for these terrifics, each boat being provided with grapnels, nets, boat-hooks and whatever else was needed for fishing up the monsters. We had to go slow and exercise great caution, for the channel was tortuous and no one could guess at what point we would come across a torpedo. While the woods were shelled two or three times a day by our gunboats, the Confederate swamp-eats were by no means driven out. They had every chance to secrete themselves along the banks, and we realized that if we came upon an electric torpedo, which could be exploded from the shore, we ran every risk of being blown high-sky.

We had been at work three or four days and had fished up seven or eight ugly looking fellows, when we got into a part of the channel which ran within fifty feet of the right hand bank. Just at this time a colored man, who had been lying out in the swamps for several weeks, waiting for his deliverance, informed us that he had observed men planting something in this bend about two weeks before. He said there were wires leading from it to the swamp,

but we scouted about for a couple of hours without being able to find that such was the case. The bank was a dense jungle in which a thousand men could have concealed themselves and the gunboats could not shell it from the position they had taken.

It was about an hour after dinner that we moved up and began grappling in the bend. The boat in which I was stationed turned her bow down stream, threw over her grapnels, and two men used the oars to give her head-way. We had not pulled fifty feet when the irons took hold, and I drew the boat back to the spot by means of the ropes. Then, standing on the seat in the stern, I lifted at the obstruction, and it came slowly up. It had just appeared at the surface sufficient for me to make out that it was a boiler-iron torpedo when there came an awful explosion. At the same instant our boat was lifted high in the air and broken to pieces, and I scarcely comprehended what had occurred until I found myself in the water at least 200 feet below the point of explosion. My hair, whiskers and eyebrows were badly singed, and my clothing was on fire as I came down after the flight. While I had escaped the other three men were killed outright and horribly mangled, and the great wave created swamped the boat working a few hundred feet below us and drowned one of her crew.

While swimming for this capsized boat a man stood on the bank of the river and fired four shots at me from a revolver, and with the fifth he killed the colored man who had given us information. The victim stood on the bank, about midway between the two boats, and was shot through the head. The torpedo was no doubt exploded by electricity, and the man who fired the shots was the operator who exploded it.

HOW BILLY WILSON WAS USED.

Colonel Billy Wilson, who took a regiment of Zouaves from New York city, at times thought he owned the regiment, and some of the boys determined to give him a lesson.

We were encamped down near Baton Rouge, one of those miserable, rainy, foggy days in that climate, whom one feels like getting up a quarrel with something. We were standing picket under a pecan tree, all about were patches of switch cane, as wet as water could make them. It was early morning. One of the boys exclaimed: "There comes Wilson!" And another said: "And I had rather see the devil himself."

"What's the matter?" responded a third.

"Now just you boys hide and let me handle Billy."

Billy was riding along the path carelessly, as officers of the day are apt to do, looking for the picket, who was standing sheltered by the wet cane.

"Halt?" came the order.

Billy halted, then was about to cross the line; he heard a gun lock click, then looking more carefully, he saw the picket with gun aimed.

"Dismount?"

He dismounted.

"Take your horse by the bit with your right hand, place your other on the top of your head."

'Twas done.

"Forward, march?"

Billy hesitated; the rifle that had been lowered was again raised. "March!" in tones that meant obedience. Billy obeyed, marching through that cane, which was like a lake for both him and the horse. When through, he looked around and said:

"Are you alone?"

"No."

"Where are the others?"

"Watching you."

"What orders have you received?"

"Not any."

"Well by—, you don't need any."

Jabe Mathis, of the 13th Georgia, was a good soldier, but when the Confederates were retreating from the gory field of Gettysburg, Jabe threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside, and exclaimed with much vehemence:

"I'll be dashed if I walk another step! I'm broke down! I can't do it!" And Jabe was the picture of despair.

"Git up, man," exclaimed his Captain, "don't you know the Yankees are following us! They will git you, sure!"

"Can't help it," said Jabe, "I'm done for. I'll not walk another step!"

The Confederates passed along over the crest of a hill and lost sight of poor, dejected Jabe.

In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly Jabe appeared on the crest of the hill moving along like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed past his Captain that officer yelled:

"Hello! Jabe; thought you wasn't going to walk any more."

"Thunder!" replied Jabe, as he hit the dust with renewed vigor, "you don't call this walking, do you."

THE OLD REBEL YELL.

A singularly dramatic incident occurred in the Superior court room at Waynesboro, Texas, during the trial of the Roger brothers for the killing of the Symmes, father and son. The killing occurred at McBeau's Station in October last. Eminent counsel had been engaged by the prosecution and defence, for both parties were prominent and wealthy. The evidence closed and the speaking began Friday morning, continuing during all the day. When the court assembled after tea the seats and the aisles within the bar were filled with ladies, while without a dense throng of men filled the auditorium. It was before this assembly that Mr. Twigg began his argument. Twigg is an eloquent speaker, practised in and noted for his oratorical graces. In his three hours address he at one time referred in the most feeling manner to the courage and devotion of woman. The hour, the occasion, the audience and the dim light from which the rapt faces were bent upon him all combined to form a surrounding well calculated to inspire the orator to his greatest effort. He closed his address upon the women as follows:—

"At the battle of Gettysburg General Pickett was ordered to begin the charge which was to make him famous. As he went into the terrible battle his young bride on horseback followed him. When the hail of death was beating down men on all sides and the plunging shot and shell mingled their fierce screams with the moan and cries of the mingled, Pickett suddenly found himself in the presence of his wife. In an agony of fear for her safety he cried out to her as he set cool and collected as a veteran, 'Go back! Go back! For God's sake, go back to the rear!' 'No,' replied the devoted woman, in the hour of danger a wife's place is by her husband's side."

At this moment through the court room there rang out one wild, thrilling cry, which nearly lifted the excited throng to its feet. It was the old rebel yell, heard upon a hundred battle fields and never to be forgotten. A deep silence followed. All eyes were turned toward the outer circle. Then Roney's cold voice was heard bidding the Sheriff to arrest the offender. A man was seen dodging through the crowd, and the Judge continued: "The man who is leaving is probably the one wanted."

"No, Judge," exclaimed a voice slowly; "I am the man." The speaker stood in the aisle, with folded arms, quietly contemplating the Bench.

"I shall have to fine you \$10 then, for disturbing the court."

"Very well, your Honor, I will pay the money," said the man without moving; "but I meant no disrespect. I was a Confederate soldier at Gettysburg, and just could not keep from hollering."

The ladies present sprang to their feet, and in an instant the money was made up and paid to the clerk. The involuntary yell of the old soldier was an irresistible tribute to womanhood. Had the fine been three times as much he would not have suffered.

♦ ♦ ♦

A TOAST TO THE BOYS WHO NEVER GOT HOME.

At a recent campfire given by W. H. Sargent Post No. 20, Janesville, Wis., Comrade Thomas F. Croft read a letter of regret from one of the invited guests, George M. Peck, who was unable to attend. It is an amusing production. The writer says:

"I don't know what it is, but there is something in beans that makes men sociable and reckless. Beware of beans, Tom, as you value your future happiness. Look not upon the bean when it is baked and giveth its color in the pan, for at last it swelleth like a cucumber. But I would like to be there, Thomas, and take the old soldiers by the hand and look into their eyes that are becoming dim, and notice the effect of Father Time's penciling on the face of the boys who, twenty years ago, were full of vitality and as kitteny as any man that ever kept step to the rattling of a canteen against a cartridge box.

"Boys, do you realize that you are growing old? It is hard to realize it; but if another war were to break out your little baby that you left in its mother's arms twenty years ago, crowing at the 'hand-me-down' blue uniform in which you were disguised, would be the chap that the Government would want. Boys, you are speedily becoming 'old back numbers.' Though you feel young enough to stub around home, you are 'exempt' now. Do you realize that the little baby girl that clung to you as you said good-bye twenty years ago, with tears in your eyes as big as a glass paper weight, or an editor's diamond pin, is now a married woman, and that another baby is trying to utter the word 'grand-pa' when you come in putting on your youthful airs?

"It is pleasant now to chase the festive bean around the home campfire and talk of the nights when you slept on the ground in a pup tent, or on some battlefield, when your wet and muddy pantaloons were frozen stiff as a dried codfish, while you dreamed that every star that was looking down from above was the eye of a dear

one at home beckoning you to 'Hold the Fort' and hurry up and get through with the foolishness and come home. You can laugh now as you think how you got up in the morning after such a night's rest, looking as though you had been drawn through a brush fence.

"You, who are left, have a right to be happy, but in the midst of your bean banquet let me ask you to stand up with your tin cup of black coffee and drink to 'The Boys who Never got Home,' the brave fellows who returned not to meet the loved ones that they parted with twenty years ago. Let us hope that the Great Congress above 'removed the disabilities' of the boys who left vacancies in their regiments, and the few chickens they took, in the way of business, will not be entered up against them in the Big Book, but that the provost guard on duty at the gates of the New Jerusalem will 'present arms' to them and tell the boys that they are welcome to the best there is, and that when we all get in our work here and are ready to join our regiment in Heaven that the boys, we buried years ago, may stand on the parapet as we come straggling in, and give us the old soldiers' welcome, with a 'three time three' and a tiger; and we shall say to them: 'All right, comrades, we should have been here before only we were detained by business.'"

"GUNBOAT" GREEN.

In company E of the Thirty-first Louisiana, says an Atlanta writer, there was a man named Green. The boys went into service in the spring of '62, and for some time had very little to do. Green soon made himself one of the most popular men in camp. He was something of a humorist and his talent as a storyteller made him always entertaining.

When the Thirty-first snuffed gunpowder for the first time Green turned missing. He had a fit and was unable to handle a gun. In the second engagement the poor fellow had a spasm and was again kept away from the front. The soldiers began to have their suspicions and when their unfortunate comrade fell a victim to the rheumatism on the eve of another fight they spoke out in pretty plain terms.

Green was so bedeviled by the boys that he was driven nearly crazy. Just about that time there was a call for volunteers to go up the Yazoo river on a gunboat expedition. To the surprise of all, the chronic invalid volunteered. The expedition lasted about six weeks and no fighting occurred. Green, however, swelled with pride at the thought of his soldierly conduct, and bragged so lustily that his companions

nicknamed him "Gunboat" Green. By degrees it began to dawn upon him that he was the butt of his regiment, and then he became sulky and disagreeable.

But the time came when the gallant Louisianians had something more important to think of than "Gunboat" Green. They were driven into the "bull-pen" at Vicksburg by Grant's swarming legions, and every soldier had to do his duty like a little man. The corps to which Green belonged was stationed behind a crescent-shaped breastwork seven miles in length. The land in front for some distance was level, and then sloped down a ravine and up a steep hill. The timber had all been cut down, so there was a clean sweep.

One afternoon the federals charged the breastworks. They placed their sharpshooters on the hill to pick off the confederates when they showed their heads. The federals charged in four columns, four deep. The confederates remained in the pits four deep, and held their fire until the federals were within sixty yards. Then the front rank opened fire and fell back, and the second, and so on until every gun had been emptied with terrible execution. Finally the assaulting party fell back behind the timber that had been cut down to await the coming of night. In this position they were protected except from the top of the breastworks, and the confederates would not take that exposed position on account of the sharpshooters.

At this juncture an event of the most unexpected and paralyzing nature occurred. Down in the pits a crowd of rough fellows were tormenting "Gunboat" Green. One man told him that he was looking rather pale, and advised him to go to the hospital.

"Never mind about my looks," said Green, "I have a presentiment that I am going to be killed."

"By a nervous shock," suggested a corporal, and there was a laugh.

The object of all this ridicule gritted his teeth and his eyes flashed fire.

"I'll swear boys," said one of the company, "that if a bullet is found in 'Gunboat' Green after his death it will be one that he swallowed."

Stung beyond endurance by these taunts he seized his musket and ran at full speed until he reached the top of the breastworks. Here he had the federals behind the fallen timber in full view and easy range. For a moment both armies looked on in breathless wonder. On that seven mile line of breastworks, Green was the only man to be seen. Then the sharpshoot-

ers commenced firing at him, but nothing could move him. With a white face, blazing eyes, and nerves stretched to their utmost tension, he took aim and fired. Time and time again he reloaded and pulled the trigger, each time hitting his man. By this time the sharpshooters were firing 1,000 shots per minute at him. Some of the confederates begged him to come down, but an officer said:

"Let the blanked fool alone. They can't hit him."

The men in the pits threw up a lot of cartridges, and Green continued to fire at regular intervals. Bullets flew fast and thick as hail, but not a hair of his head was harmed. Finally the brigade that he was slaughtering in his merciless fashion could stand it no longer. They broke and ran up the hill, losing several more on the way up, under the fire of the solitary soldier on the breastworks.

"Gunboat" Green was the hero of the hour. Officers and privates surged around him, shaking him by the hand and applauding his bravery. Just before dark the Federals retired and a party of Louisianians went out to look at the result of Green's bloody marksmanship. It was found by actual count that his musket had killed seventy-two Federals. Green insisted that he had killed ninety, but it was thought that some of them were only wounded and their friends had dragged them off. About the seventy-two dead men there could be no doubt. They were there, and as their bodies lay in a place where there was not a single corpse before Green commenced firing, it was plain enough that he had brought them down.

A special report concerning Green was sent to the commanding general that night. The result would doubtless have been a promotion but for the fact that on the following morning "Gunboat" Green was nowhere to be found. Later it was ascertained that he had deserted and joined Grant's army. Nothing further was ever heard from him.

TWO OF THE SOLDIERS.

I know an old codger who was wounded in the foot at Stone river, but who swore by all that was good and bad that he would never leave the service for such a scratch as that. It interfered with his efficiency as a marcher, but his captain acted on the theory that a veteran who could shoot and who could keep his head in time of battle was better than a raw recruit, and when the old fellow insisted that he should remain in the service, I favored his claims and he did remain. I had him attached

to the ambulance corps, so that in long marches he could ride, but there was never a battle in which his command participated but what he was in ranks, doing most excellent service. After the close of the war he became an active business man and his old wound did not trouble him for several years. There came a time however, when he was confined to the house as a cripple, and when he was persuaded to make application for a pension he was laughed at for his pains. In another case, after the battle of Shiloh, a man was sent to the hospital tent with a severe wound from a bullet that had passed clear through his body. I thought the case a very serious one, but three days later I missed my man. At first I thought he had died suddenly and that the body had been carried out in my absence. Making inquiries I discovered that the fellow had got up on his own responsibility, and had staggered over to his own company's quarters. I went over and found him secreted in one of the company's tents, his comrades standing by him in his inclinations to remain away from the hospital. I called the ambulance, and was ready to take him again to the hospital when his captain made a plea for him, and asked that he be allowed to remain, the men in the same mess volunteering to act as nurses. He recovered with astonishing rapidity, and in two or three weeks was on duty again, taking his turn in all sorts of weather and under all sorts of circumstances. He went through the war in that way, but two years after the war closed, at an old-fashioned raising in West Virginia, he went beyond his strength. The wound broke out in the old place and he became an invalid. When I heard of the matter, those who ought to have taken a sympathetic attitude in each case were endeavoring to show that the man's disability dated from his lift at the raising. I went to Washington myself, and straightened the matter out.—*A Surgeon.*

Ellsworth's New York Fire Zouaves came to Washington among the first regiments in 1861. The Zouaves placed great importance in the fact that they all had belonged to the Fire Department of the city of New York. One day two of them strolled into the office of the Secretary of War and accosted the clerk, saying: "We want to know when we're going to have a battle." "Really, sir," replied the clerk, "I could not inform you even if I knew. You see, if we should tell the people who ask, the enemy would find out our plans." "Well," said the Zouave, "nobody want's you to tell the people: we ain't people, we're firemen."

Phil Thompson's Talk to the Jury.

A few years after the war Ed. Collins, a shiftless fellow of Mercer County, was indicted for stealing cattle. The case came up before Judge J. C. Wickliffe, now United States Attorney here, then Circuit Judge. The trial was in the Court House at Harrodsburg. Phil Thompson Jr., was Prosecuting Attorney, and Phil Thompson Sr. and Col. Thomas C. Bell, now Assistant United States Attorney here, appeared for the defense. Collins had been a soldier in the Federal army, while every man on the jury, the Prosecuting Attorney, Circuit Clerk and the Judge himself had fought for the Confederacy. The witnesses were brought forward and a plain case of theft was made out against Collins. The only dependence of the defense was the testimony of Collins' daughter Rose, who was to prove an alibi. She was a beautiful woman, and made to tell her story for all it was worth. Bell made a most touching plea, appealing to the sympathies of the jury for a beautiful woman in distress with all the power of language he could summon. But the veterans of Donelson and Shiloh were unmoved.

Then old Phil Thompson laid himself out to mystify them and raise a doubt of the prisoner's guilt, and he, too, finally began to appeal to their gallantry. In the midst of a glowing sentence, however, he found the jury yawning, looking out of the window, and wholly inattentive. Breaking off his pathos the old lawyer leaned back on a table a moment, eyed the jury quizzically with a humorous twinkle in his eye, and said:

"Look here, gentlemen, this stealing was done during the war, and you can't do anything with a man for that. You, Tom Mundy," he continued, turning and pointing to the foreman of the jury, a strapping big Kentuckian, don't you remember that sheep you stole in Powell's Valley! You can't convict Ed. Collins." There was a general waking up of the jury, and a smile went round. "And you, Dan Bond; you know that horse you stole, from Lord Alexander in the spring of '62. You can't send a man to prison for stealing cattle."

The smile broke into an open guffaw in one or two places, and half a dozen men on the back seats stood up.

As the old man took up the jury one by one and recalled his shortcomings the laughter became general and continuous. Finally he said: "And there's my son Phil. Wasn't he one of Morgan's worst horse thieves? What can he say against Ed. Collins? And you, Ed. Batts; you remember that raid on that old Yankee

sympathizer in East Tennessee? And can you raise your voice against him? And his Honor on the bench, if the truth were known—," but the rest of the sentence was drowned in a shout of laughter and uproar of applause that shook the building. The jury was out three minutes and brought in a verdict for acquittal.

WITH THE "ALABAMA."

In 1863, as the Confederate cruiser left Bahia for Cape Town, to prey upon Federal commerce wherever found, she captured the *Justina* only a few miles east of the port mentioned. Then she headed to the south and picked up the *Jabez Snow*, the Amazonian, the *Tallisman* and the *Conrad* in succession on that course. When below Rio Janeiro and ready to shape her course to the east, she picked up the *Anna Schmidt*, and four days later, the *Express*. From that point we made the long voyage to the Cape without securing another victim, though we sighted several which escaped us. My story has to do with one of the latter incidents.

One afternoon, as we were holding our course under sail, with the fires banked and steam down, a sail was sighted to the north. After a time she was made out to be a large ship, and was holding her course for the Cape. For a long time some of the officers held that she was English, and as we were both gradually nearing each other, the engineer received no orders to get up steam. There was a good sea on, and the promise of a nasty night, when, an hour before sundown, the two crafts, running the legs of a triangle, as it were, approached each other within about two miles. Then we hoisted the United States flag, although by this time it was well known that she was American. After a few minutes a ball was run up to her mast-head and broke away to unfurl the old stars and stripes. We had made ourselves believe that we hated the old flag, but when we saw it given to the breeze above the swelling sails of a noble clipper out there on the broad Atlantic, we men felt like cheering.

Down came the flag of deceit from our mast-head, and up went the flag of the Southern Confederacy in its place. It must have been a great surprise to the Yankee, and upon my word I felt sorry at the thought of such a noble craft being given over to the flames. The wind was from the northwest, and breezing up stronger all the time. We cast loose a gun and fired a shot across the clipper's course, and according to the usual order of things she should have heaved to and submitted to the inevitable. We all looked for such action, especially as we

were now not over a mile apart and she was well under our guns. There was something like a flutter of excitement aboard of her for a moment, and then her nose pointed up to the north, her men swarmed aloft, and in five minutes she was a pyramid of canvas and walking off like a race horse. During this interval we had been beating to quarters and casting loose the guns, and as it was seen that she meant to run away from us, we opened on her with everything that would bear. She was now almost stern-on us, and in a racking position, but we soon found that the heavy sea running materially interfered with our gunnery. She had no doubt calculated on this, and though some of our shots gave her a close shave, she gave her whole attention to getting away. We soon saw that she could outsail us, and orders were given to get up steam. We kept pegging away at her in hopes to cripple her aloft, but before we had accomplished anything darkness came down. We sent men aloft with glasses to keep her in sight, and reserved our ammunition until we could get to close quarters. We clapped on all the canvas we could carry and after a time had steam to help us along, but before the propeller had made a revolution the men aloft reported that the clipper was out of sight.

Our only course was to follow to the northeast in hopes of picking her up when daylight came, but when day broke after a long and starry night the ocean was clear of sail. The day we reached Cape Town we saw our fugitive safely anchored in the harbor. Two or three days later, when I was on shore leave, I ran across some of her crew, and was told by them that as soon as she was beyond our sight she turned on her heel and ran to the south, thus crossing our bows and making every yard we run take us further away from her. At midnight she bore to the East again, and was in Cape Town four days ahead of us.

◆◆◆ The Yankees Came Too Late.

"During the war," said an ex-Confederate soldier, as we hoisted up our feet and leaned back for a talk, "Huntsville, Ala., was looted two or three times by the Federals. I enlisted from that place, and my wife kept me posted as to what went on. I got back there about a month after the surrender, having tramped a good share of the way on foot. My wife had two old calico dresses and a pair of ragged shoes, and I had a tattered old uniform and was bare-foot. We hadn't as much as a shilling between us to begin life on. After a few days an old friend offered to let me occupy an old house on a plantation five or six miles from town; an-

other loaned me a mule; a third bought me some seed, and in one way and another I picked up an outfit and went to scratching the soil of Alabama for grub.

"I had been at it a week or two and was clean discouraged, for I wasn't overly well, when one day I rested the mule under the shade of a big tree in the center of my corn lot. He stood there stamping off the flies, when one of his legs went down into what seemed a hole, and he made a great fuss about pulling it out. I made a careless inspection, but on running my hand down the hole I felt what I knew was the side of a jar or jug. I went for a shovel and threw out the dirt, and it wasn't many minutes before I lifted out a four-gallon jar with an iron cover. In that jar I found \$350 in greenbacks, \$175 in gold and silver, and silverware and jewelry which I sold for \$600. On the morning of the third day after my luck, I stood at the door and saw two men drive up to a point in the road opposite the tree. They hitched the horses shouldered a spade, and made for the spot where I had lifted out the jar. When they reached it they seemed paralyzed. I walked down to them and pleasantly observed: 'Mr. Yankees you are just two days too late. Much obliged for your contribution to a poor old Confed.' They had no reply. They gave me one awful look of disgust and walked off without a word."

◆◆◆ BEATS HIS OWN RECORD.

Comrade Howard of Ohio has acquired such a habit of using profane terms that he sometimes puts his own language into the mouths of others with very peculiar effect, as for instance, when he said to the minister:

"I told my wife that you were going to have a festival in the church and would expect her to send in a half barrel of doughnuts, and I asked her if she was going to do it, as she always does at every fair."

"Ah! and what did she say, brother!"

"She said not by a d——d sight! But she will—she will. That's the way she talks at first!"

At another time he was telling some of his comrades what a smart child his little boy was.

"I gave him a quarter and told him to put it in the contribution plate, and you ought to have seen him look at me and ask: 'What in h——I do you take me for, papa?' Ha! ha! ha! it just doubled me up."

It is needless to say that this old vet. evidently does the swearing for the whole family, with a possibility of supplying the families of the neighborhood.

FIELD AND POST-ROOM.

VOL. I.

HARRISBURG, PA., OCTOBER, 1886.

NO 10.

NOTHING BUT FLAGS

Suggested on viewing the New Hampshire Battle-Flags at the State House.

Nothing but Flags—but simple Flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the host of the mighty dead
That have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their young life's tide,
And dying, blessed them, and blessing died.

Nothing but Flags! yet methinks at night
They tell each other their tales of fright!
And dim spectres come, and their thin arms twine
'Round each standard torn, as they stand in line.
As the word is given—they charge! they form!
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm,
And once again through the smoke and strife,
These colors lead to a nation's life.

Nothing but Flags—yet they are bathed in tears—
They tell of triumphs—of hopes—of fears;
Of a mother's prayers—of a boy away;
Of a serpent crushed—of a coming day,
Silent they speak—and the tear will start,
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart
And think of those who are ne'er forgot—
Their Flags came home—why come they not?

Nothing but Flags—yet we hold our breath,
And gaze with awe at these types of death!
Nothing but Flags—yet the thought will come,
The heart man pray, 'thou h the lips be dumb!
They are sacre l, pure and ve see no stain
On those dear-oved Flags—ome home again,
Bathed in blood—and pure st, best;
Tattered and torn, they are now at rest.



PERILS OF THE PONTONNIER.

"You would, eh? You'd rather be an engineer than in any other arm of the service? Now there's just where you show a lamentable lack of judgment on top of a tremendous scarcity of knowledge," and Captain Burke, late of the Fiftieth New York engineers, contemplated his new acquaintance, on the portico of the Congressional Library, with an air of scarcely concealed scorn. A mutual gaze and conversation over the old fortifications over in Virginia had elicited from his casual acquaintance who was "doing" Washington, the remark:

"In case I was going to war I'd rather be an engineer than in any other arm of the service."

"Got some kind of an idea that engineers haven't any more serious duty than wearing a brass penitentiary on the front of their caps

and running a locomotive in the rear of the wagon train?"

"But I shouldn't think the duty was so dangerous. Building forts and putting down bridges can't be as unhealthy as standing up to be knocked down at the front."

The captain pulled his grey moustache vigorously, evidently worried because common courtesy forbid cussing the ignorance of the speaker, but he only said:

"It's very evident your military education ain't likely to give you brain fever. Why, man, in the Engineer Corps you get the first chance at the honor, likewise the enemy gets the first chance at you, and he's always mad if he don't drop you, because he has nothing to hinder him; but in the field, armies in these days don't go and build fortifications two or three years, or maybe fifty, ahead, and then go and fight comfortably under shelter like they used to do. There ain't any time for that sort of thing. But they do build bridges, and sometimes that is about the most unhealthy trade a soldier can follow. S'pose I tell you about the bridge we laid for General Sumner's Centre Grand Division in front of Fredericksburg."

"I should very much like to hear, for I admit my ideas about such matters are rather vague."

"Just so. Well, you see, on the morning of December 11, 1862, the whole Army of the Potomac was marched down to the Rappahannock by Burnside to pitch into General Lee on the other side. But before any pitching was done the river had to be crossed, and to this a perfect hornet's nest of sharpshooters on the other side objected.

"Sumner was to cross right in front of the city of Fredericksburg, where the old passenger bridge had been burned down. The opposite side of the river was closely built up with a medley of dwellings, shops, mills, and warehouses, and in these the Confederate sharpshooters were having a regular picnic.

"Sumner had his headquarters up at the old Phillips House, nearly two miles back from the shore, and the fields all around it were filled with his troops waiting to cross. All along the bluffs our cannon were mounted, a string of, I reckon more than a hundred guns, large and small, reaching from above Fredericksburg

down to General Franklin's crossing with the Left Grand Division, three miles below.

"The pontoons were brought down to the river bank early in the morning, and while the troops in the advance lay on their arms and looked on, and the artillerymen stood ready to blaze away at the least hostile demonstration, we began to lay our bridge, the other one at this same place being put down by the regulars.

"Now, this is just where the ugly part of the business comes in. The work is simple enough after you have been drilled into it for a year or so, but I tell you there ain't any duty that requires more cool courage. Even in the charge of a forlorn hope, every man, as he grasps his musket, is fired by the common enthusiasm, lifted on the waves of a common excitement, and feels from his toes to the tips of his fingers the martial inspiration; besides, he knows that if he flinches the map in his rear is pretty sure to curse him for a coward and prod him with his bayonet; but bridge-building, or rather laying, has in itself no warlike incident—none of the intoxication of a desperate charge. The pontonnier, or engineer, or whatever you choose to call him, is for the time being not a bridge-builder, but a mechanic, pushing about boats and carrying balks and risers, and tugging at ropes.

"Well, the fellows grabbed No. 1 boat and slid it into the water. Then we all paused and stared across the river to see what the rebels thought of it, and we looked like a lot of little boys who had done something particularly naughty, and wondered why we didn't catch thunder for it. But the whole front of the town looked as quiet and solemn as an empty beer brewery, though we knew that there must be about three thousand eyes drawing a bead on us and just itching for the word to plaster us all over with lead. The feeling wasn't a pleasant one, and that is the kind of pause it don't do to allow to last. If it does somebody is going to make a break, and the rest follow like sheep, and there is a panic. But nothing so bad happened. The officer who was marking the 'bridge head' whispered a hoarse call as though the fog had settled in his throat, and the work went on. There was no more hesitation. The boats were lined, joined and swung off into the stream.

"Still the enemy made no sign. The fog was so thick now that we could scarcely see across, and everything across there looked big, hazy and uncertain. I remember of having a particular dread of one Johnny about eleven feet high, with a musket about a rod long, who

stood beside the last house next the street. I kept wondering why somebody didn't shoot him before he shot me, and every time I went out with a timber—I was a corporal then—I took a glance at him and wondered why he didn't shoot me. I saw the same fellow when we finally crossed; he was a hitching post about three feet high.

"We were rapidly drawing nearer the other shore. We had just swung in No. 13 boat, the fellows on shore were watching us with breathless anxiety, and we had begun to feel a little more easy, when suddenly Captain Jennison sung out:

"'Look out, boys: down!'

"But it was too late. From the rifle pits and the houses the rebels let fly at us, right in our faces, the awfullest volley I was ever under in my life. It seemed to blow our fellows right away before it.

"'Oh! God! Jim, I've got it,' cried my tent mate, Alec Traverse, and he leaped up and fell into the water dead. I caught him by the hair and pulled him out as though he had been a child. Then I picked the body up and never stopped running until I was safe behind the shelter on shore. Most of the men dropped into the bottom of their boats, and there they had to stay for the time. That first fire just cost us twenty-seven men and three officers killed and wounded. There was no use in talking about any more bridge-building just then, so we just took the best shelter we could find and waited.

"Then the artillery got in its work. From more than a hundred guns, for hours, a rain of shot and shell was poured upon the doomed city of Fredericksburg, and especially upon the houses near the bank which protected the enemy's sharpshooters. I've heard it sworn to by artillery officers who were there, that over a hundred shells a minute were hurled from these miles of batteries. The fog, however, was so dense that much of the time no such thing as accurate aim was attainable. A good many of the artillerymen took a shot at the steeple of the old church, but they all with one exception missed it with great ability. Several houses were set on fire, and their smoke and flames added to the gloom and terror of the scene. Meantime we could hear the Johnnies on the other side yelling:

"'Hello, Yank; hurry up that bridge; we want to come over!'

"'Does it make you uns feel good to murder a lot of women and children? Why don't you come over and fight square?'

"'Though some of them kept up this yelling

from the buildings opposite it was evident that the largest part of their sharpshooters had been moved back out of the present danger. At this time to this fearful canonade not a rebel gun responded.

"As soon as possible we got our wounded ashore, and I went to the hospital in the rear of the Lacy House. I hadn't been there more than a minute, and had just got our men turned over to the doctors, when an orderly came running up and said:"

"'Burke, your brother's caught it pretty bad, too, I guess. Grab that stretcher and let's go back after him.'"

"We found him near one of the batteries, and some of the fellows told me he had come up there to watch the batterymen at work, when a shell accidentally exploded, and three of them were struck with the fragments. The other two were dead."

"What in thunder did you want to come foolin' up here for?" I ripped out as soon as I got near enough. He was younger than me, and mother had charged me when we went away to have an eye over him, though he was a blamed sight better boy than ever I was.

When he heard me he opened his eyes weak-like and kind of smiled.

"'Dont scold, Jim,' he whispered. 'Tell mother I dreamed about her last night, and I 'am gain'—"

"And he went. Went out right there and I thought my heart would go right out after him. But that was no time nor place for sorrow. The boys all liked Bob, he was such a jolly, brave and kind young fellow, and they helped me to dig a grave for him in the Lacy House garden, and the chaplain, who happened to come along, stopped and said a few words, and as we covered him up and put a little board at his head with his name and regiment, I felt thankful that I could tell mother that if she lost her darling he was a brave soldier always, and had a more Christian burial than most of the dead on the field of honor get.

"It was now 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the bridge was just as we left it; no effort was or could be made to complete it. The batteries had stopped for some reason, and all, for the moment, was silent on the Rappahannock.

"I went back to my company, and had just laid down when the artillery storm burst forth again. Night was coming on, and it was imperative that something should be done. Franklin's bridge was already down and we were behind with ours.

"'Fall in!' was the next word we heard, and we were hurried down to the shore again.

It had become evident that those miserable rebel riflemen could not be dislodged from their hiding places by artillery, and men were now needed who would take their lives in their hands, cross in the pontoons and drive them out at the point of the bayonet.

"'Who will volunteer to cross the river and drive out those sharpshooters?' sung out an officer standing on a little mound of earth on the upper bank to make himself heard. The bank was covered with Michigan and Massachusetts men, for to the men of these two States had been assigned the honor of leading the way into Fredericksburg, and for hours they had been waiting near the bank for the completion of the bridge.

"At the call hundreds at once stepped to the front; but only one hundred could be selected for fear of over-crowding the pontoons, which were rowed and poled over by the engineers. The men pulled with all their strength and skill. The rebel sharpshooters sent forth volley after volley in rapid succession, but all in vain. Those men were bound to cross right then and there, and they did. They were watched with excited anxiety by their friends.

"Now, without much formation, they rush up the bank; they charge with cold steel over the rifle pits and into the houses and other hiding-places. Fifty rebel sharpshooters are taken prisoners. The cheers of the Union men compete with the roar of the artillery, which thunders away over all, while we engineers work as we never worked to get that bridge finished without the loss of a moment, for speedily we fear a swarm of Confederates will swoop through the town and gobble up our little handful of heroes, who are all alone in their glory, and coolly prodding and nosing around in every suspicious nook and corner for concealed Johnnies.

"It seems scarcely five minutes before the bridge is finished, and the men are back with their prisoners, and the eager Massachusetts men and the Michiganders have rushed over to secure and hold what has been so hardly won. While this is going on just above the Lacy house the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania rushed their bridge down to the river bank and laid it across with scarcely any opposition.

"While our men were securing the guys and anchors I went up the bank next the city to drive a stake. A bullet struck my canteen and doubled me up like a pair of compasses. As soon as my stomach-ache went off, I searched for the source of that bullet and several more that were dropping along very annoyingly. They were coming at least half a mile from

some heights clear back of and above the town, I told our captain, who sent me to point out the place to a battery on the right of the Lacey House. The battery officers examined the ground a few minutes through their glasses, then carefully trained their guns and let go a whole battery of broad-sides on the spot.

"Whoopie? what a digging out of rebels there was from that place. So many of them that I never could account for the room they occupied until the next Spring after Marye's Heights were taken, when I went over and found the hole left by an old building or lime-kiln on the side of the hill, and beneath the briars and leaves lay two whitening skeletons, evidently still lying where the battery shot had dropped them.

"That was a bad day all over for the engineers. Down at Franklin's crossing in Pollock's Meadows, three miles below, the Fifteenth New York had a serious time. The land here on both sides of the river is low and flat, but on the south side there is a terrace two or three hundred yards wide, with a bluff of probably six feet behind it. The shelter of this bluff was filled with hundreds of sharpshooters as was also an old barn and tobacco shed close by. When the pontoon men and their supports first made their appearance early in the morning the rebs opened on them with both bullets and bad language.

"The Fifteenth New York had one bridge here and the U. S. Regulars the other, and there was the usual rivalry between volunteers and regulars to see which should have their work done first; a rivalry which, by the way, generally resulted in favor of the volunteers, not probably because of the superior skill, but because of superior energy, the regular of any arm never being known to possess that article to any alarming amount.

"Without any hesitation, both parties went to work. The boats were run down and launched; each in turn was brought into place; coolly and systematically the engineers united it to the rest with the girders upon which, one by one, they laid down the planks. All this time the rebel sharpshooters known to be close at hand, kept ominously quiet. One big-mouthed yawper with a Louisiana dialect appeared to take charge of the blackguarding for the whole line. He was behind a clump of bushes down on the terrace, and closer to the bank than any of his fellows.

"Nearer and nearer to the opposite bank crawled the floating causeways; already they are more than halfway across, and the acres upon acres of anxious boys in blue upon the north-

ern shore draw a longer breath. The silence and suspense are awful, when, without the slightest warning, a line of fire fringes the rebel rifle pits, and volley after volley from the rebel sharpshooters is poured upon the courageous but exposed and unarmed workmen. Two are killed, a few wounded, and all fall flat to the bottoms of their pontoons, where they are partially protected. Then our artillery posted on the bluffs opened with grape and canister, sweeping the opposite plain like a whirlwind.

"These terrific discharges soon made every rifle pit too warm for its occupants, and finally every rebel was driven from his hiding-place. Once more the pontonniers jumped into their work; the last boat was floated to its place, the last timber and plank laid, and, as the foremost engineer leaped upon the farther bank, one long, loud, enthusiastic cheer relieved the pent up excitement of the ten thousand spectators, who thus thanked the brave pontonniers for having heroically finished their work.

"Now, this is just a single instance of the delights of the engineer's chances. Some are better and many are worse; but taking it all in all, when you go to war, if you take my advice, you'll be engineer to a Government wagon and six kicking mules in preference to the finest regiment of 'Penitentiary Cadets' that ever made a derrick of itself to hoist a pontoon out of a mud-hole."

AN OLD VETERAN'S LOGIC.

An old veteran who belongs way down east was recently brought before a police justice and charged with being drunk and making a bed of the sidewalks, when the following colloquy took place:

"You are charged with being drunk. What have you got to say for yourself?" said his Honor.

"I don't deny the charge, yer honor. I am an honest man, and admit that I was drunk; yet I committed no crime."

"No crime! Do you mean to say that it is no crime to get drunk and make a beast of yourself? Why the officer says you were lying on the sidewalk with your head up against a house dead drunk."

"Did he swear to that?"

"He did," said the justice.

"Then he perjured himself, and is unfit to hold a place of public trust."

"And you say you was not dead drunk?"

"Yes, your Honor, I do say so; for with the assistance of the officer, I walked to the station house. Did you ever see a dead man walk?"

"No, I never did; that's true. But it is a

crime to be half dead drunk and is punishable under the law."

"I don't want so much talk about it. You admit you were drunk, and that is sufficient."

"Yes, I admit that I was drunk, but it was a mere accident. Better men than either you or I have been found in the same fix. Noah of old was once found just as I was; but no officer yanked him into a dirty station house. He was allowed to lie there and sleep it off, and then after recovering he was permitted by the great Judge of all Judges to build himself an ark and save himself and family, and his only, from the great watery flood. Now what is the difference between my getting drunk and Noah's?"

"Well, as you have been a soldier, and seem to have seen better days, and are pretty well posted in Scripture, I'll let you off this time; but be careful and don't come here again."

"I will, yer Honor. Will you please lend me a dime to get an old soldier's lunch with?"

"I will give you a dime on the condition that you will buy a lunch, but no whiskey."

"I agree, so help me? I always take my lunch, then go up to the counter, pass over my dime, and the liquor is thrown in."

With this our old comrade departed from the court-room with the air of a general.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

In the spring of 1864, when the Federal Government had placed so many blockades outside and inside of Charleston bar that they were in danger of colliding with each other every time the sea got up, I shipped at Nassau on an English blockade runner called the Deerhound. She was loaded with arms, clothes, shoes, medicine, tents and dry goods, and the cargo was worth at least \$800,000 in gold. At that time not more than two blockaders per month slipped into Charleston, and it was well understood among us that we had nineteen chances of getting to the bottom or being captured to one of getting safe in. Indeed, the risk was known to be so great that the Confederate agent had hard work to get a crew. It was only a short run, as you know, but the four of us who might be classed as ronstabouts were promised \$100 in gold apiece to make the trip. If we got in we were to be retained by the steamer at \$5 per day each until she was ready to come out with cotton. If we were sunk or captured that was our own lookout.

The Confederate agent who had the matter in charge was a hustler. There were half a dozen Yankee spies in about Nassau, with some of the Federal cruisers constantly in port

and it was useless to expect to get away without our departure being known. It was however, given out, and generally credited, that we were bound for Savannah. We were ready to leave late in the afternoon of a Monday, but a Yankee cruiser arrived that day noon and some of the spies put off and warned the captain of what was up. He had come in for water, provisions and repairs, but down went his anchor in the harbor and he kept up a full head of steam. If we left he would follow, and even if we could outrun him he would keep near enough to bother us off Charleston. In this emergency a lot more freight was brought down to the wharf and everybody turned to it as if we had at least another day's work. A number of barrels and bales were hoisted into the hold before dark, but only to be hoisted out again when our scouts reported that the cruiser had banked her fire and allowed a number of her crew to go ashore on leave.

At 10 o'clock at night the weather turned nasty and it began to drizzle. Half an hour later the Deerhound slipped away from her docks so quietly that few knew of her departure. We ran within a quarter of a mile of the cruiser, but the weather was so thick that the best glass could not have made us out to be the craft he was so anxious to follow. When we got fairly out the steamer was driven for all she was worth. There was a chance that our absence would be observed before morning, and a long start would be our only salvation. As it afterwards turned out we were not missed until daylight, and then the cruiser got under way at once. Why he headed for Charleston instead of Savannah I never ascertained. He probably acted on the idea that if we said one place we were bound for the other.

Had all gone well with us we should have appeared off Charleston bar in the early hours of evening, thus giving us all night to slip past the blockades. When thirty miles away, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, an accident happened in the engine room and we lay like a log on the sea. Half an hour later we sighted the cruiser who had come out of Nassau after us.

We had overrun our distance to the north by ten or twelve miles on purpose. The cruiser came down within six miles of us before he bore away to the west. We could make him out very clearly, although the weather was hazy, but he could not see us. The bluewhite color of the steamer made her blend with the horizon and seem a part of it at that distance.

Our coal was smokeless and left no trace on the sky. It was not until the cruiser was almost out of sight to the west that we had our

repairs completed and started ahead at half speed. We ran in to within ten miles of the bar, and the cruiser had been lost to sight for two hours, when the lookout, who had a strong night glass, discovered him again. He was standing out to sea, and was scarcely two miles away and dead ahead of us. Our course was changed two or three points, every light extinguished, and we crept out of his path. He was off our quarter and a mile away when he discovered us, and the very first warning we had was the roar of a big gun and the scream of a shell flew over us. We were in for it now. It was either run to the sea or hold straight for the bar. Our captain decided upon the latter course, and the Deerhound dashed forward at her best speed. Up went half a dozen rockets from the cruiser, and bang! bang! went her guns, and five minutes later every blockade on the station was firing rockets. It was understood that a runner was approaching.

As we drew near the bar we saw light after light dancing on the water. I believe there were twenty blockaders on the station. Red and blue lights were burned, rockets were exploded, and the Deerhound was pushed into the thickest of them. The first craft we passed was not a pistol shot away; the second we almost grazed; the third gave us a shot which took the ornament off the steamer's stem. Then all of them seemed to open fire, and shot came from all points of the compass. We were struck three times inside of a minute, but no one was hurt and not much damage was done.

We kept driving on, never swerving a point, and after a few minutes all the shot came from astern, thus proving that we had passed the fleet. Shell and round shot screamed over us and splashed around us, but we swept up the channel unharmed, and were finally out of range and safe in Secession.

♦♦♦

"MAY I KISS THAT BABY."

To a soldier, far away from home, there is no more touching sight than that of a baby in its mother's arms. While on the way to Gettysburg, our troops were marching by night through a village, over whose gateways hung lighted lanterns, while young girls shed tears, as they watched the brothers of our women march on to possible death. A scene of the march is thus described by the author of "Bullet and Shell"

Stopping for a moment at the gate of a dwelling, I noticed a young mother leaning over it with a chubby child in her arms. Above the woman's head swung a couple of stable-lanterns, their light falling full on her face.

The child was crowing with delight at the strange pageant as it watched the armed host pass on.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Jim Manners, one of the men, as he dropped the butt of his musket on the ground, and peered wistfully into the face of the mother and her child.

"I beg your pardon, but may I kiss that baby of yours? I've got one just like him at home; at least he was when I saw him two years ago!"

The mother, a sympathetic tear rolling down her rosy cheek, silently held out the child.

Jim pressed his unshaven face to its innocent smiling lips for a moment, then walked on, saying:

"God bless you, ma'am, for that!"

Poor Jim Manners? He never saw his boy again in life. A bullet laid him low the next day, as we made our first charge.

♦♦♦

A good story is told on a young recruit who recently enlisted at Camp Hancock, near Atlanta. The young fellow joined the army while the country was threatening war with Mexico, and he intended making a good soldier. One day he was on guard duty and was slowly stepping along when an officer approached. After the usual salute the officer said: "Let me see your gun." The raw recruit handed over his Springfield rifle, and a pleased expression stole over his face. As the officer received the gun he said in a tone of deepest disgust: "You're a fine soldier! You've given up your gun, and now what are you going to do?" The young Atlantian turned pale, and reaching for his hip-pocket drew a big six shooter, and preparing for business said, in a voice that could not be misunderstood: "Gimme that gun or I'll blow a hole through you in a pair o' minutes!" The officer instantly decided not to "monkey" any further with the raw recruit, and the gun was promptly surrendered. This story brings to mind one that is told of a Confederate guard who was on duty in South Carolina. An officer was discussing war matters and remarked: "You know your duty here, do you, sentinel?" "Yes sir." "Well now, suppose they should open on you with shells and musketry, what would you do?" "Form a line, sir." "What! one man form a line?" "Yes, sir; form a bee line for camp, sir." One day Beauregard, with several lesser lights, came upon a sentinel who had taken his gun entirely to pieces, and was greasing lock, stock and barrel. The General looked like a thundercloud, but neither his flashing uniform nor the scowl on his face had any effect on the sentinel, who quietly proceed-

ed to rub a piece of his gun. "Say," remarked an officer, "that's Beauregard there. He's a sort of a General." "All right," said the unabashed sentinel, "if he'll wait till I get this gun together, I'll give him a sort of salute."

ORDERED THEM TO VAMOS.

Gen. Taylor, of the American Army, when he won his victories in Mexico, did not look much like a hero. He was somewhat below medium height, was short and stout, in fact, was what one would call dumpy. He wore a straw hat, an old linen duster that looked as if it might not have been washed since he fought the battle of Palo Alto. His pants were large and loose, and he wore coarse soldier shoes. Gen. Shields used to narrate an interesting incident that occurred one day when he was a guest of "Old Rough and Ready's" table at dinner, with Col. Bliss and a son of Henry Clay. Just as they were finishing dinner, a guard filed in with two prisoners that had just been arrested. The men had been for two days peddling oranges through the camp, and by accident one of the soldiers had discovered that under their coarse garments they wore the finest linen. So the two were arrested, and carefully concealed about their clothes had been found papers containing very valuable information concerning the American camp, the number of men in arms and the best points for attack. These papers were handed over to Gen. Taylor, and after reading them he handed them to the rest of us. They were unmistakable evidences that the two men were spies. "Call my interpreter!" demanded Gen. Taylor. The General could not speak Spanish. The only Spanish word he knew was "vamos," and he used it on all occasions. Whenever he invited the Mexicans into camp, he said "vamos," and whenever he ordered them out of camp, he said "vamos."

The interpreter having arrived, Gen. Taylor said to him: "Ask them who they are!" The prisoners replied that they were Mexican soldiers. "Humph! Thought so. Now ask them what their rank is." They looked at each other a moment, as much as to say: "We might as well tell the truth," and answered that they were colonels, one of them Chief of the Engineer Corps at Monterey. "Aha!" said Gen. Taylor, "so much the worse. And now ask them who sent them here." They replied that they had come in obedience to the orders of Gen. Apudia. "Gen. Apudia sent you, did he?" roared old "Rough and Ready." "Well, I say Gen. Apudia is no gentleman, or he would not have sent you here upon this sneaking errand,

to spy around our camp. I say he is no gentleman!" The prisoners had just begun to understand that the man whom they were before was the American general, and when he uttered this hasty opinion of their chief they bowed very low. Gen. Taylor asked them if they knew the penalty of their crime; if they knew that, as spies, they ought to be shot. At once the prisoners drew themselves up proudly and said they knew the penalty, but if they were to die they trusted they would meet their fate like brave men. Their bravery pleased the bluff old soldier, and after a moment's thought he said: "Well, I'll let you go this time, but if I ever catch you spying here again I'll have you shot, shot like Mexican dogs! Now, vamos! vamos! And tell Gen. Apudia that when he wants to find out about our army, he may send a delegation of his officers here and I will escort them about myself and order a review of the troops for their especial benefit." The liberated men scampered off briskly. Shortly after that Gen. Taylor, at the head of his victorious legions, marched in and took possession of Monterey.

GENERAL DOUBLEDAY BEATEN

The lack of discipline in the Union army in the early part of the war is exemplified by a couple of anecdotes told by a veteran: "When we were in the defenses before Washington in 1861, General Doubleday, a rigid martinet, was in command of the brigade, which was made up almost entirely of young and untrained soldiers. One of them, a lank and overgrown Westerner, was doing picket duty one day when Doubleday, glorious in gilt and brass, rode by on his charger, accompanied by his entire staff. As they passed the big Westerner stared at them with open-mouthed wonder, and neglected to salute. The General noticed the error, and rode back with fire in his eye.

"What is your name?" he asked the picket.

The picket told him.

"Well I am General Doubleday, commanding the defenses of Washington."

"Are ye indeed!" said the soldier nonchalantly. "Wall, ye hev a gosh-fired fine job, and I hope ye can hold it."

The General galloped off without a word.

At another time a soldier who was digging a trench hit his captain on the head with a clod of dirt. The officer rushed up and reprimanded the private.

"Now look-a-here, Cap," said the latter.

"My business here is digging and yours is bossing the company on parade, and if you attend to your business I'll attend to mine."

"Who comes there?" "A friend!" "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." "Field and Post Room."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
FRANK B. KINNEARD AND WILSON C. FOX,
920 MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG.

ENTERED IN THE HARRISBURG POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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"LITTLE MAC"

Whenever I think of "Little Mac," he comes before me as I saw him near Middletown, Md., in September, '62, just before the battle of South Mountain. We had halted beside the road, and the enemy were making a stand on the mountain gap, within plain sight of where we lay. The troops of Reno and Stevens were pushing forward in an endeavor to dislodge the enemy, and the puffs of smoke from the guns could be plainly seen. Noticing a great commotion in the road, I ran out, and there sat "Little Mac" upon his horse, surrounded by swarms of men. The men were indulging in all sorts of wild manifestations of delight, and cheers rang out continually. Caps were being thrown into the air, and the road was so full of men that it was almost impossible for the General to proceed. Many of the boys were pressing closely up to his horse, in order that they might touch their idol; and altogether it was the most enthusiastic ovation I ever witnessed. The General seemed to like it, as his face was lighted up with a smile. All the while he pointed his finger toward the mountain where the enemy were, as if to say, "We must go through there, boys." I could think of nothing but Napoleon surrounded by his legions; and now, as I think of that scene, and of the enthusiasm everywhere, and at all times, prevailing for "Little Mac," I am convinced that no General in the Union army ever possessed so fully the love of the men as did George B. McClellan. At the battle of Antietam, Hartsuff's brigade, of the First Corps, occupied a very exposed position and lost heavily. It was reported at the time that McClellan called an aide to his side and asked what troops those were upon the knoll beyond the cornfield. He had been watching them through his glass, and noticed their fast decreasing number. His question was soon answered; and he is said to have given the order to have them relieved at once. And then to have remarked: "They will stand there till every man of them is shot down." Some idea of the losses of Hartsuff's brigade

may be gained from the fact that the Twelfth Massachusetts, with which the writer was connected, had two hundred and eighty-three men killed and wounded in one hour and twenty minutes; out of the three hundred and forty taken into the fight. The recent articles published in the *Century* upon the Peninsula campaign have done much for placing McClellan in his proper position in history. It is clear now, that when the chaff is all brushed away, and the world looks back with unclouded eyes upon the great rebellion, it will accord the much abused General a place among the chieftains and leaders of the time, close beside the very best and bravest. The creation of the Army of the Potomac, the siege of Yorktown, the advance up the peninsula, the disposition of troops about the rebel capital, the change of base to Harrison's landing, with the great battles daily occurring and with so little loss of war material, are achievements that will ever shine among the brightest and most brilliant of military movements. Even that which critics have so persistently denounced as McClellan's mistake—the leaving of his right open to attack—is becoming better understood, and the blame will one day be put where it belongs. When the Army of the Potomac was being concentrated about Gettysburg, and it was known that Hooker had resigned, much discussion took place among the men as to the command. The writer distinctly remembers that such a rumor did prevail, and he also remembers the enthusiasm that the belief caused. Many men fought under the impression that "Little Mac" was at the head, and very few of the men in the ranks knew that the command had been given to Meade. Newspapers were scarce; and as the army was constantly moving, and as corps and divisions were widely separated, very little opportunity occurred to learn the news.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

A young student from New Hampshire, shot through the lungs in an engagement during the war, was brought to York much reduced from loss of blood and subsequent exposure. His condition was most critical, and the surgeon gave no hope of his recovery. He lingered for some days, hourly growing weaker. The Chaplain told him his hours were numbered, and asked him if he had any last message to send. He had never thought of death, and gasped: "I cannot die; I must live for my mother's sake;" then sank into a deep stupor. The nurse told me to take a last look at him, for he was dying. His pallid face, white as the pillow

on which he rested, his deep-sunken eyes and pinched features bore the impress of the fatal touch. When almost gone, death stayed his "icy hand," the fluttering pulse returned, the heart beat with new vigor, and when I went out in the morning with some flowers to put in the pale hands for his burial, he was asleep, with the first faint flush of returning life in his faded cheek. Slowly but surely he regained his strength. As his term of enlistment was nearly ended, he was honorably discharged and returned to the mother for whose sake he made his brave fight for life against such fearful odds. He took up his Blackstone again, and is now an eminent and honored jurist.

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A RELIC.

The following bit of literature, written to relieve camp life, has just again come to life. It is called "Chronicles of the Kansas 1st:

1. Man that is born of woman, and enlisteth as a soldier in the Kansas 1st, is of few days and short of rations.

2. He cometh forth at reveille, and is present also at retreat; yea, even at tattoo, and retir-eth, apparently, at taps.

3. He draweth his rations from the commissary, and devour-eth the same. He striketh his teeth against much hard bread, and is satisfied. He filleth his canteen with aqua-pura, and clappeth the mouth thereof upon the bung of a whiskey barrel, and after a little while he goeth away, rejoicing in his strategy.

4. Much soldiery hath made him sharp; yea, even the legs of his pants are in danger of being cut through.

5. He covenanteth with the credulous farmer for many chickens and much honey and milk, to be paid in ten days; and lo, his regiment moveth on the ninth day, and is seen in those diggings no more forever.

6. His tent is filled with potatoes, cabbages, turnips, kront, and other delicate morsels that abound not in the commissary department.

7. And many other things not in the return, and which never will return; yet for a truth it must be said of the soldier of the Kansas 1st, that of a surety he taketh nothing which he cannot reach.

8. He fleeth his Minie rifle at midnight, and the whole camp is aroused and formed into line, when lo! his mess comes bearing in a nice porker, which he declares so resembled a Seesech that a wise precaution led him to pull the trigger.

9. He giveth the Provost-marshal no small trouble, often capturing his guard and possessing himself of the city.

10. At such times lager and pretzels flow like milk and honey from his generous hand; he giveth without stint to his comrades. Yea, and withholdeth not from the lank, expectant Hoosier of the Indian 24th.

11. The grunt of a pig or the crowing of a cock awaketh him from the soundeth sleep, and he sauntereth forth until halted by the guard, when he instantly clappeth his hands upon his bread-basket, and the guard looketh with pity and alloweth him to pass to the rear.

12. No sooner hath he passeth the sentry's beat, than he striketh a bee-line for the nearest hen roost, and seizing a pair of plump pullets, returneth, soliloquizing to himself: "The noise of a goose saved Rome. How much more the flesh of a chicken preserveth the soldier!"

13. He playeth euchre with the parson, and by dexterously turning a jack from the bottom astonisheth him.

14. And many other marvellous things doeth him, and lo! are they not already written in the morning reports of company G.

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A VISIT TO ANDERSONVILLE.

But few of the old soldiers of the present day know what this famous place looks like now, hence we give a brief sketch of the place where so many of the brave boys in blue suffered and yielded up their lives in defence of the starry banner and our glorious Union. Andersonville is the name of a station on the Southwestern Railroad, about sixty miles from Macon. It is nothing but a small railroad station, and the only thing that characterizes the spot is the immense Union Cemetery of about twenty acres, over which continually floats the Star Spangled Banner that the Union boys loved so well when the hydra-headed monster—Treason—assailed it.

The cemetery is constructed on the very spot where the prisoners were buried, and the original trenches were dug with such precision and regularity that the bodies were not disturbed, but were allowed to remain as their comrades interred them, working under the watchful eyes and fixed bayonets of the Georgia Home Guards.

The cemetery is surrounded by a stout wall with an iron gate, and is under the supervision of a superintendent who lives on the grounds. It is a plain spot. There is not much attempt made to ornament the city of the martyred dead. It would take a great deal of even such influences as plants and flowers possess to dispel the melancholy memories that haunt this hill in the pine woods of Southern Georgia.

Occasionally, a man who was in the stockade

turns up among the visitors. These men, whatever their natural temper, the superintendent says, can almost be distinguished by the effects of fear, dread and vivid recollection, which comes back like a shock into their faces as they again stand on the now quiet and sunlit scene of their war experience.

In the cemetery the ground is of a general level, and the graves of the known and unknown, properly separated, range in rows, closely laid, as far as the eye can reach. There are actually buried on this elevation, 13,715 men. The soldier whose identity was preserved by his comrades is marked in his resting place by a white marble stone, rising eighteen inches above the ground. A square marble block with the word "Unknown" on it is repeated about one thousand times in the cemetery.

Part of the old stockade is still standing. There are two rows of these—one inside of the other. The outer row has fallen down save a post here and there, but a large part of the inner wall still stands. Trees have grown up around the old pen, and a thick growth of underbrush now covers the site of the prison.

No traces of the famous brook that ran thro' the stockade remain, nor of the wonderful well that was dug by the prisoners. It is all now a mild and peaceful section of country.

Many of the soldiers' graves in the cemetery have handsome headstones erected to their memory by friends in the North, and efforts are frequently made to have certain graves "kept green" with choice flowers and a watering pot.

WHITAKER AND THE SPENT BALL.

A spent ball, striking with a dull thud like a stone thrown by some strong-armed man, often caused more pain to the man struck, and more commotion in the ranks, than a bullet that tore through a man's leg or arm. A spent ball always "slipped up" on you. It always came when you least expected it, from an unlooked for direction, and struck a part of the body not expecting to be hit. So it always produces a stunning effect. In some regiments spent balls were universally called "stunners" and very many men had painful and uncomfortable experiences with them. Some day the men lounging in line of battle, protected by a hill, and listening to the volleys on the right, would be disturbed by the contortions of a man who had been asleep. A spent ball had struck his foot, and without breaking the shoe leather, had made him crazy with pain. Another would be hit in the regions of the stomach and labor un-

der the impression that his entrails had been torn out. Another, struck on the hand, would yell like an Indian, whereas, had a bullet gone through his body, he would have shut his lips and utter not a groan. The boys had a theory that these spent balls came from the awkward squad of the enemy and that the air up a little distance was full of them. The spent balls were no respecters of persons. They demoralized men in soldier straps as well as men in blouses. At Chickamauga, Gen. Whitaker, storming forward at the head of his brigade, was struck in the abdomen. Deathly pale and faint, he called to Gen. Granger:

"General, I'm hit in a bad place. Who'll take charge of my boys?"

Granger replied: "I'll do it myself;" and sorrowfully sent his favorite brigadier to the rear. Whitaker riding along rearward, concluded to see the extent of his wound. He unbuttoned his coat but found nothing. Underclothing was not stained or punctured. There was no wound in the flesh. Realizing that he had been struck by a spent ball, Whitaker wheeled his horse, and in a towering rage galloped back to the scene of battle. Dashing up to the commander of the reserve, he roared, "I'm not wounded worth a d—n; I'll run this brigade myself;" and he did.

"How did the old battlefield look?" a reporter asked Col. F. A. Burr, who had just returned with a party from a tour over Chickamauga.

"Curious enough. There is no battlefield on earth like it. It is a dense forest, with scarcely a patch of field. The battle was a struggle in a wilderness. It was fought behind trees and in clumps of bushes. Gen. Longstreet said yesterday, as we rode through the dense undergrowth.

"When I dashed through here on the day of the battle, the men would shout out, 'There goes old Bull of the woods!'"

There is a pretty heavy growth of saplings, but the tops of old trees are scarred and blunt, just as they were when the shot and shells mowed them off.

"The strength of Gen. Longstreet was wonderful. He rode thirty-eight miles on horseback and was as fresh as a daisy when we finished. It broke me down, and Captain Howell said 'I came off the battle-field to-day in a much worse fix than I did the day we fought the battle.'"

"General Longstreet was able to recognize every important point on the field. He was interested in everything he saw.

AN INCIDENT OF ANTIETAM.

David Edwards, of the Thirtieth Ohio, writes to the Washington Tribune an incident of Burnside's advance across the Antietam Creek. He says: After crossing Antietam Creek our lines were formed and we got orders to "forward, left oblique, march," to a stone fence about 500 yards to the front, the left of the regiment being compelled to oblique march through a cornfield. When we reached the stone fence we had no support on our left, and the rebels swung around our regiment and if there ever was a hotter place than that cornfield just then I have never found it and I trust I never shall. With rebels in front and rear we had little show. We got orders to get out of that if we could. Instead of going back oblique, as I went in, I took straight up the corn rows and passed out in rear of the rebel line. Lieut. Rees Furby, of our regiment, was killed at the stone fence, and as I turned to the rear I saw him lying cold in death, but clinging to his sword with a death grasp. I thought to myself that no rebel should ever carry the sword of such a brave man if it was in my power to prevent it. I wrenched it out of his hand and carried it out with me to the rear, where I found what was left of my company. Thinking I had done nothing but a soldier's duty, I handed my Captain the sword, with the remark that it was Lieut. Furby's, who was killed at the stone fence. The answer I got was: "What in h— do I want with it?" I threw it down on the ground with my feelings considerably hurt.

At this time reinforcements were crossing the bridge, and a New York regiment attracted my attention, being led by a mere boy—a captain, I think. While walking at the head of his regiment and cheering his men forward a rebel bullet struck his sword just above the hilt, bending it at right angles and knocking it many feet away. He picked it up and went on as though nothing unusual had happened. I thought to myself that so brave an officer was worthy of Lieut. Furby's sword, and stepped out of the ranks and presented it to him, with the remark that the former owner was killed, and that I had carried it off the field to keep the rebels from getting it. He thanked me kindly and went on. Now, if that officer is living and chances to see this item, I would be glad to hear from him, or from any comrade of the regiment to which I belonged.

STAND BY THE OLD FLAG.

As a high private in Kirk's Brigade, M'Cook's Division, Army of the Ohio, I took part in the

battle of Shiloh, Monday, April 7, 1862. Gen. Rousseau's Brigade took the advance of our division early in the morning. We formed line in rear of Rousseau as supports, advancing as they did. Just before reaching an open field, the enemy appeared to hold their ground with unusual determination. As we moved nearer the line engaged, the enemy gave way for a short distance, and we halted for a few moments. Right at my feet lay a captain with "L. L." (Louisville Legion of Rousseau's brigade) on his coat-flap. His entire right forehead seemed to have been shot away. The froth was on the corner of his mouth, and his hands were clutching the air. Comrade Baker, who stood beside me, bent down and poured some water into his mouth, when the fallen captain slowly opened his eyes. As he did so he caught sight of the colors of our regiment, which happened to be almost over him. Without a tremor, in a low voice, he called out, "Stand by the old flag, boys, stand by the old flag," and immediately became unconscious. In a short time we were engaged with the enemy, and those words rang in my ears above the voice of battle. I had resolved to hunt up the brave captain as soon as the battle was over, but was severely wounded myself and could not do so; but how often since have those words encouraged me, breathing as they did the unselfish thoughts of a patriot dying on the battlefield.

No friendly hand to soothe his pain,

To whisper hopes no gentle voice;

No one to breathe a parting prayer

Or bid the wavering soul rejoice.



After Lincoln's assassination there was a growing sentiment among extreme men in the north, that the southern leaders must be punished and the more famous men hanged. A cabinet meeting was called, and it was resolved to hang at least General Lee, and some one or two others, if need be. Grant, at the head of the army, was sent for, and was told what was the action of the cabinet. He deliberately un buckled his sword, and laying it upon the table, said:

"My honor as a soldier and a man is pledged to General Lee, and if you take the step proposed I at once surrender my sword, resign my commission, and go before the American people."

This firmness and promptness brought the extreme men to their senses and the matter was dropped. We are assured that this story is trustworthy, and it comes through a channel that entitles it to credence.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

An old soldier in Lewiston, Me., told the other evening a short story of the war.

"I was taken prisoner," said he, "July 3, at the battle of Gettysburg. The smoke of that shut in, and the gray enveloped us, and when night came I was a prisoner in the rebel ranks. July 4 they drew us up in line. There were 4,000 of us. At early morning the command was given that the line start for Richmond, Va.—the heart of rebellion. We were all tired and hungry, many of us were wounded, and it was under the hot Southern sky of midsummer. We marched from the field of Gettysburg that day to the borders of the Potomac—a long and weary march. That night we settled down on the banks of the river. The river ran high, the bridge had been destroyed, and we waited for the arrival of the pontoons and the consequent transportation across. Every one was hungry.

I was hungrier than I ever was before, though not hungrier than I was subsequently during the war. The word was sent in among us announcing that there was nothing to eat on this side of the river, but that rations would be distributed when we had crossed. We were kept two days on this side of the river before a passage was made. Some of the men, as I well know, didn't get a scrap of food for two days. Most of them, I know, were kept alive through hope, and all of us were promised a plenty of rations on the other side. Some of the boys did 'cross the river' before the pontoons came, and numbers died along the shore. The hunger of the men was terrible. I remember well on the afternoon of the second day that a squad of officers with small bags of biscuits came down among us and tossed biscuits into the air for fun. It was one of the most startling sights that I remember in the war.

"We got across the Potomac the second day in boats. The day was tremendously hot, and our line of men, as I well know, was very weak, and many of them badly wounded. When the line was drawn up across the river the announcement came to us that there was no supply of food and that no rations could be distributed until the line reached Martinsburg. Martinsburg was 12 miles distant, and so we marched 12 miles further. The people of the town of Martinsburg were loyal people mostly. It was a loyal section and the people had heard of our coming. The fires had been built, and kitchen ovens had turned out loaves and loaves of bread in anticipation of the march of the Union prisoners through the town.

Just outside the thick cluster of houses the line was drawn together. Guards were placed

along on both sides of the line, and we were to be prevented from making breaks from the ranks. The line marched through the city. I will remember one house and one woman. I would know her if I should see her to-day anywhere. She lived in a house with a high pair of steps leading down into a front yard with thick trees and a high fence and gate. I saw her come down the steps into the yard. She had her arms full of loaves of bread. She looked the way I always thought Barbara Fritchie must have looked. She beckoned, and half a dozen of us, getting a chance made a break. We reached the fence and she shoved the bread out over the gate. The rest of the boys couldn't stand it and a dozen more made the break. The guards came along and cocked their muskets. 'Into the ranks, or we'll shoot,' said they, and then the officer in command shouted, 'Don't shoot them. Shoot that d—d old woman,' and the guard pointed his musket in her face and the crowd fell back. For reply the loyal woman shoved another loaf of bread out through the gate.

"'Eat it, boys,' said she, 'and may God bless you.'"

"And, sir, that woman never bulged and never winked, and that guard took down his musket out of shame, and the Union boys gave a cheer for the woman and were driven back into the ranks. I don't think I should have lived without that bread.

"Two miles beyond that we went into camp. A bubbling spring was right at our feet almost, but on account of our disobedience we were not allowed to do so much as sip of it. The next morning we started again. They said they would give us rations at Bunker Hill, the next town. We reached Bunker Hill. They marched us up to a river and gave us a couple of biscuits apiece. Some of the boys, I know, had not had bread for three days. From there we went to Staunton, and from there in the cars to Richmond. I went into Libby Prison, and then to Belle Isle. I was there two months. One day I wandered down to the gate. If there is any truth in the old saying, I ought to know it. I never felt worse. They were calling the names of prisoners exchanged. They called a name and no one answered. 'Here,' shouted I, and out stepped I into the ranks of the exchanged, and the reading went on. I came out from Belle Isle into the ranks of the Stars and Stripes again. I was retaken and went to Salisbury a short time after. I would like to know the man whose place I took and whether he was dead or died. I only know

that if I hadn't taken it, no one else would; how it came into my head to answer the name I have never been able to analyze.

A CAUTIOUS COMMISSARY.

Unless he has actually seen them, no one can form any adequate idea of the vast numbers of white-covered wagons which followed our armies, carrying food, forage and ammunition; or can any one, who has not actually witnessed a panic among the drivers of those wagons, form any conception of the terror into which they were sometimes thrown. The drivers of the ammunition wagons were especially anxious to keep well out of range of shells; and no wonder, for if a shot were to fall among a lot of wagons laden with percussion shell, the result may perhaps be imagined. It was not strange, therefore, that the driver of an ammunition wagon, with six mules in front of him and several tons of death and destruction behind him, felt somewhat nervous when he heard the whir of the shells over the top of the pines.

In looking for my regiment, I passed one of these trains. The commissary was dealing out forage to his men, who were standing around him in a circle, each holding open a bag for his oats, which the commissary was alternately dealing out to them with a bucket—a bucket—full to this man, then to the next, and so on around the circle. It was clear, however, that he was more concerned about the shells than interested in the oats, for he ducked his head every time he poured a bucketful into a bag.

While I was looking at them, Page, a Michigan boy, orderly to our brigadier-general came up on his horse in search of our division train, for he wanted oats for his horses. Stopping a moment to contemplate the scene I was admiring, he said to me in a low tone:

"You just keep an eye on my horse, will you? and I'll show you how to get my oats."

It was well known that Page could get oats when no one else could. Though the wagon trains were miles and miles in the rear, and had not been seen for a week, Page was determined his horses should not go to bed supperless. Oats for the general's horse Page would have by hook or by crook.

"You see the commissary yonder?" said Page, as he dismounted and threw a bag over his arm. "He's a coward, he is—more interested in the shells than anything else. Don't know whether he's dealing out oats to the right man or not. Just keep an eye on my horse, will you?"

Pushing his way into the circle of teamsters, who were too much engaged in watching for shells to notice the presence of a stranger; Page opened his bag, while Mr. Commissary, ducking his head at every crack of the cannon, poured in four buckets of oats, whereupon Page shouldered his prize, and returning, mounted his horse with a laugh, and a wink at me.

A TIGER OF THE TIGERS.

A great deal has been written about the charge of the Louisiana Tigers on some Illinois regiments during the first day at Shiloh. The thing that I remember most vividly is an incident not reported in any record of the battle. When the rebel division to which the Tigers belonged was carousing forward on its charge, the murderous fire of our artillery and infantry seemed to literally mow down the ranks. The gaps were filled several times, but at last the regiment, broken into small fragments, stopped in its course and retired.

A single man of the Louisiana Tigers continued to march forward. He had not during all the terrific conflict taken his gun from a right shoulder shift, and after the others had been briven back, and while the artillery was playing on the retreating column, this single Confederate soldier continued to march in a straight line toward the men who were firing at him. Other men in the act of firing at us went down, but this man, with his gun on his shoulder, came straight forward. He marched up until he stood within a few feet of our first line, when he ejaculated in a sort of drunken wonder: "Hello, Yanks, what you all doing here?" We then saw that this cool representative of the Louisiana Tigers was as drunk as a fool.

COURAGE.

There are two kinds of bravery—that of the person who does not suffer from fear, which is easy and of little merit, and the bravery of a person who overcomes his fear. Such a person, in my opinion, is more courageous than any other; but though I have great respect for him, I should put but little confidence in him, for his heroic effort may be overcome at any time, and virtue, beautiful as it is, is less solid than absence of emotion. When the battle had begun and the bullets and shot, rattling about him, made him tremble, Turenne remarked to himself: "You are trembling, carcass of mine; you would tremble more if you knew where I was going to take you" A man may turn pale under certain circumstances and yet hold his pluck.

ONLY A SOLDIER.

"Only a soldier," I heard them say,
With a heavy heart I turned away.
 And heaved a sigh;
Then watched the tramp of the horses feet,
As the horse moved slowly down the street,
 And hot tears dimmed my eye.

"Only a soldier!" confined in there—
A father's joy and a mother's care,
 Torn from his home,
Now a maiden sighs for his return,
On his sister's cheek the tear-drops burn,
 For her soldier brother's gone.

"Only a soldier!" I thought answ.
As fancy came, and I quickly drew
 "The parting hour."
That hour he left at his country's call,
To place himself as a living wall
 Where sterner men might cower.

In dreams he'd seen friends kneeling down
To raise his head from the battle-ground,
 And thus he'd say:
"Tell my father that fighting I fell,
"Mid humming shot and screaming shell
 When the South had won the day."

Alas! he never had dreamed of death,
But as borne on whistling bullet's breath,
 "Mid muskets flashing,
And where the war-dogs howling loud
Breathe with sulphur-smoke the battle-cloud,
 The shells with thunders crashing!

But a fevered cot is his battle-ground,
And slowly and calmly in death he's bound
 To the "Far-Off Land,"
No gentle sister's spirit is there,
E'en in stranger's form, with tender care
 To bathe his dry, burning hand.

The dark sod hides the form of the dead,
Dew-drops kiss no more that pale forehead
 Nor gleam on his hair,
Life's hope is gone! Life's sorrows o'er,
His spirit is on the "echoless shore,"
 Dwelling with angels up there.

Thus unwept, unmourned, he sank to rest,
E'en by human sympathy unblest,
 To an unknown grave!
God, who notes e'en the sparrows fall,
Shall, in the dread resurrection call
 To Heaven the soldier brave!

Major Fontaine, C. S. A., 1862.

THE BEWITCHING WIDOW.

In the fall of 1862, while Gen. Grant's army was on the march southward via Holly Springs, Miss., we camped at Lumkin's Mill. The boys as usual foraged each side of the road as far as could be done with safety. The foragers coming to the farm or plantation of Mrs. Walker, a widow with two daughters, she appealed to a couple of staff officers who happened to be passing that way for protection against the depredations of the boys. Of course the officers, being gallant, used their position and authority to protect the ladies.

As the army returned North after the capture of Holly Springs by Van Dorn, we camped again at Lumkin's Mill, and the natives hearing of our retrograde move, the aforesaid widow sent a colored boy to our division headquarters with a note inviting those two staff officers to spend the night at her house, for her protection against foragers. One of the officers was an A. Q. M. and the other one an Aid on our division commander's staff. The Adjutant-General of the division and the A. Q. M. had practiced jokes upon each other, and the A. Q. M. being ahead, the Adjutant thought the present a good time to get even, and set to work organizing a bogus expedition to capture the Quartermaster and Aid and parole them.

It was about two and a half miles to Mrs. Walker's from our position. The Adjutant sent a messenger over to our camp for three men who would volunteer to go with the expedition. A. L. Bates, Geo. M. Bird and the writer of this article enlisted in the service of the Adjutant. We were escorted to division headquarters by the messenger and duly prepared for the capture, receiving the following instructions: The staff and orderlies were to accompany us to Mrs. Walker's and surround the house. But only we three "high privates" and an Illinois officer, disguised as Confederates, were to enter the house, the others to remain outside, mounted. We were also provided with blank paroles, and instructed to take their side arms and horses, and also their money and valuables, if we could obtain the latter without force or violence.

The party left division headquarters in time to arrive at Mrs. Walker's about midnight, that we might surprise them. We surrounded the house, making all the noise possible. Our select party of four dismounted and advanced to the front door. We awoke Mrs. Walker by loud raps at the door. She raised a window and inquired who we were and what we wanted. We replied that we were Confederate soldiers, and were informed that there were a couple of Yankee officers in her house. She came into the hall and opened the front door, very much alarmed and excited. We assured her there was no cause for alarm, as the house was surrounded by cavalry. She conducted us to the room occupied by the two officers, which was upon the left side and at the rear end of the hall. The Yankees were yet asleep, and we rapped them up, telling them they were prisoners; that the house was surrounded by cavalry. They lighted a lamp and opened their door in short order, surrendering to us as prisoners of war. We told them we belonged

to the 1st Tenn. Cav., Col. Jackson commanding, and that we were in camp about 15 miles off. We offered them their choice, to be paroled or go with us to Col. Jackson's camp. They accepted the parole, and they were made out in duplicate and signed by them both. We gave them each a copy and retained a copy ourselves. They were completely taken by surprise. They would look at each other, and then at us, remarking: "Well, boys, you have got us this time."

One of our party informed them if they had any money or valuables we would relieve them of any further trouble in carrying them. At this proposal they rebelled, saying they would go to camp with us; that they knew Col. Jackson by reputation, and that he would accord them protection as prisoners of war. One of our party (Bates) made himself so conspicuous that they inquired his name. He replied that it was Geo. W. Babcock, a name the boys of our regiment gave him. The noise had aroused the young ladies, (Mrs. W.'s daughters), who were sleeping upstairs, and they came down into the hall while our leader and the prisoners were in the parlor signing the paroles.

The rest of our party were on guard in the hall. The young ladies, after taking in the situation as they saw it, greeted us kindly and showered their blessings upon us for being in the Confederate cause. We made our prisoners pledge their word and honor that they would not leave that house until daylight came under the pretext that we wanted time enough to get a safe distance from their camp before they could give an alarm. Then with the paroles duly signed, side-arms, and one of their horses—we could find only one horse—we returned to camp.

Next morning, just as the column was in line ready to march, our captives came in, one riding and the other walking. Upon meeting the division commander, he inquired of them what was the matter. "Captured by the jumping Jehosaphat!" they replied. The General, being religiously inclined, remonstrated with them for their profanity, when they explained further by saying that they had made their escape. All day, as the army marched through rain and mud, the division staff and orderlies were quizzing the victims about their being captured.

As division headquarters were waiting at night for their tents and baggage to come up, having selected a camping ground, the Adjutant drew from his side-pocket the paroles, asking the gentlemen if they recognized their

own writing or signatures. Just then an ambulance came driving up. He informed them they would find their side-arms in that vehicle. Then came a colored boy riding the captured horse. I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed.

◆◆◆ A SKULKING SOLDIER CURED.

I remember the apparently painful condition of a soldier whose right leg was drawn up to an angle from the knee, the result, he insisted, of rheumatism. He was known to be a skulker, and several surgeons had examined the limb and found no appearance of contraction of the muscles; but all efforts to pull that leg into shape were useless. Some of them, becoming convinced by the stubbornness of the member, insisted that it could not be fixed, and advised the man's discharge.

Dr. H., however, had seen much of the same difficulty in hospitals, and put in practice a mode of treatment which he had seen successfully tried in several cases. The man, by his direction, was brought over to the division hospital, and confronted by the surgeon and two assistants, with their sleeves rolled up.

"I understand perfectly well the nature of your difficulty, my man," said the doctor. "It is a species of sciatica, and I can cure it by cauterization."

"What's that?" the victim asked in distrustful wonder.

"Cauterization! Oh, that's merely burning a blister, from the hip to the heel with a white-hot iron. Its sure to cure. Get on that table."

"—I don't want to," the shirk stammered, his face turning whiter than the doctor's irons and his teeth chattering. "You shant do it; it won't do me a bit of good."

"Mount that table, or I'll have you tied to it," was the stern command; and the poor wretch obeyed with a groan, not yet quite certain that this extreme measure was really to be resorted to.

"Strip that leg! Steward, bring in those irons."

They came hissing hot from the fire, and the miserable creature on the table, shrieked: "Doctor doctor! you ain't a going to burn me with those things, be you?"

"I am that—from your hip to your heel," replied the doctor, coolly, taking one of the ugly instruments in his hands and approaching the table.

"You shan't? My leg is well, I tell you!" the man screamed; and tearing away from those who held him, he jumped nimbly to the

floor and ran out of the hospital with two as straight legs as there was in the whole army.

He returned to duty the next day, and was effectually cured of his malingering propensities.

LINCOLN'S SUBSTITUTE IN THE FIELD.

"President Lincoln had a substitute in the war," said Mr. Noble D. Larner, while talking over old times in Washington, and he was "credited to the Third ward of this city. It was in the winter of 1863-64 that Gen. Fry, then Provost Marshal here, sent for me and told me that the President wanted a substitute to go to the war for him. At this time I was connected with the Third ward Draft Club, the principal object of which was to secure substitutes for members who might be drafted. There lived in our ward a son of a clergyman who bore the usual reputation given to ministers' sons, and he was naturally 'a ne'er do well.' This fellow was desired to represent the President, and a check from the White House for \$800, payable at Riggs' Bank, was the consideration. Nothing was ever heard of the young man afterward, but it was generally believed that he was killed during the Wilderness campaign. Our draft club gave a concert for the benefit of their fund at Ford's Opera House, on Tenth Street, the evening that the President received his exemption paper, which I remember was enclosed in a gilt frame and exhibited from the stage during the performance. Although I had served three months in the army and was honorably discharged, I was drafted and had to look out for a substitute, too. He was a raw boned, gigantic specimen of an Irishman, and I kept track of him for some time after he joined the army. One day after the war closed I thought I would look up my man's record, and upon inquiring at the War Department concerning him, I found the word 'deserted' marked opposite his name."

A WARM DAY.

"Hot enough for you to-day, Brother Andrews?" said Deacon Willis, as he entered the store. It was a country store, and the usual cronies were sitting around on boxes, barrels, and lame-backed chairs.

"Yes," answered Andrews, "its pretty hot, but nothing to what I've lived through down south."

"Tell us about it, Si."

"Well, it was down in Alabama, just after the battle of Gettysburg was fought. I was in a volunteer regiment fighting the rebs., and it was darned hot work. I can tell you. The first

hot day, about July 12th, the thermometer was 112 in the shade, and the second day it burst from heat, so that I cannot say how hot it was, and still it got hotter and hotter. One day the report came into camp that the rebs were coming to attack us, and the drums beat to arms. Pretty soon we could see them coming through a corn field, and we marched to meet them half way.

"We were about a hundred yards apart when the firing commenced. At the first volley I looked for the rebs to drop, but nary a drop. Christopher Columbus, I thought, didn't a one of us hit a reb? Another round was fired, and still another, and yet no Johnny fell; what in thunder could it mean? A charge was now ordered, and we advanced double quick with fixed bayonets. When we got half way we stopped. The bullets from both sides had gone about half way, and then succumbing to the heat, had melted and formed a small creek of running lead. The rebs had retreated, leaving three dead, the victims of sun stroke. We shoveled the hot lead into pots, and afterwards used it to make —."

But Brother Andrews was alone, and, taking advantage of an open apple barrel, he also disappeared.

A TOY FROM ANTIETAM.

Gen. Hector Tyndale Post, No. 160, of Philadelphia, has been presented with a small brass cannon, which is apparently a toy, but it has a historical interest. It was used at the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862, with deadly effect. It was drawn from Sharpsburg while the battle was in progress by a boy 16 years of age, who lived in the vicinity, and who, like old John Burns at Gettysburg a year later, went into the conflict upon his own responsibility. He took a position on an elevation, and with his little cannon faced the enemy and poured lead after load of missiles from the muzzle of his miniature cannon into the ranks of the Confederates. The young hero fought for hours in the ranks of the Union army.

While thus engaged he was shot, it is believed, by a rebel sharpshooter. When found he was lying upon his face, with his body across the little gun. After his death the cannon was kept until recently, when it was sold for old brass and brought to this city with other old metals. A comrade of Tyndale Post, who is an extensive metal broker, learned the history of the little piece of artillery, then dirty and corroded, and presented it to the society. It is about three feet in length, and has a bore of less than two inches.

FIELD AND POST-ROOM.

VOL. I.

HARRISBURG, PA., NOVEMBER, 1886.

No 11.

WE DRANK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers.

And true lovers' knots, I ween;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, 'like this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water, and sometimes milk,
And sometimes applejack, fine as silk;
But, whatever the tippie has been,
We shared it together, in bane or bliss,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess in their golden potatoes they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

We have shared our blankets and tents together,
We have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest;
But this memory I cling to and love the best—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast and with but little hope
Upon which faint spirit could lean,
Oh, then I remember, you crawled to my side,
And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen!



THE SILENT TEACHER.

One of the many experiences of the rebellion was the fervent expression of the loyal heart toward the national symbol. Every Southerner wondered and remarked upon the zealous love and tender reverence universally displayed by the Union soldiery to preserve and rescue the flag at the risk of captivity or death. A Southern soldier once said:

"These Yankees are queer; they will let a fellow rail by the hour at the constitution and laugh good naturedly at his violence; but let him insult the flag by word or deed, and the lion is roused; happy for the rebel if his life does not pay the forfeit for his temerity."

At the investment of a certain fort, while the fire was concentrated at a particular point, the flagstaff was struck and the many-starred ensign hung, helpless and forlorn, by a single halcyon line, the staff tottering and swaying be-

neath its weight. Quick as a flash one of the soldiers sprang to the parapet and caught the precious bunting, and, shaking out its broad stripes, with a gesture of triumph, proudly folded it over his heart, as he fell mortally wounded into the arms of his comrades.

"It never touched the ground, 'Captain," he said, as his commanding officer reverently raised the dearly saved standard, and with these words his brave spirit passed to that world where loyalty to principle and honor outweighs the millionaire's bank account.

This is only one of many incidents where the national emblem was rescued, or recaptured, by such almost superhuman feats of bravery, that some ignorant rebels assumed that "the Yankees were afraid to fight without the flag," ascribing to it the talismanic property of most assured victory.

It was not superstition that filled the loyal heart, but that "perfect love that casteth out fear," a love ready to dare all, and suffer all, not for a bit of bunting, but for all that was symbolized by the bunting—home, happiness, honor; for the dear land behind the flag, for her unity and preservation to unborn millions yet to come—that made life cheap and the Union flag a priceless possession. Was this superstition? It was the highest adoration for a symbol that the human heart is capable of, but it was intelligent and self-sacrificing, and its root struck far down in love for humanity, and "greater love hath no man than this."

When the prisoners from Belle Isle and Andersonville were exchanged, and the fevered and emaciated forms were tenderly laid on deck of the waiting transport, their eyes with one accord turned to the Union standard that hung idly in the light wind that failed to show the star-gemmed field of blue, and from more than one fevered lip went the whispered prayer, "God bless the dear old flag." One poor fellow, a trifle stronger in that moment of excitement, and glad fruition of long delayed hope, crawled to the stern and catching the end of the drooping bunting in his wasted, bony fingers, while tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks and tangled beard, passionately kissed the flag, and then sank fainting beneath its shadow.

While this great love and reverence brooded in the Nation's heart, how could the most timorous fear defeat? Yet we Americans have been accused of worshipping nothing but the "almighty dollar."

There is a half-truth in the charge. We are not a fighting nation, though we have never known defeat, but rather a people given to buying, selling and inventing. Our bumps of destructiveness have found vent in fighting obstacles rather than men. We do not go into battle to right our wrongs if peaceable arbitration will do the work. It may be the awakened common sense of the age, or perhaps our blood flows more calmly than in the older day, when carnage followed every conqueror's chariot wheels, or still better, possibly our republican form of government prevents, by its complex arrangement, any hasty appeal to arms for arbitrament.

Had Washington Irving, the author of the phrase, lived to see the grand uprising of 1861, he might have seen, too, that under the crust of wordly ambition and greed for wealth, there was, down at the core of every honest, loyal heart, a tender love for the great country, with her first century uncompleted, but even then the equal of man far older than she.

We have no royal family for our pride and boast. The President rides down Pennsylvania avenue in his carriage and, perhaps, some street arab whose bump of reverence is quite undeveloped, shouts to his comrade, "Hi! there goes Arthur;" but no gaping crowds follow the carriage, no glittering guards surround it, no hats are thrown in the air, no hurrah breaks over the din of the city, no cannons peal or banners wave as when the Queen of England sallies forth.

One reason for the apathy of Americans toward the President is the fact of frequent change. No man has held the office for more than eight years; few have kept the position more than four. Strangers, to whom a visit to the capital is the event of a lifetime, make it a point to see the President if possible; those whom business, pleasure or other interests bring often, or keep as citizens in the executive city, see so many changes in a few years, that the occupant of the White House has no particular interest for them. They accept him in a matter of fact way. He is the President now—who will be his successor? is the next thought.

The flag belongs to the era of the young Republic. Before the Revolution there was no national ensign. The flag of 1774 was the ordinary English ensign bearing the Union Jack,

with the addition of some motto, such as "Liberty," "Liberty and Prosperity," or "Liberty and Union."

After the battle of Lexington, Connecticut displayed the arms of the colony with the motto "Qui transtulit sustinet," and afterward, by act of the Provisional Congress, the regiments were distinguished by colored flags, as blue for the Seventh, orange for the Eighth. The New York Shipping, is said, displayed a beaver, the national emblem of the New Netherlands. We do not know what flag, or if any, was borne at Bunker Hill, but that of General Putnam on the 18th of July, 1775, at Prospect Hill, one month later, was red with "Qui transtulit sustinet" on one side and "Appeal to heaven" on the other. The latter motto was adopted April 29, 1776, by the Massachusetts Provincial Congress to be inscribed on a white flag bearing a green pine tree, and the first armed vessel commissioned by General Washington sailed under the Pine Tree Flag. The flag borne by Arnold into the Canadas is unknown.

The first flag of the Revolution unfurled in the South, was at Charleston in 1775, blue with a crescent where the stars now are, and was designed by Col. William Moultrie. The flag of June 28, 1776, on the East bastion of Fort Sullivan (now Moultrie) was the same with the addition of the word "Liberty," while from the West bastion waved the "Great Union," first raised by Washington at Cambridge, Mass., January 2, 1776. This flag bore thirteen alternate red and white stripes with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew embroidered with blue cotton in the place of the present stars. Capt. Esek Hopkins' fleet sailed under the ensign from the Delaware Capes on February 17, 1776. But Hopkins had another device of rattlesnake, with head uplifted to strike, and the motto "Don't tread on me." This snake had thirteen rattles.

Since its adoption by Congress, at the birth of the Republic, the present flag has known no change beyond the dawning of a new star in the field of Union blue for every State admitted into the national family. The design of stars and stripes was the Coat of Arms of the Washington family, or Wessynton, as it is claimed to have originally been in England, and may be found there by the antiquarian of to-day.

It was fondly called "the old flag" when the elder men of this age were boys. It streamed from every masthead, and village flagstaff when the national birthday rolled round; it floated in triumph when the news of victories by sea or land came in hours of doubt or dis-

may; it drooped in sympathy over the loved and heroic dead, whose lives were spent in its defence; its stars gleamed above the cross of St. George on the blue waters of Lake Erie; it waved over the pioneer advance guard of nations in the hitherto prescribed harbors of Canton and Jeddo; it carried comfort and consolation to the noble Livingstone in the very heart of Africa; it has been twined with the French tri-color, and floated amicably beside the Russian bear; it has crossed every ocean, and its stars have serenely shone in every port of the world, and their mild luster confronted the fitful *Arctora Borealis* among the polar icebergs; it has never been lowered in fair fight nor lost a single star from its field. No wonder that it is dear to every loyal heart, and every patriot's pulse thrills as it floats still from staff and spire and mast, from balcony and window, over the longest military procession, or miniature civic parade.

It is our National teacher!—silent, but more eloquent than Webster or Clay, or Choate or Sumner. It speaks of heroic endeavor; of the triumph of right over might; of justice as enduring as the stars; of heights of prejudice stormed and carried; of victories won over selfishness, arrogance and sloth; of humanity uplifted and sealed to liberty forever; of purity of purpose, national integrity and unsullied honor; of unity of aim and interest; of the reign of peace and prosperity and progress. "Forever float, oh standard sheet," thou art the symbol of all that the American heart holds dearest and holiest!

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears—
Are all with thee! Are all with thee!

SHERIDAN'S OATH.

An impression has always prevailed among those who do not know General Sheridan that he is a very profane man. This idea was encouraged by the writers of army anecdotes and personal sketches during the war, who represented him as being full of lusty swagger and strange oaths; as a type of the ancient dragoon, brandishing a thirsty blade, and calling for blood by the bucketful, like the old buccaners and roysterers of Shakspeare's time.

The same idea was prevalent about General Custer, whereas he was a gentle, quiet, blonde-haired man, with a small white hand that was kept with care, and a musical voice that was never raised above the tone of ordinary conversation, unless it was needed to inspire courage or dispel fear. Custer never used an oath, never drank liquor and did not use tobacco in

any form. He once tried to learn to smoke, but the man to whom danger never brought dismay and who enjoyed a battle more than a ball was "downed" by a mild Havana cigar, and after spending the rest of the day in bed, unconditionally surrendered and never attempted it again.

In that remarkable poem with which we are all familiar, Buchanan Read describes Sheridan as riding down the line with "a terrible oath," which was so soul-stirring as to bring the demoralized and scattered soldiers to a realizing sense of the responsibility of the occasion and to turn them from sheep to men. The General does not recollect exactly what he did say then, but has no doubt that he used language appropriate to the circumstances, and meant precisely what he said. On some other occasions during the war, he found the ordinary vocabulary of conversation inadequate to his thoughts, and made use of language that could not be misunderstood; but the yarns about his profanity, which were so widely quoted at the time, have caused him much annoyance.

The impression that his tongue was a mint that was constantly coining imprecations of a unique and awful pattern was quite general, and it grieved the hearts of a great many good people that a man they had learned to admire and love, should tarnish his otherwise brilliant reputation by the use of blasphemy. Many of them wrote him to express their regret. The letters came from clergymen and mothers of boys, who gently remonstrated and begged him to abandon the vicious habit, not only for the sake of his own soul, but for the benefit of their sons, who admired him so much and were inclined to imitate even the vices of a great soldier.

It is due to General Sheridan that this false impression should be corrected, for he is not habitually profane and never swears except upon rare occasions of extraordinary provocation. Then he does not use the vulgar blasphemy of the bar-room, but coins phrases of picturesque and striking originality, which produce an instantaneous effect and a lasting impression. His words fall like a pile-driver.

On some supreme occasions, at a great crisis, or an emergency, when the souls of his men were to be aroused, the ordinary adjectives would strike the soldier with no more force than a falling leaf, and the phrases of the drawing-room would not even reach their ears. So much is true of Sheridan that at such times his tongue would frame a sermon in a single sentence that never failed to arrest a panic and inspire with courage men who would have been deaf to the

ordinary tone and manner of remonstrance or command.

The retreat at Winchester was one of those occasions. A member of his staff, General George A. Forsythie, or "Sandy" as he was better known, who rode the famous twenty miles by Sheridan's side, but did not get into the immortal poem, may be considered pretty good authority. He told me that when the General met the first group of stragglers in full retreat, and was informed by them that the enemy had captured his camp during his absence, he turned white with rage and mortification, and exclaimed in a tone that was not to be misunderstood:

"Boys, those of you who are not cowards, follow me; for I'll sleep in that camp to-night or I'll sleep in hell!"

That was the "terrible oath" the author of "Sheridan's Ride" referred to and it had the effect that was intended. The soldiers knew that "Little Phil" was frightfully in earnest, and there wasn't a man in all the shattered army who wouldn't share his bed.

I asked General Sheridan the other day if he knew the author of the poem.

"Yes," he replied, "I knew him well. I first met Mr. Read at the headquarters of General Rosecrans, just before the battle of Stone River. He was a guest of the General, and remained in camp quite a while, so that we all got to know him."

"Do you know how he came to write the poem?"

"Yes," said the General, "I have heard him tell about it several times. There has been a number of stories published about the origin of the poem, but I will tell you the true one, just as Mr. Read told it to me. Did you know that James E. Murdock suggested the idea?"

"Murdock, the elocutionist?"

"The very man. He was an actor at one of the Cincinnati theatres at the time, where I had known him. Murdock has always been a great friend of mine, and I am glad to know the old man keeps so well. I see that he was able to appear at the memorial services in honor of Chief Justice Chase the other day. Murdock lost a son at the battle of Missionary Ridge—the boy was in my command and the old man came down to get the body, don't you know? The enemy occupied the place where the boy was buried, and Mr. Murdock remained a guest at my headquarters until we recovered the ground. He used to ride the lines with me every day, and always used my black horse 'Rienzi,'—the one that was afterward called 'Winchester,' and the same that I had under

me on that twenty-mile canter. No man ever straddled a better animal, and old Murdock became very fond of him. He was a horse that it was an honor to mount, you see, and in that poem Read gave him a good send off.

"Well," continued Sheridan, "things were very exciting down around Chattanooga those days, and Mr. Murdock saw a good deal of war. On Sundays he always used to recite poems to the troops around headquarters, and there was one of Brownings that the boys never missed a chance to call for. It was a great favorite with me, don't you know, just as it was with the soldiers, and we never let the old man off without reading it. It was the story of the ride from Ghent to Aix—you remember it.

"Well, you see, after the battle of Cedar Creek, there was published in *Harper's Weekly* a story of my ride from Winchester and a picture of me on the back of old Rienzi. Murdock had agreed to recite a poem at the Sanitary fair that was being held at Cincinnati at that time, and Read had promised to write something new and appropriate for him. But when Murdock called on him for the manuscript the afternoon he was to recite, he hadn't touched a pen to the paper—said he didn't know what to write about. Well, Murdock had just seen a man who was in the battle, and was full of the story, being a friend of mine, you see; so he pulled the copy of *Harper's Weekly* from his pocket, and repeated to Read all the officer had told him. Read jumped up, locked himself in his room, wrote the poem off-handed in an hour, got his wife to make a copy, and had it over to Murdock's before dark. The latter was delighted with it, and read it at the Sanitary fair that night."

"Where did you first see it?"

"The first I ever saw of it was in the newspapers. One of my officers brought it to my tent one morning in the camp down in the Shenandoah Valley."

"It is said that you have the original manuscript."

"I wish I had, but I have never seen it. I don't suppose it is in existence. As I understand, it was originally written in pencil, and Mrs. Read copied it for Mr. Murdock."

"How did Read come to paint the picture of Sheridan's Ride?"

Well, the poem made a great sensation, you know, and Read, being a painter as well as a poet, got a commission from the Union League Club of Philadelphia for the picture. They sent him down to New Orleans, where I was stationed, and I sat for him there. He was going to Rome that Fall and did not finish it,

but made some sketches and then completed the picture in Italy. I have never had a copy of the picture, but he afterward gave me the sketches, which I still have at my house."

"Who were with you on that ride?"

Sandy Forsythe, who is down in New Mexico with the Fourth Cavalry, and Colonel O'Keefe. The latter was killed at the battle of Five Forks."—*The Phila. Press*

SPRING OF SIXTY-FIVE.

Towards the close of the war, somewhere about the time that some facetious Federal said: "Jeff Davis is robbing the cradle and the graves for recruits," we found it necessary to remove to an adjacent county to take care of a widowed mother, whose youngest and only single son had just met his death on the battle-field. We had to travel in wagons and made the trip in midwinter. The journey consumed a whole day, stopping only a short time at noonday to refresh ourselves and horses. We expected at every turn to encounter Yankees or deserters from our own army, for, notwithstanding we were a goodly distance from actual fighting ground, our Northern neighbors were growing quite bold and we could hear of frequent little invasions, and the poor and unprotected women and children had many a scare. We made our journey, however, without any very stirring adventure, and settled down quietly in our new home. Scarcely home, indeed, for since the beginning of hostilities we had known no home feeling, running continually from place to place, seeking refuge from the invasions of the merciless foe, sometimes for weeks together living in a most unsettled state, valuables packed or hidden, scarcely sleeping at all, so intense was the anxiety and suspense into which we were thrown. Many of our brave, gentle women, surrounded like myself by helpless children, had been awakened at midnight by loud knocks and coarse, brutal demands for entrance, and I had no reason to feel exempted from similar annoyances. Yet we did live on and the last call sounded for more men, and my husband, who had twice been discharged from active duty, once again received orders to report at Richmond. We were about forty miles from a railroad station, and after making preparations for his departure as well as our poor, pitiful, homespun means would admit, he insisted that I should go with him to this station. So with baby, nurse and driver we set out. The weather was pleasant—a soft, balmy day in February.

We reached our journey's end, the sad, tearful farewell had again been spoken, and after

a sleepless wretched night at the house of a friend, accompanied by a young girl of eighteen, I turned my face homewards, sick at heart, weary, oh! so weary, of sad, uncertain partings, of bloodshed and death, of vacant chairs and missing links from home circles, of empty sleeves and riderless horses coming back to us with boot and spur, and hat and blood-stained scarf, to crush our hearts with the terrible truth that loved lost ones come no more to us forever. While saddened and sorrowful over these gloomy reflections my attention was suddenly arrested by a stealthy movement in the undergrowth, near the roadside, and ever on the watch, my quick eyes detected a man crawling out from the bushes. He stopped short on seeing us and slunk back into his hiding-place. I knew at once he was a deserter, and the bare thought sent a thrill of terror through every nerve, for though they were our own men, we feared and dreaded them even more than we did the Yankees. For who, save one, "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils," would desert his country's colors at such a time? The weather had changed, and as if in unison with our surroundings, gray, misty clouds chased each other fitfully across the horizon, shutting out the sun, and now and then the dry, dead leaves fluttered up nervously, starting the horses out of their sober pace. We had now come to a long hill, at the foot of which was a dark ravine, spanned by a slender bridge. On the other side there arose another long steep hill. It was through a thinly-settled section of country that we were passing. The trees were large and thickly set, with a heavy tangle of undergrowth. I knew the road well, and shuddered to think how far we were from human habitation. Yet I hoped the creature I had seen would not again make his appearance. I was sure no one but myself had seen him, and the thought gave me much comfort.

We were nearing the bridge, when something like the click of a gun-hammer reached our ears. We all turned to see what it was, and there, not more than a few yards behind us, was the miserable creature I had seen in the bushes. For a moment I was almost paralyzed with fear. He had on a tattered and filthy old suit of gray, no shoes, an old ragged slouched hat, and carried a gun and haversack and heavy stick. His hair was long and matted, and his face covered with a stiff, grizzly beard, and bushy eyebrows. A wild, startled look was about his eyes. Altogether he was quite calculated to unnerve our helpless little party. I could shoot, but had unfortunately left my pistol at home. Our driver was a ne-

gro belonging to us, but not our regular carriage driver, and I was uncertain as to his fidelity. He was a good-natured fellow, but cowardly, and I was fearful lest he should be intimidated by the man's gun and ruffianly appearance. He was a black negro, and when he turned and saw that object behind us he grew ashy and was scared out of his senses. The girl who sat beside me slid down from her seat to the floor of the wagon, and sobbed and trembled with fright. No word was spoken, but many wild plans chased themselves through my busy brain, for I knew that on me rested all the responsibility of whatever should befall us. Presently we came to the bridge, which was long and narrow, and the ruffian laid his hand on the back of the wagon. I expected every moment to see him jump in and take quiet possession, but I managed to look around at him and quite fiercely I suppose, for if he had any such intentions he changed his mind and quit his hold of the wagon, and as soon as he touched on the other side passed us, looked around with a hideous grin and was soon lost to view. The road up this hill made several bends and I suspected he would surprise us again, so I determined to give the driver his orders in case of an attack and said to him:

"John, what is that man following us for?"

"Why, Lor', mistiss, dat are one 'serter, an' he ain't arter no good, nuther. I wish we was dun up dis big hill."

"Well," said I, "if he attempts to stop us, you are not to be afraid of his gun, but must do exactly as I tell you. Will you do it?"

"Yes, mistiss, dat I will, sho as God."

"Very well; you know I always carry my pistol, and just as sure as that man attempts to stop us in any way, and you fail to do just as I direct you, I shall shoot you dead in your tracks. I can drive as well as you can. Now, do you understand?"

"Yes'm," and the poor thing was so scared, I think he was more afraid of me than of the dread "serter." Sure enough at the last turn of the road we came upon our man. I had changed seats with the nurse and sat by John, his teeth chattering and his eyes rolling, as only the eyes of a negro can roll. We soon overtook the man and I said aloud: "Come, drive up; your master will get impatient waiting for us at the top of this hill." John was too near dead to reply, but gave whip to the horses, and we saw no more of the wretched creature. I do not know that my ruse intimidated him, but we had heard of so many outrages committed by deserters, I was very glad to get out of his reach.

Spring had come and we were becoming seriously alarmed for the safety of our cause. Rumors came to us every day of fresh victories on the other side and at last came the death-knell: "Lee has surrendered!" We began to hear of Yankee invasions even in remote parts of Virginia, but in this, our last place of refuge, I felt secure and believed I had had my share of adventure in that direction. But it seemed otherwise decreed and one Sunday morning wild rumors were everywhere afloat that the Yankees had "crossed the river" and were actually coming. We lived very near a country store, post-office, tobacco factory, etc. It being a public place a number of the neighborhood men had assembled to "hear the news." Some of them were returned soldiers and confirmed the sad news of the surrender. While they were talking in groups and greatly excited over the late news a lad living near by rode up on a fine colt, which was scarcely bridle-wise. The boy was dressed in his home-spun "Sunday clothes" and had quite an air of importance and self-reliance, and after making several remarks as to his bravery, and threatening dire vengeance on the approaching enemy, he challenged the party for an offer to go meet the foe. No one threw down the gauntlet, so turning to my husband he said, "Well, boss, I'm gwine by myself. I ain't feared of no durned Yankee," and off he started down the road. The store stood in an angle near by the road and the men all collected on the porch, to watch this valiant youth. In a short time he came in sight, whipping and kicking and yelling at every step: "The Yankees, the Yankees."

Close on his heels were five or six Federal cavalrymen in full pursuit and firing rapidly. Around the corner the boy dashed furiously, his eyes nearly out of their sockets and perspiration starting from every pore, the horse-men still pursuing. It was quite an exciting race of about a half mile, and the boy's colt would have gotten the best of the race, but ran under the limb of a large tree and dragged the poor fellow to the ground, where he was quickly made prisoner. The colt made no stop, which was quite a disappointment to the Yankees, as that was the prize they wanted. The boy was bound, and I do not imagine there ever lived a more pitiable object of abject fear. Quite a number of those assembled at the store were taken prisoners, which seemed to give the poor boy some comfort, and of the number a young man who had just returned from the army with the title of captain. He was a handsome fellow, of fine physique, and had picked up quite a military air. He dressed

well and owned a beautiful spirited horse, which stood at the rack, fully caparisoned in his war rig. The gay young captain had not thought of being captured, but like the others who were so busy laughing over the chagrin of the vanquished hero of the race, he lost sight of himself, and, the remaining part of the squad of cavalry just coming up, they were all made prisoners. I was standing on the porch in front of our house, when I saw approaching two men, one with his arms pinioned behind him. They stepped upon the porch, when to my surprise I beheld the captain, crestfallen, shorn of his fine feathers. He had been robbed of his suit, from hat to boot, watch and all, and was dressed in an old castaway suit the Yankees had with them. He looked very forlorn, but I could not help smiling. I do not think he would have objected so much to the capture had he been left in his handsome uniform. He extended his hand as far as his fetters allowed, and said in the most doleful way: "I have come to say good-bye. They took my clothes, and horse, too." I bade him good-bye cheerfully, and told him he would soon be back. The officer who was with him was very polite and gentlemanly, and I noticed a mischievous twinkle in his eye as he bowed himself out. I suppose they wanted a few fresh horses, and thought they would have a little fun scaring the poor country folks in that out-of-the-world place. Some of them actually thought that the Yankees were different beings to ourselves. They were commonly called "Ankees."

Soon after this our own men began to return and a fresh trouble assailed us. 'Tis true we were in a remote section of country, but lived directly on the public road that led toward the Southern States, and hundreds of Southern soldiers took that route. The whole country was overrun by them. Every kind and condition of men was represented in that memorable home-going—some reckless and rude, coarse and repulsive; others sad and spiritless; all hungry and dirty, and many almost destitute of clothing. Poor, miserable creatures. How my heart ached for them. Each one had some one away off watching and waiting and hoping and praying to see again that face and hear that familiar voice. We made preparations every morning to feed the multitude as far as our means allowed, and often when the supply gave out I would wish the miraculous hand could but touch the loaves and magnify them into plenty. Often the poor, hungry men would refuse to enter the house, but ask to be allowed to lie on the grass and

eat and rest, frequently falling asleep. I cannot describe how harrowing and distressing it was to see all these men, hundreds of miles from home, and dependent on the charity of strangers for bread to keep them alive. The majority of those who stopped with us seemed truly grateful, and never left without expressing their thanks. Some of them would speak of wife and children and mother, and not unfrequently the rough hand, all seamed with scars, would brush away a tear, at the mention of loved ones. For two weeks or more these scenes of misery passed before us.

One day a party of ten or twelve fine-looking men rode up and asked if they could get food for themselves and horses. They were well equipped, and seemed to be well-bred gentlemen. We gave them the best we had, and, as they passed from the dining room, one of them stopped suddenly in front of a portrait that hung in the hall. He stepped back, and with considerable agitation, exclaimed: "Great God! that surely is my friend Major M., or am I dreaming?" My husband heard what he said, and told him the portrait was that of Major M., who was his wife's brother. I was called in, and we had quite a long talk over the strange events that had brought him in contact with the family of his friend, who, poor fellow, had gone to rest amidst the roar of cannon, all unmindful of the disappointment that wrung our sad hearts. We followed the young officer to his horse, and as I turned to go into the gate, I saw a man lying close to the fence. I went to him and asked him to come in and let me do something for him, for he was badly wounded about the head. He raised himself slowly and though he was ragged and barefooted I soon discovered he belonged to the better class. There is no mistaking a well-bred man, no matter in what garb. He followed slowly into the yard and sat down under a tree. We gave him such stimulants as we had, and after refreshing himself with the best we could give him, he seemed better, and told us who he was. He was from South Carolina and said that when he was wounded he had no hope of recovery, but determined to try and get home to see his mother and die near her and the old home. I begged him to remain with us until he was better able to travel, but he refused firmly, though politely, and after I had dressed his wounded head and made him as comfortable as I could, not forgetting to fill his haversack, he bade us farewell and started on his long journey. The gratitude of the poor fellow was indeed touching and for days I thought of him and wondered if he got home to die.

Can anything ever wipe out from memory the recollections of those days? No, nothing. They will cluster around the dying pillow.

♦♦♦

MENDING ON PICKET.

On July 26, 1861, five days after the first battle of Bull Run, Blenker's brigade, composed of the Eighth, Twenty-ninth, Thirty-ninth and Forty-first, all of New York, and Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania regiments, pitched tents at Roach Mills, Va. About three miles in advance of the camp of the Twenty-ninth and four miles from Alexandria, the New Jersey brigade, commanded by Gen. Phil Kearney, was encamped.

One day early in the month of August, I was detailed for picket—my first picket on Virginia soil. Our line extended in a diagonal direction, about half way between Roach Mills and the New Jersey brigade, the interval between the sentinels being about 300 paces. I occupied sentry No. 7, square on a foot-path running from Roach Mills to the camp of the Jersey brigade. My turn being from 2 to 4 o'clock p. m., and as it was a hot, sultry day, I thought to myself I might as well take it easy. Pansing in my walk, I sat down, leaning my back against the trunk of a huge tree. Nothing of interest transpired, and, not knowing what to do to pass the lonely hours, it occurred to me that my right stocking had a big hole. Here was something to pass the time. Leaning my Springfield musket against the tree, I took off my haversack and canteen, and placed them on the ground near by, then took off my blue jacket and hung it on the bayonet; this done, I sat down, pulled off one of my shoes and the torn stocking, took from my haversack a small "lady's companion" which was presented to me by a kind Philadelphia lady "to sew on buttons." I selected the largest needle of the lot and, after several attempts I succeeded in threading the needle. Pulling the stocking over my left fist, I turned it around and around again looking for a beginning. Finally, when, after the first stitch, the knot I had made at the end of the yard-long cotton thread had slipped through the stocking, I looked first at the extensive hole and then at the black spool cotton. If I had but a darning needle and some woollen yarn I might have managed it. Leaning back against the tree, with my eyes half closed, I conjectured thus: What would she think if she could watch me from behind some of those trees, looking at this stocking. All of a sudden I was aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen (about the stocking) (?) by a sharp voice calling out: "What the devil are you doing here?" "Trying to mend this stocking here, sir," at the same

time I looked up and saw a man on horseback before me. He came upon me like the ghost in "Don Giovanni." Taking him for a spy at first, I dropped my sewing, sprang to my feet, seized my musket and put myself in a careless position at "order arms" resting my little finger over the muzzle of the gun.

Looking at the man a second time, I noticed an empty sleeve by his side. Although I never saw the man before in my life, there was something in his looks and carriage which showed a military man, probably an officer in disguise. He wore a plain flannel sack-coat, without any sign of distinction.

There I stood, a graphic scene for a photographer, one shoe on and bare foot, in shirt sleeves. I made up my mind, and that very quick, to take it very coolly, whoever the man might be—if he should prove to be a confederate in disguise I had one sure shot.

The rider looked at me for awhile, as if to impress the picture upon his mind, and said:

"Suppose the enemy had surprised you here as I have done?"

"No danger of that, sir, as long as Phil Kearney, with his gallant New Jersey brigade is yonder. I can see the smoke of their camp-fires from here."

The rider suppressed a smile and asked:

"Do you not know what you have to do when an officer passes a sentinel?"

"Oh, yes, I know that very well; but how shall I know an officer if he wears no mark of distinction?"

The rider straightened himself in his saddle and said, emphatically:

"I am General Kearney!"

"All right, general; I shall know you next time you come around this way."

It was rumored among us soldiers that Phil Kearney had a mania for drilling sentinels at picket; so, after the one-armed rider had told me that he was General Kearney, I found out very quick he was not imposing upon me.

Presently he gave the command like a corporal: Attention! Shoulder arms! Present arms! Shoulder arms! Support arms! Shoulder arms! Order arms! In place rest! "That will do," he said. "I see that you are a soldier."

After asking me where I belonged he said: "I am on my way over to your brigade general, but I guess I won't tell him about this."

The kind-hearted and noble general and soldier looked at me from a humorous standpoint, and being pleased at the prompt execution of my infantry tactics, he left me with the admonition not to be caught again mending stockings at picket post.

"Who comes there?" "A friend!" "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." "Field and Post Room."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
FRANK B. KINNEARD AND WILSON C. FOX,
320 MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG.

ENTERED IN THE HARRISBURG POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Fifty Cents per year, in advance. Postage prepaid.

QUEER THINGS IN WAR.

Men might write for a hundred years of the curious phases of war, and still leave the subject fresh. War is a lottery, and the prizes are shot, shell, wounds and death. Tens of thousands of men served four years in the late war and returned home. In a thousand cases recruits were killed within twenty-four hours after reaching the front. War's missiles are no respecters of persons, and the soldier who fights an all day's battle without receiving a wound may be killed in his tent at night by the accidental discharge of a musket.

At the battle of Franklin the first shell sent from the first Union field-piece to open fire killed twenty six Confederates. The next five shells from the same gun either failed to explode or cleared the advancing lines. In this same fight the horse of a Confederate colonel was cut in two by a shot, and the rider escaped unhurt. Ten minutes after a Union officer behind the breastworks stumbled and fell forward on the ground, breaking his neck.

In one of the assaults on Fort Wagner, in Charleston harbor, the iron-clad fleet, assisted by land batteries numbering twenty-seven heavy cannon, bombarded the fort for two hours before killing a single soldier. From seventy to eighty heavy cannon were hurling three tons of iron into the fort each minute, and yet no one was hurt until over three hundred tons of "solid death" had been wasted. As an offset to this witness the work of a single solid shot thrown from a Federal gunboat on the lower Mississippi. A Confederate flying battery was just taking position, and one piece had already opened fire. The Federal shot was aimed at this piece. The big mass of iron struck the six-pounder square on the muzzle and upset gun and carriage. A piece of the muzzle, weighing about twenty pounds, was broken, and this flew to the left and killed two men. Three men were hurt by smaller fragments of flying splinters. The big shot next struck and exploded a caisson, killing three more men and wounding two others.

From the caisson it turned to the right, killed a horse, smashed a wheel of a field-piece and crushed the legs of a sergeant to a bloody mass. That one shot so disorganized the battery that it limbered up and wheeled away to cover.

While heavy ordnance is necessary in reducing forts and earthworks, it is doubtful if there was any profit in the work of the big guns carried by the iron-clads on the rivers. When McClellan fell back he had the cover of gun-boats, and some writers have claimed that their fire saved his army from capture. So far as the Confederacy records show, the loss by the hundreds of enormous shells thrown over the heads of our troops into the woods by these great cannon amounted to no more than one hundred men. They were a new thing then, and the effect of the awful crash and terrific explosion on the men was demoralizing on the troops in line.

A Union gun-boat on the White river threw three shells into a Confederate camp, killed nearly fifty and routed a force of nearly eight hundred. Within a fortnight after that event the Confederate General Shelby planted four pieces of flying artillery on the levee, within four hundred feet of the same gun-boat at anchor, and without the least cover for men or guns fought for over an hour, or until the gun-boat steamed out of the way.

The chances in a lottery can be figured down fine, and a certain per cent. of escapes is allowed in a steamboat explosion; but he who goes to war has nothing to console him. He may dodge a 200-pound shell and be killed by two buckshot. He may receive a dozen bullets and live on, or the first one may be fatal. He may ride in the wildest charge unhurt, and he may be killed by a stray bullet around his camp-fire.

BURNED IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

The Confederate armies under Lee and Johnston had surrendered and the armies of the Union were preparing to disband when the good ship Katharine, of New London, set sail from San Francisco on a voyage to the whaling grounds of the Arctic ocean. It was my first voyage since the beginning of the war. We had a good crew, and every one seemed glad to be once more on the sea, with no fear of Confederate privateers. I myself was in the best of spirits, for I had had the good fortune to secure a lot of novelties and a considerable supply of whisky and brandy to trade with the natives for furs. It had been some time since

they had been able to trade any, and I anticipated a large profit on my outlay.

The Katharine made a fast trip, but when we arrived on the grounds we found many whalers already ahead of us. But we went to work with a will, and soon had everything in good working order. I had only one trouble, and that was the second mate's fondness for my whiskey. I kept it stowed away snugly under my bunk, and for a long time he did not discover it, but when he did he never left an opportunity pass to get full, and my supply was slowly but surely disappearing. When it was my watch he would get into the cabin, and, as the boys say now, paint it a bright vermilion.

On the 26th day of June, 1865, we were cruising in the Kamschata Sea. On that day we had a "ketch," and were very busy trying out oil. My watch came between six and ten bells, and about 9 o'clock the man at the mast head sang out: "sail o, sail o." When asked whereaway he said he thought he saw a steamer in the offing and she was heading in our direction. I told him he must be mistaken, very likely it was only a whaler trying out oil as we were. But he was confident he was right, and I went down in the cabin to get my glass to take a look at her. The first object that met my eyes was the second mate as drunk as a lord, lying prone upon the floor. I put the bottles in my locker, and when I got on deck again I could see the steamer plainly, and also that she was heading in our direction. My watch being over, I went to the Captain's cabin and told him that a steamer was in sight. He said he supposed it was some rascally Russian sneaking around to see that we didn't get away with any of his precious furs, and gave the steward orders to awake him if she came within speaking distance, as he might want to go aboard and exchange papers and news. I did not give the matter a second thought, but went to my cabin and "turned in" for I was tired, having been hard at work all day.

It seems to me I had not been asleep ten minutes, though it had been three hours, when I heard some one in my room. My thoughts flew instantly to the second mate and my firewater. Before retiring I had again moved my valuables (?) under my bunk and I reached out and felt the various jugs and bottles. They were safe. It was the second mate though after all. He did not know I was awake however, for he shook me lustily and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Turn out here; business on deck!"

I thought a whale had been sighted, but did

not think of the steamer once. It did not take me long to throw on my clothes and get on deck. As I came up the hatchway I saw an officer dressed in a gray uniform standing on deck, and as soon as he saw me he asked;

"Are you mate of this bark?"

I answered that I was.

"Get your boat and crew and go the steamer."

I looked in the direction in which he pointed and saw lying about a quarter of a mile from the Katharine one of the prettiest vessels I had ever seen.

"What vessel is that?" I asked:

"The Confederate privateer Shenandoah" he answered, as he turned on his heel and walked to another part of the ship. I asked a marine who was standing by how much clothing I had better take. He looked at me with a peculiar smile and said as little as possible. I went below and got my shore suit and money. I also brought with me a very valuable waterproof coat that a friend of mine had given me in Japan. It was, I believe, the first one of the kind which had ever left that country, and putting it in the form of a cap I started for the deck.

As my hand appeared above the hatchway, my coat disappeared from my head. I was indignant and turned to see who my obliging friend was. He was a big German.

"I'll thank you for my coat," I said.

"Pass on, mine frendt; I will need dis more as you; you will not use it any more."

I told him in more forcible language than I care to repeat that if we should meet again under other circumstances we should certainly have a settlement.

"Oh, dot ish all right," he tranquilly remarked, and I passed on to my boat.

Up to this time I had thought there was no danger to the ship. My idea was that we were only being sent on board the privateer to sign a parole, for the war had ended in April, and it was now June, and surely, knowing this, they would not dare burn us. But we soon found, to our cost, that it had ended in name only for the Shenandoah. We showed Lieut. Clifford the San Francisco papers with an account of Lee's surrender, but he said he had no orders from his government, and that the papers told only one side of the question. Clifford is the same gentleman who now commands one of the steamers plying between Richmond and New York.

I manned my boat, as did the captain and the other mates theirs, and we pulled for the Confederate. But we were not allowed to board her. Captain Wardell had a hawser

thrown us and with this we were ordered to tie our boats together one behind another. There were already two boats in tow, belonging to the *Nimrod* of New Bedford and another whaler the name of which I have forgotten. It was now about 2 o'clock in the morning of the 27th of June, but the sun was as low as it ever got in those latitudes—about an hour high it appeared to be—and the weather was extremely cold. Lieut. Clifford and his crew followed us from the *Katharine*, and in a few minutes our good ship, with the product of two months' toil had ceased to float. For thirty-six hours we were towed in the wake of the *Shenandoah* and in the course of that time she boarded and burnt three more whalers, and the ship's boats were added to our little flotilla. We suffered extremely, not alone from the weather, but we had not provided ourselves with either water or provisions and the officers of the *Shenandoah* did not seem to think of it.

In a few hours after the burning of the three whalers the privateer came upon a fleet of seven, six of which she sacked and burned, and the other, the *Gen. Ward*, of San Francisco, was bonded, and we were all put aboard. Before we parted from the *Shenandoah* the officers of the prizes were taken on board and made to sign a parole not to bear arms against the Confederate States, a nation that had ceased to be three months before. I was on the ship about an hour, and while there I had time to find out why we had not been allowed to come on board when we were captured. The crew was the most ill-assorted and disciplined company I had ever seen on one vessel. They seemed to represent every nation under the sun, very few being Americans, except the officers, who were for the most part Virginians, and as nice a party of gentlemen as I ever met. It would have been a very easy matter for twenty men of nerve to have taken her, and the officers knew and appreciated this fact.

After signing the parole we embarked on the *General Ward*, and set sail for San Francisco, where we duly arrived after an uneventful voyage. As we passed the place where the *Katharine* went down I was standing by the second mate and heard him murmur:

"It was a great pity, a great pity." "Yes," I said, "she was a good ship was the *Katharine*."

The mate looked at me sadly, and laying his hand affectionately on my shoulder seemed to sob out:

"It was not the ship, me boy, we can get another, but you can't replace that whiskey this side of Bourbon county, Kentucky."

When we arrived on the Pacific coast we put the *Ward* in the hands of the authorities, and all those who had lost property placed their claims with lawyers. In knocking about the world I lost sight of mine, my attorney having died and left his business in a state of confusion. It was not until 1877, after considerable trouble and expense, that I received my part of the damages from the Alabama Claims Commission. I met the mate some time afterward, and in talking of the matter, he asked me if I put in the little item for the lost whiskey. If the reader has had an experience in making up a claim against Uncle Sam he will know that one never forgets such things—not often.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WEST POINT.

W. R. H. gives some interesting reminiscences of early days at West Point. He says: "Among those who were at the academy in my time were Pemberton, Bragg, Beauregard, Thomas, Halleck, Hardee, McDowell, Meigs and A. J. Smith. The late Major Turner and Bob Renick, of St. Louis, both were there. I remember Pemberton as a handsome boy with black curly hair, genial, companionable, and with a decided talent for drawing and painting. Possibly he would have made a greater name as an artist than he did as a soldier. He was a Philadelphian and married a young lady from Norfolk, Va., and during the late war he linked his fortunes with the south.

"Thomas was a martial-looking young man, about six feet two inches. As he and I were the biggest in the class, he was my file leader for about two years. There was no nonsense about him. He attended strictly to business and was a model soldier. A Virginian by birth, he married a Troy girl, and when the war came on he took the Union side. Rather suggestive of the influence of a wife. However, Bob Clinton, Lee's adjutant-general, was a southern man who married a Michigan girl, the daughter of Governor Mason, and she was rather the more rebellious of the two, but her ancestors were Virginians, which may account for it.

"Bragg prided himself on being the ugliest man in the corps. He was a reckless and daring fellow, who was always ready for any sort of a racket. He was one of the few who were addicted to nocturnal excursions to Benny Haven's ranch, and many were the hair-breadth escapes he and the other frisky ones had in getting back to quarters after a jolly time at 'Benny Havens, Oh.'

"McDowell was called the fat boy, and from his sobriquet you may know he was good-natured. I think it was Josh Billings who

said, 'You never heard of a fat man committing murder; no, indeed. A fat man never kills anything that isn't good to eat.' McDowell made a good soldier, nevertheless. He too, married a girl from Troy. The way it happened that so many of the officers were captured by the fair Trojans, they were on General Wool's staff; and he lived there, and during the piping times of peace they fell into the snares of the Troy girls.

'Hardee was, to use a current expression, a good deal of a dude. He thought more of his shape than his books. His reputation came largely from the system of tactics which bore his name. He was a pet of Jeff Davis, who, as secretary of war, appointed him on a board of officers to translate the tactics from the French—from whence comes our military science—taking care that he should be the ranking officer. So the work took Hardee's name, although the credit belonged to Benot, who was, I think, of French extraction and a good scholar.

'Halleck came of an obscure family, but he was studious and scholarly, and finally married one of the Hamiltons, which set him on the top shelf socially.

'Beauregard was French all over. He looked like a Gaul, acted like a Gaul, and his extraction struck out every way. He was an excellent student and graduated with high honors.

'Meigs was, in my opinion, one of the ablest men in the army, and his career as a cadet gave promise of a brilliant future.'



WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER

How often the whirligig of time as it jogs around brings up singular freaks and reminiscences. As an illustration, a traveling combination recently presented an old war comrade, the advance manager, Edwin Wight, who is the husband of the then young girl who in a Nashville, Tenn., theater, in 1862, first sang to a soldier audience the famous song of "When this Cruel War is Over" which instantly spread like wild fire through the army, and was echoed and reechoed from campfire to home fire-side. It is even now full of tenderness and power. The following reminiscence is how the song was first introduced by Mrs. Wight.

Mr. Wight was a young printer on the Nashville Banner, the rampant secession paper of that section. He was at his case the day that Tennessee passed the ordinance of secession, and when he went in after supper, his first take of copy was a page of the ordinance. He and other Union boys refused to set it, and left the office and the city, escaping by the last

train to Louisville before the blockade. When the command of General Mitchell reoccupied Nashville in March, 1862, Mr. Wight was with one of the bands of returning refugees. With that rare ability so peculiar to printers of turning a hand to anything, he returned as a variety actor at the old, then new theater, and here one of the company was the present Mrs. Wight.

The song and dance and the pathetic were Mr. Wight's best hold, and so also did Miss Annie of the bills incline to the serio-comic. In fact she wouldn't do anything else but the manager insisted that the soldier audience demanded something pathetic. She refused. The next night he tried again, but she wouldn't change her song. The next day at rehearsal he handed her the song just received from a dealer, saying that it was just the thing for the soldier audiences. The manager ordered it, and ordered her fined ten dollars a night until she did sing it. She again refused, and the fine was imposed, but the next night she tried it and the effect was electrical! The soldiers nearly stamped and pounded the gallery down, again and again insisting upon it being repeated. It went to a dozen camps that night, and thence through the army like all the old songs spread when once started.

Subsequently the lady introduced many other of the rapidly produced songs of camp and home, but none with equal power, perhaps, as "When this Cruel War is Over." Mrs. Wight is now living in their comfortable home in Chicago, having left the stage. Mr. Wight is as racy and versatile as twenty years ago, when he was leading banjoist, song and dance man, and delighted the soldiers with his comicalities.



HOPE FOR A COLONEL.

A Washington correspondent writes: I remember one little instance connected with Judge Gresham, which illustrates one phase of his character very well. When the war broke out, Gresham's regiment, the Thirty-second Indiana, I believe, was sent to the front to report for duty. Sherman rather bluntly ordered him to post a line of pickets at the front, somewhere in Kentucky, I think. "But I am just from my law office, and I do not know anything about posting picket lines, general. Had you better not entrust that to some one with more experience?" "You say you don't know how to post pickets?" growled Sherman. "Well, sir, you are the first colonel I have seen who did not know all about the campaign. There is some hope for you."

COMPANY "K."

'Way up in the North, where the giant pines stand
Tall sentries of Time, set on guard o'er the land
Ere the Genoese sailor, Columbus, was born,
Or Magellan had made his first trip round the Horn;
In the land of the hills, where the breeze from the sea
And the breath of the pines fills the lungs of the free;
When the echoes from Sumter had scarce died away,
Those hills saw the muster of Company K.

Would 'st know, curious reader, of what stuff it was made
Odd sort of war timber, you'll think, I'm afraid.
Its captain a deacon, mild-mannered and pure,
Esteemed by his neighbors, beloved by the poor;
Two stout young lieutenants, brought up on their farms,
Untutored in tactics or "war's stern alarms,"
But who "guessed if square fightin' ere come in their
way,
They could git along somehow" with Company K.

For "the boys" were their neighbors, their schoolmates
of yore,
From the plow and the anvil, the shop and the store;
Broad of breast, stout of limb, full of spirit and fun,
Skilled with axe, saw and spade—knew the use of a gun;
Thought that "mebbe them fellers" (so much talked
about,
Who bragged of the "Yanks they could chaw in a fout,"
And what crack shots they were,) might happen some
day
To see "pooty fair shootin'" by Company K.

Ah, God only knows of the hearts well-nigh broken,
When the home-ties were snapt and the brief farewells
spoken.

As the shrill fife half drowned the sobbing that day
When the drum-beat marked time to the marching
away!
And the boys noticed then what they saw not again
'Mid the shrieking of shells or bullets fierce rain.
(Though he led every charge and braved death in each
fray.)
A pale cheek on the captain of Company K.

Frank reader, confess, you'd be bo: d should I tell
All the haps and mishaps that their fortunes befell!
'Tis said though, that once, in a world famous fight
Where the rebel works crowned every hillock and
height,

When the order was given to charge, in the face
Of the death shower poured through the brush-tangled
space,

Their captain made pause, just one moment, to pray—
But the first o'er the breastworks was Company K.

There came, too, a crisis—you've read it no doubt—
When the rebels had flanked us and put us to rout,
When our veteran chief, like a rock in the main,
Braved the fierce tide of battle that raged o'er the plain,
Checked its force—saved an army, and gave one name
more

To the bright roll of heroes evolved by the war:
'Mid the proud Spartan band who stood firm on that
day,

With their dead piled around them stood Company K.

When duty was done and the battle had sped,
How the good deacon captain would grieve o'er his
dead!

How he'd tenderly watch with the wounded, and stay
In the hospital wards with the sick night and day!
And when, in reward for his courage and skill,
Promotion and honors awaited his will,

He sent "thanks to the gen'ral, but guessed he'd best
stay

With his boys and be capt'ing of Company K!"

And the "boys!"—bless your soul, they just worshiped
their "Pap!"

When "the old man" said "Come, boys!" 'twas
"Here's with you, Cap!"

No lagging, no shirking, or "playing it fine,"
When their ears caught his quiet "Boys, fall into line!"
Ah! needless to tell to my comrades in blue,
Who served the Nation's long life-struggle through,
How deep was their grief when a shell tore away
From their ranks the loved Captain of Company K!

How gentle those powder-grimmed hands as they bore
Their captain, all mangled and covered with gore,
To the rear; how they questioned the surgeon to know
If Hope had yet fled—if "the captain must go?"
How breathless they watched, as in tears they stood by,
To catch his last words: "For my country I die!
God help my poor wife! Boys, I'm sinking away;
Good-bye—and my blessings on Company K!"

Long years have rolled by since that sorrowful scene;
The graves of our martyrs are hid 'neath the green;
The country they died for, they lived on to see
Triumphant o'er treason, united and free.

Let us hope that the brave who to heart went forth
Are enshrined in the warm, grateful hearts of the North
Where Memory holds, 'mong her treasures to-day,
Proud legends of many a Company K.

AT SPOTTSYLVANIA.

The afternoon's work had been indeed cheerless. All day long a detail, consisting of the 81st and 140th Pennsylvania, with a detachment of cavalry, had been scouting around Todd's Tavern, several miles beyond the extreme right of the army, to determine the possible presence of any force of the enemy. Satisfied that nothing lay in that direction the detail began its return march to the army about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Not more than a half mile had been covered when a steady, beating rain began to fall, which continued without cessation during the rest of the journey. There was only sufficient time, upon arrival in camp, to prepare a cup of coffee before dark, when all, fatigued with the days work, were only too glad for a nights rest. This was at 7 P. M., May 11, 1864.

The campaign had opened on the 4th with a forced march of fifteen miles before daylight, and every day since had been utilized by hard marching, digging or fighting, or all three, until the men had thrown away almost all of their blankets, tents, overcoats and surplus clothing. At the close of this, the eighth day of vigorous work, thousands dropped into the mud for a bed, with the weeping clouds for a covering, to confiscate a little sleep. On this occasion only two hours were allowed, for at 9 P. M. the call was made on the Second Corps to get up

and begin that new celebrated flank movement.

The troops fell into line and moved on through the woods to the left, down a mud road. The rain was still falling continuously. Every man in the corps was drenched with water—not a dry garment in the host; and now we went floundering in the mud, cold, sleepy, thirsty and tired. Mile after mile, and hour after hour we dragged our weary way along, saying little, as nothing was appropriate to the occasion. Sometimes a man stumbles, falls, then rises covered with mud; or another gets into a brush pile; or one trips over a stump.

Once or twice we "double quick" to close up a gap. One leg strikes against the other; mud sticks to the feet; feet slip; sweat starts on the brow; knees knock together; traps get heavy, yet there is no intermission, no rest, no stop, no halt—tramp, tramp, tramp—monotony intensified.

There was nothing to hear except the slosh, slosh, slosh of the tramping thousands. Now and then a whip-poor-will uttered its mournful cry, which song was never inspiring to a soldier who had been in battle; or a canteen would rattle against a musket as some tired body snagged a toe and went prostrate in the mud. With the exception of these interruptions the journey was made in silence and mud—chiefly mud.

An entertainment, however, we little dreamed of was awaiting us, which we began to get intimations of about 3 o'clock A. M., May 12th, when we came up with troops massed for battle. At this time we were moving immediately in the rear of our picket line and not twenty yards away from it. The firing between the pickets was not very brisk; only an occasional interchange of shots or even a volley in reply to some single shot. The atmosphere was so heavy though and the shots so close that it sounded more like cannonading. Yet the devilish hist of the minie ball was as familiar as ever. As it whizzed past the face or cut a twig over the head the thoughts were momentarily diverted from the misery of the march.

At half-past 3 o'clock we ceased marching and formed into line of battle. Each regiment was folded in on itself like a fan, so as to have its men in the most compact form possible. The First Division of the Second Corps was in front; then the Second Division, Second Corps, then the Third, then the Fourth and behind this the Sixth Corps. It was the intention of General Grant and General Meade to hurl this body of men, numbering probably 50,000, against an angle of the works occupied by the

Confederates, pierce the centre of their army and then turning on either wing, crush it. Go talk with an old soldier; get him to detail his experience of skirmish, march, fight, prison, or guard-duty; ask him, "Which is the most trying?" and he will answer, "Doing nothing"—just waiting, as we stood, oppressed with anxiety, buoyed up by expectations, flattered by hope, shaken by doubt, peering out into the gloom and seeing nothing but ever and anon the flash of the skirmisher's rifle; listening intently, but hearing naught but the crack of the gun and the hiss of the ball. With the daylight unfolding upon us we moved forward. The first hundred yards was passed over at a moderate pace and in perfect silence; then we broke into a cheer and started with a rush.

No matter what hope, fears, expectations, gloomy forebodings may have occupied a man's mind up to this point, here it all changes, in the twinkling of an eye, and, catching an enthusiastic fervor which no language can describe, with onward bound and gleaming bayonet he dashes over obstacles apparently insurmountable, all unconscious of the destructive hail falling around him. Through that tangled underbrush, matted briars and close pine thicket we swept with vim and momentum. The enemy's shot mowed down our men like grass. We start elbow to elbow, treading on each other's heels a compact mass of humanity, hemmed and crowded, to find many a comrade struck from the side, many a prostrate form to spring over.

With a rush, the intervening space is crossed. Through fog and smoke and death we sweep up that slope, swarm over the abattis, leap the ditch, clamber the fortifications and plant the dear old flag on the ramparts—they are ours—ours with 30 guns, two generals and 3000 prisoners.

Yet this cannot, must not be the halting place. Another line beyond must be taken. Another charge; over captured batteries, abandoned caissons, through deserted tents and equipage; another rush under a deadly withering fire our line sweeps on. The slaughter is terrific. The ground behind is covered with our dead and wounded. The men who started elbow to elbow, are now sprinkled over the field like a skirmish line. And to complicate matters, through the mist of the morning, one portion of our line mistakes another for the enemy and halts to open fire upon it. On the verge of overwhelming victory we are checked, particularly by the action of our own men, and compelled to withdraw. Retiring to the captured line, we rally and catch a full breath.

While here the Sixth Corps swirls grandly into sight. They charge magnificently up over the same ground we had traversed and held, and stop with us behind the captured breast-works.

Here is a point in the history of the war I have never been able to fathom. Had the Sixth Corps immediately advanced, passed us and charged the second line, where we were repulsed, the war would have been ended then and there. Why did they not do it? There was no use in charging over the ground we had already captured, still held and were still able to hold. Their charge should have begun at the works we had captured, thence forward. Why was it not done? Their corps was organized, had suffered none, was fresh, full of vigor—ours prostrated, decimated and disorganized. Gen. Lee had not yet had time to prepare sufficient resistance in that second line to repulse them. Was it not the intention to hurl at them one force and follow that blow immediately by another, carrying all obstacles presenting themselves? Such at least was the impression made upon us before the charge, and we entered upon that fight believing it would be the closing act of the war. If such a movement was intended by the commanders, why check the second charge at the point reached by the first? Of course, after an hours delay, General Lee had moved sufficient force into the second line to make a charge barren of results. The cost would have been so great that even capture of the line could not be construed as victory.

After the Sixth Corps reached the ground we occupied, and seeing they were going no further, I left the works and moved forward towards the Confederate line. The object was to see if any of my men had been left between the lines, unable to get away by reason of wounds. After skirmishing over the ground our brigade had charged across, helping the wounded all that was possible, I was about returning, when a young lad was encountered belonging to Company C, 81st Pennsylvania, who was well known.

"Hello, Davis! are you hurt?"

"Yes, Captain, and I fear badly."

I got a coat and rolled it into a pillow for him, cut all his harness off, opened his blouse to relieve his labored breathing, searched over the field until a canteen was found, gave him a drink, wiped the cold death sweat from his forehead, and then shook his hand "good-bye."

"Anything else, Davis?"

In a whisper he said: "Yes, take my watch and money, and send them home."

Catching the chain, I pulled at it, but found much resistance. Finally it began to yield, but the whole lining of the vest pocket over the heart was coming out with it. Slowly and with considerable pain it was finally brought to the top, when it became evident what was the matter. A bullet had struck the front case fair in the centre, gone through it, bursting open the buck case and carrying the wheels into his body. As he was suffering with the attempts to remove it, I desisted, telling him it was utterly ruined, and left it in his pocket.

The time, from the beginning of the charge to the capture of the works, is mentioned as a mere moment. In fact it was an age—long enough to turn one gray-headed. The order "forward" is given, and almost before it has ceased re-echoing through the forest 1000 men are slain, 2000 wounded and 3000 prisoners. Events, not minutes, mark the progress of time.

Hand-to-hand conflicts in war are rare. Bayonet wounds are exceedingly rare. On this occasion as we scaled the works a Confederate soldier made a lunge at Kirker, Co. F, 140th Pennsylvania, who was cheering at the time. The bayonet entered his mouth, passing out through the cheek below the ear. Like a flash of lightning Kirker grasped the gun barrel with his left hand, while with his right he whirled his own bayonet down through his opponent's chest just above the heart.

It was the desire of every color-sergeant to plant his standard first upon the captured works, and each made a race for the honor. The sergeant of the 140th was sufficiently in advance of all competitors to be certain of success, when one ball struck the flag-staff, another the brass-tip, and three more the bearer. This mishap enabled the captain of a Delaware regiment (2d, I think) to corral the honor, mounting the works in advance of any other flag bearer. Yet while he cheered in joy at his success a Confederate soldier leaped up, snatched the flag and ran away with it.

Among the prisoners captured in the fight were Generals Stuart and Johnson. On their way to the rear Hancock, who was in a hearty good humor at the success of the charge, offered to shake hands, which Stuart refused to do. They were sent on back, Johnson in an ambulance, Stuart walking in the mud.

About the time the brigade was collecting on the left, after the charge, there was a constant shower of bullets, but yet calm to what it had been. This breathing spell was utilized by Baldwin, of Co. I, in making a cup of coffee. He had just kindled his fire and set the cup on.

when a Confederate soldier began shooting at it. With every shot Baldwin would taunt him with his poor marksmanship. The Confederate persisted until he hit the stick under the cup and spilled it. Baldwin refilled it and then hanging it on his ramrod over the fire, defied the Johnny to hit it. It was an interesting shooting match, with thousands watching it, and taunts at every failure. But about the time the coffee was beginning to boil he did put a hole through the bucket. Baldwin borrowed another bucket, scraped his fire together and called to the Confederate to try it again, which he did a number of times, but without hitting it. Baldwin got his coffee.

The loss of the 140th in front of Spottsylvania was very severe, exceeding 100 men. Of the regiments sent into the war by Pennsylvania this one stands at the head of the list in loss of life in battle, and only two other regiments in the United States service during the war exceed it.

Yes, I have been at an army reunion, said a Veteran of the 43d Minnesota volunteers. Ah, what recollections well up in the patriotic heart as we grasp the old familiar hand and drink out of the same canteen once more. By the way, Strauss, I see here some of the same old cheese.

"Yah; dot vas Oneida gunny Swiss cheese. It vas smell a lettle lout, alretty."

"Touching incident connected therewith, Strauss. Some more of the same? Yes; we were ordered out to ambush the celebrated Washington artillery at Chattanooga. Midnight, dark, not a word to be spoken. General Hooker with cloth slippers led us on tiptoe. We crept up the side of Lookout mountain and got nicely located, when a cannon boomed on the top of the ridge and a shell dropped among us.

"Dot vas pad. Trink ein ahnder von mit me."

"Hooker whispered to the officers, and we crept away about a mile and located on the west side of the mountain. Not a twig snapped. Silent as death, when that cannon boomed again and sixty men lay cold in death."

"Chiminy crasht! try dot ahnder von mit me."

"Yes; Hooker was startled, but when we arose to creep away, an order, a sort of nox-vapor, a gentle effluvia, was apparent, and Hooker called a council of officers."

"Ish dot so? Hafe some peer?"

"If you please. We retired a half mile and of course gave up the investigation for the

time. But through that cimmerian darkness the rebels shelled us clear into camp. Now, Strauss, it is a fact recorded in the archives, if you know what an archive is, that a Dutchman in our brigade had a brick of Schweitzer kase in his pocket and the Washington artillery had been shelling the smell all night."

"You go right away out of dis. I pelieve you vas a chestnut."

"Strauss, on my sacred honor, his name was Baumgartner, and he came from Cincinnati. Give us a—"

"Py Chiminetty! you get out of dis, else I schell you mit de bung-starter. I don't believe you efer schmell powder aber somebody shoot you for stealing schickens. Dem rebels vas peen schelling your nose unt dink it vas a camp-fire."

♦♦♦

FORDING THE CLINCH RIVER.

The experience encountered in crossing this river deprived it of much of its romance. There was too much stern reality in fording the stream, an operation made necessary owing to the destruction of the bridge. The ford was a peculiar one, entering the river from the north, a rough wade to the center, then a turn at right angles, down the stream for some distance, and a turn to the left in a southeastward direction to the southern bank, would take one through tolerably comfortable; a slight cut across would involve many unexpected duckings and much swimming. Many mishaps occurred in fording the Clinch—it was so easy to lose the trail. Imagine Sutler Isaac Lippman (a good Jew and one of the best of sutlers) standing on the bank of the river, and seeing his wagon load of stores sticking in the midst of the treacherous Clinch in imminent danger of a total wreck, frantically holding up his hands in appeal to the quartermaster to help the wagon through, fearing a loss of his stock, exclaiming: "Four sousand tollars mit de Clinch! Four sousand tollars mit de Clinch! Mine Gott! All mine cheeses, mine cheeses!"

A blue jacket at Alexandria in performing one of the multifarious duties which fell to Jack's lot during the Egyptian expedition, was assisting to remove some trusses of hay from the quay, and, stumbling along under the weight of a small haystack, not being able to see where he was going, pushed against a commissariat officer irreproachably clad in his review dress. "Who the dickens are you, and what are you doing here?" "Who am I?" said Jack. "Well, I don't altogether know. I used to be a British sailor; but now, it strikes me, I'm turned into a commissariat mule!"

FIELD AND POST-ROOM.

VOL. I.

HARRISBURG, PA., DECEMBER, 1886.

No 12.

"SCOTTY."

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Scotty's dead! Of course he is!
Just that same old luck of his!—
Ever since we went cahouts
He's been first, you bet your boots!
When our schoolin' just begun—
Got two whippin's to my one;
Stole and smoked the first cigar;
Stood up first before the bar,
Drinkin' whiskey straight—and me
Wastin' time on blackberry!
Beat me in the army, too,
And clean on the whole way through!
In more scrapes around the camp,
And more troubles on the tramp;
Fought and fell there by my side
With more bullets in his side,
And more glory in the cause—
That's the kind o' man he was!
Luck liked Scotty more than me;
I got married; Scotty, he
Never even would apply
For the pension money I
Had to beg of Uncle Sam—
That's the kind o' cuss I am!
Scotty always first and best—
Me the last and orriest!
Yet, for all that's said and gone—
All the battles fought and won—
We aint prospered—him nor me—
Both as poor as poor could be,
Though we've always, up till now,
stuck together anyhow—
Scotty always, as I've said,
Luckier, and now he's dead!

THE ASSASSINS OF LINCOLN.

Virgil Y. Duryea is a citizen of Elmira, N. Y., and enlisted from that city during the year of the rebellion. He was one of the company which guarded the assassins of Lincoln, and a few days ago I called upon him and gathered from his lips the following interesting facts:

"On the night of the 14th of April, 1865, I was stationed at Alexandria, Va., a member of Company E, Fourteenth Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps. There were large numbers of troops in camp near that city awaiting the time when they would be discharged, for peace had been declared, and it was supposed to be a question of only a few days. A number of the men of my regiment, probably six in all, had been detailed to do duty at the Provost Marshal's office, such duties to consist of two hours on and four hours off. I had been relieved at

five o'clock, and at nine it was time to do duty again, so I took my station, relieving the previous guard. The night was intensely dark. It was but a few minutes after ten o'clock, and while pacing along my line of guard a voice called out in the dark:

"Say, know Lincoln's dead?"

The reply the voice received was something like this:

"You move on, or I'll stick a bayonet through you," and the sound of the quickening footsteps told plainly that the person did not linger long. I thought at the time it was some paroled "reb" who wanted to start a rumor through the camp. In half an hour every soldier in camp was talking about Lincoln and wondering if the story could be true. They found out to their great sorrow and surprise that it was. The most intense excitement prevailed. The guard around the officers' headquarters was doubled and there was a general hustling of officers and men.

The scene of the next day, the 15th, can never be described; no drills. In fact, almost every military restriction had to be abandoned. For one or two days the privates had things just about as they wanted them. After that the officers seemed to be themselves again. We continued in camp at Alexandria until the 26th, or the date when Booth was captured. The accessories to the crime had been captured before this, and were prisoners at what was known as the arsenal, a brick jail at the foot of Four-and-one-half Street, Washington. On the 26th my regiment was marched to Capital Hill barracks at Washington. We were told that we were to camp here permanently, or at least until the murderers were tried and hung, as the men expressed it. On the 27th a guard was detailed to go to the arsenal for the purpose of standing guard over the prisoners. The arsenal was a brick building, surrounded by a brick wall at least twenty feet high and wide enough to permit of a guard pacing along it, to and fro. This wall inclosed the prison yard, which contained about three acres of land. At the gate in the wall, which opened into the yard, was stationed a guard of twelve men, in double file, six on each side of the gate, and when an officer approached from either way, to

go out or to go in, he was saluted by the guard falling in line and presenting arms. The front rooms of the arsenal were occupied by the officers in charge, then Gen. Hartrauff and staff. A long, wide hall led to the passage to the prisoners' compartments, without interfering with the private or domestic relations of the other occupants of the building. At the end of the hall two heavy iron doors made the first impression on the person's mind that he was in a prison.

The cells were arranged in the same way as is the custom to arrange them nowadays. There were two rows, or rather the cells backed up to each other. On each side, to the right and to the left, there were three tiers of cells and eight cells in a tier. The cells were probably eight feet high, three feet wide and ten feet long. A heavy grated iron door covered the entire front. The furniture of a cell consisted of a bed, which was a mattress and proper bed clothing, and which laid on the floor. This was the simple furniture of a cell. A prisoner had to either lay down or stand up. The confinement of the prisoners was extreme. They were granted no requests; allowed to see no one but their counsel. A surgeon visited them in the morning and heard their complaints, but he scarcely ever honored them. O'Laughlin was confined on the first tier to the right. Dr. Mudd on the same tier. In the second tier to the right and over O'Laughlin was Spangler. In the same tier with Spangler, only further along, was Mrs. Surratt. Mrs. Surratt was confined in this cell except during the trial, when she was confined in a small room off the court room. On the upper tier was young Garrett, who was arrested at Garrett's farm at Bowling Green, the place where Booth was captured. He, however, was not kept a prisoner long, for upon his examination it was shown that he was in no way connected with the murder. To the left Payne, better known as Wood, was in a cell on the first tier. Harrod was on the second tier, while Arnold and Atzeroth were in separate cells on the third tier. The dress of each prisoner was the same that they wore when arrested. One of the peculiarities of the confinement was the wearing of a cap, drawn down over the head, by each prisoner. This cap was of gray flannel, made roughly, with a string drawn through the end. The cap, which was partly a mask, was tied loosely under the chin. A slit in the cap served as a hole for the mouth. The arms of each prisoner were fastened at the wrists by handcuffs. They were of the kind more commonly known as "stiff shackles," so named

because the cuffs were fastened to each other by a bar of iron about fourteen inches long and which prevented the moving of one arm without a corresponding movement of the other arm. The left ankle was fastened by a shackle attached to an iron cone by a chain two feet long. This cone was a foot high and eight inches square at the base. It would weigh about seventy-five pounds. At its apex was a large staple to which was fastened the chain. This chain was never unfastened from the cone or from the shackle. When the prisoners were marched into the court room two guards put an iron rod through the staple and carried the cone while the prisoners trod along as best they could. With the exception of Mrs. Surratt, the confinement was the same in each case. In her case the shackle on the ankle was omitted. The daily routine of a guard's duty was somewhat as follows: In the morning at 9 o'clock was the guard mount. Each soldier's gun was loaded by the commanding officer of the guard, with the exception that the cap was left off, and they were marched single file into the prison. The sergeant of the squad posted the guard, one man being placed in front of each cell that was occupied. The sergeant took the cap from the gun of the guard about to be released and placed it upon the new guard. Following the guard-mount was the doctor's call. The surgeon visited each cell. He examined each prisoner; asked various questions of them. The surgeon was always accompanied by the commanding officer of the prison and also by the sergeant of the squad. The latter carried the keys of the cells. These keys were monstrous things of their kind, weighing at least a pound, and they were not less than eight inches long. After the surgeon's visit, breakfast was brought to the prisoners; it consisted of bread, potatoes, meat and coffee. Dinner and supper consisted of the same simple bill of fare, and it never varied except as to the manner of cooking.

When breakfast had been finished, the prisoners were led into the court room. Before starting for the court room, the mask-like gray caps were removed from the heads of the prisoners. The sergeant of the squad unlocked each cell door, and two guards were ready to carry the iron cone. One guard stood at the end of the tier and one between each prisoner. At the door which opened into the corridor the prisoners from each side met and were made into a long file and then marched into the court room. The court room was about thirty feet square. Across one end was a platform raised a foot from the floor. On this platform the

prisoners, with the exception of Mrs. Surratt, sat. She sat in a door way which led into a small room to the left of the court room. She was attended by her daughter and by a guard. The trial was of a military sort—a court martial organized especially for the occasion. In the morning each officer came into the court room in full uniform. He took off his hat and equipments—sword and sash—and laid them upon the table in the middle of the room. This table was about fifteen feet long and four wide. When the court was in session the officers of the court sat around it, the presiding judge at the head. On the table were a few articles which might excite curiosity. Among them was the hat which Lincoln wore when he was shot; also the pistol with which he was shot, and the boots which Booth wore. The hat was a "stove pipe" and of the best quality of beaver. The pistol was a large ugly-looking weapon of thirty-eight caliber, and was what would now be called a horse pistol. The boots were long and of calfskin. They would reach up to the hip. Spurs of a large size adorned the heels. One of these boots was cut down to the foot. It was the one which was taken off from his broken leg. These things were brought into the court room by a guard in the morning, and in the afternoon when the court was ended for the day they were taken out and placed in the safe in the officers' departments. On the morning of the 6th of July the findings of the court, approved by the President, were made public. That morning about 9 o'clock, General Hartranft, accompanied by the judges of the court and the officers of the prison, went to the cell of each prisoner and read the findings of the court. The four who were condemned—Harrold, Atzeroth, Payne and Mrs. Surratt—were visibly affected. After the officers had read the findings of the court to all the prisoners they went to their headquarters and held a consultation. An order was issued directing the condemned prisoners to be brought from their respective cells and placed in a large room on the ground floor. This being done, spiritual advisers and friends were allowed to see them. Harrold had seven sisters. And during the day they were there at one time. The sight of these seven women all weeping and clinging to one man was actually unparalleled. Atzeroth passed the night without any particular manifestations. He made a partial confession a few hours before the execution. Mrs. Surratt's daughter was with her during the early hours of the morning of the seventh. She was allowed to stay longer than any other friends of the prisoners

because it was confidently expected that Mrs. Surratt would be reprieved. General Hancock had charge of the execution. The scaffold had been erected the day before in the jail yard. It consisted of a simple wooden structure and faced toward the west. The platform was about twenty-five feet square and was elevated about ten feet from the ground. It was reached by a flight of steps from the rear. The drops were hinged to the main platform and were not on until the prisoners appeared in sight of the scaffold. The drops were supported by posts which rested on the ground. Two guards were to stand in rear of the scaffold and at the signal were to dislodge these posts. This caused the traps to fall. The graves were dug close to the scaffold and near the prison wall. Four pine boxes stood near the graves. These were for coffins. At about 12:30 I was ordered to bring four arm chairs and place them on the platform. I did so, and directly after the prisoners were marched out and were ascending the steps to the scaffold. They were seated in the chairs. Mrs. Surratt was at the right end, then Payne, Harrold, and Atzeroth. Each one was attended by a spiritual adviser. These persons were allowed to stand near them on the platform. Mrs. Surratt was attired in a black dress, alpaca bonnet, and she wore a veil over her face. The bonnet and veil were removed when she sat down. Payne was dressed in a blue flannel shirt and pantaloons of the same description. Harrold was dressed in black coat and light pantaloons and wore a white shirt without a collar. Atzeroth was dressed in a gray suit of clothes. He also wore a white shirt minus a collar. Atzeroth was the only one that uttered any words on the scaffold. He thanked the officers of the prison for the kindness they had shown him, and hoped he would meet them in the other world. During this time the arms and limbs of the prisoners had been pinioned and they were all standing on the trap, stripes of cotton muslin were tied around Mrs. Surratt's dress below her knees. The spiritual advisers had offered prayers and asked their charges if they wished to say anything. Atzeroth was the only one who responded. The ropes were tightened around their necks and white caps were drawn over their heads. General Hartranft gave the signal, by clapping his hands twice, for both drops to fall. They fell, and all was over. Harrold exhibited more tenacity of life than any of the others. He drew himself up several times as if to relieve himself of the rope. The only motion of Mrs. Surratt that was discernable was a muscular

contraction of the left arm. No movement was noticeable from Payne. Atzeroth died without a struggle. After hanging for about half an hour the bodies were cut down and examined by the doctors present. The cause of death was determined, and they were immediately buried by a guard detailed for that purpose. There were at the execution fifteen newspaper reporters and a few civilians. But no prominent Cabinet or army officers, except General Hancock, were there. In the jail yard there were about 1,000 soldiers, and outside about 2,000.

In 1861 the first plot to murder President Lincoln was discovered, and the plans frustrated. He had promised to visit Harrisburg on the way to his inauguration. A plot was discovered about this time. It was to capture the train. However, he did not go on the train intended, but by a special train, and so the plans of this action were happily averted. In 1865 Booth had three schemes on foot; first, to kidnap the President and Cabinet and take them to the South; second, the first scheme failing, to murder the President and escape to Richmond; third, the rebellion having failed, to do the murder and throw the country at the North into great consternation. For his associates Booth had Lewis Payne, *alias* Wood, George A. Atzeroth, David E. Harrold, Samuel Arnold, and Michael O'Laughlin. Their meetings were held in Mrs. Surratt's house in Washington. Mrs. Surratt had a son, John, who was active in the murder, but he was sent North by her several months before the murder. The plans were that Arnold and O'Laughlin were each to kill a Cabinet officer; Atzeroth was to kill Johnson; Payne was to murder Seward, and Harrold was to back Booth in the attempt to kill Lincoln. But two of the parts of the great tragedy were enacted—the shooting of Lincoln and the stabbing of Seward.

Atzeroth had gone so far as to take his knife and pistol to Kirkwood's, where Johnson was stopping, and secrete them under the bed, but his courage failed him and he did not act his part. Booth was captured at Bowling Green, twelve miles from Alexander. He died from a broken leg in the hands of a soldier but a few minutes after he was captured. He was buried in the corridor of the Arsenal at Washington. Harrold was captured with Booth. Payne was arrested just as he was entering Mrs. Surratt's house. He had traversed the woods about Washington, but had come back to the city and gone to the house, where he was captured. Atzeroth fled from the city, but

was found in the house of his uncle, in Montgomery, Maryland. Dr. Mudd was taken by the officers when tracking Booth. He stated that he had set a leg for a man and received \$20 for so doing and he was promptly arrested. The finding of the court before whom the prisoners were tried was as follows: Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Harrold and Atzeroth were to be hung; O'Laughlin, Mudd and Arnold were to be imprisoned at Dry Tortugas for life, and Spangler for six years.

AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

"That's done, and I'm thankful," said William Platt, the Miamus ox shoer, the other day as he drove the last nail into the hoof of a particularly nervous ox. Then Mr. Platt unlashed the big swing by which the ox was suspended, unfastened the chains that bound the animal's dangerous legs, opened the neck pen, and with curious colloquialisms backed the newly shod "critter" out. Then Mr. Platt washed his grimy hands in the tub of water that so often sizzled and steamed with the suddenly developed energy of red hot iron thrust into it, took his dinner pail, and sat down on a nail keg to eat his frugal meal. But Mr. Platt did not eat. He fell into a meditative mood, with his eyes fixed abstractedly upon a horse shoe on the floor.

"What are you dreaming about, Uncle Bill?" asked one of the men.

"Me! heh!" said Mr. Platt, appearing suddenly to awake. "Oh, I was thinking what a narrow line it is that lies between us and glory. It's just twenty-three years since Joe Hooker fought at Chancellorsville, and somehow or other it always seems to me that if I'd had the chance I might have won some glory there."

Here Mr. Platt seemed to have lost his usual vivacity and rollicking good nature, and to have become touched with sadness.

"I enlisted in the old Seventeenth Connecticut Regiment," said he. "No man in it came nearer death than I did three times. No man was in such constant danger. Yet I never was in a battle, never fired a gun in all the three years. If I'd been killed there would not have been any glory in it, yet I'll warrant there wasn't a man in the regiment who went into battle that needed more courage than I did, and if I could have had a chance to show a little mite of the bravery on the field that I had to display every day in another way, I might have won some shoulder straps for it. But they never let me go into battle, never." Here Mr. Platt sadly shook his head, and gazed mournfully upon the horseshoes.

"What was you doing, Uncle Bill, that required so much bravery?"

"Doing? Shoeing army mules," said he, with a look expressive of the courage required for that occupation.

"When I went into service," he continued, "I enlisted for three years, sooner shot or dead, and I expected to show them that I had a little grit in me. I hankered after a battle, to let them see that I could fight. But soon as we got to the front it began to be whispered about that Uncle Bill—that's me—was to be detailed to shoe mules. I didn't enlist to shoe mules. I wasn't afraid of fighting, but hang me if I wanted to risk my skin a shoeing mules. But at last it came. They detailed me at brigade headquarters to shoe mules."

"Boys, a park of artillery in front of you, and shell bristling about you, is nothing to the risk of that business. I had narrow escapes enough every day, but three times there wasn't a soldier had a closer call than I did, and I never got any glory for it. The worst was at Chancellorsville. It made me feel bad to see boys going to the front, with a chance to win glory without half so much risk as I was put to to shoe mules back at the headquarters. But I had to do it. There was a company stationed near by, perhaps twenty yards from the place where I was shoeing. They were guarding the road that way and were taking it easy. The battle was going on in front, but we were out of reach of the bullets. I had one solemn-looking mule to tackle, and I knew from that calm look that he was a deceitful animal, and he had a powerful leg. Thinks I to myself, as I approached him, 'Uncle Bill, there's more danger lurking in that air leg than in the red hottest hand-to-hand fight out in the front, but there ain't any glory in the danger.'"

"However, I tackled the job. I got the shoe on all right, and I suppose, got a little heel-less. All of a sudden I thought there'd come a flash of lightning. All I knew was that I laid somewhere on my back, with a cold chill on my breast, and I recollected hearing a sharp, whizzing noise. Then it occurred to me that a stray shell from the battle had landed 'twixt me and the mule, and I kinder laughed to think how it must have scar't the animal. But I raised up, and there, ten feet away, he was as demure as a deacon. But I heard a noise over where the company was stationed, and when I looked I see that they had scattered and were running as though pretty badly frightened. Thinks I, 'Uncle Bill, the rebs

are coming up that way, and you'll be a prisoner.' Well, do you know what did it? 'Twas that pesky mule, he'd kicked, that's all. He didn't hit me. Oh, no. If he had I wouldn't have been here to tell of it. 'Twas the wind from the blow that fired me ten feet, and his hoof just grazed my clothes in front, cutting them off as clean as though he'd used a razor. But the curiousest thing about it was this, and it shows what power a mule's in his hind leg. I was just putting the first nail in his shoe when he kicked. Well, sir, the force of that kick threw the shoe clear across the field toward where that company was. They heerd it whirling along in the air, and thought it was a shell. They ducked. The shoe struck the door of an old shed, alongside of which the company was, and fastened itself onto the door slick as slicing cucumbers. The company thought the shell had lodged there, and was going to burst right away, and didn't they skedaddle! Some of the main line saw 'em running, thought Lee was coming up to flank 'em, and that scar't 'em all the more, so that some says that was the beginning of the whole trouble with Joe Hooker's army. I don't know about that; that'll give you some idea of what a mule can do, and whether it needed any grit or not to shoe 'em."

"Twice besides during the war, I got so near the kingdom come by way of a mule's hoof, that it makes me draw my breath to think of it now; once on James Island and once in Virginia. But what glory do I get for it! I begged em to let me go into a fight. They wouldn't do it. So there I was, three years in the army, in peril ten times worse than I would have been in battle every single day, without any credit for it, and no glory in it if I was killed. What glory is it for a man's name or credit to his family to be reported kicked to death by a mule? I done my duty, done it well, too; but I always feel that if I hadn't had a name as a good horseshoer I might have won a commission in the service. Ah, well, what's the odds? We've only so long to live anyway. Zeke, get that off ox into the pen, and I'll be ready to shoe him, quick as I've eat my dinner."—*N. Y. Sun.*



"LITTLE POTTER."

A short, little, square-built, dark-skinned, twinkling-eyed young fellow was known the regiment over as "Little Potter." The name came from his trade before war times, and from the fact that he was always talking shop and examining clays with the enthusiasm of a geologist. He had the faculty of becoming

interested in anything that any other man was doing. Standing near the picket fire, though uncomfortable himself, he could always suggest a way in which to make the coffee boil, and would gather up splinters and chips and pile them under or about the little kettle with keenest enjoyment, although the coffee belonged to the most taciturn man in the company. He showed this kindly interest in every man's affairs, and of course was universally liked. At Shiloh, in the midst of the second day's battle, Little Potter left the company to get water for himself and several companions. A quick change of position, a new line-of-battle formation took place after his departure, and Little Potter was seen no more for several days. After the rebels retreated he was discovered acting as nurse at the brigade hospital. He couldn't find the regiment on his return, but found the hospital, and the Division Surgeon ordered him on duty, and discovering his excellence as a nurse, would not let him return to the company. There was a quarrel between the Captain and the Surgeon, the former seeing Little Potter as a skulker, and the latter seeing him as a useful man who made a mistake through no fault of his own. The Captain reported Potter absent without leave, and he was court-martialed. The sentence was that he should forfeit six months' pay. The men of the company were indignant, but Potter said nothing. The stoppage of the six months' pay told sorely on him, but he weathered the storm and came out as serene as though he had never been court-martialed.

Much clothing was lost at Shiloh, and a list was made out of clothing lost in battle. The Sergeant would ask; "Well, Blame what did you lose at Shiloh?" Answer.—"An overcoat and knapsack." "What did you lose at Shiloh, Potter?" With indescribable drollery, Little Potter said, with a sort of lisp that was characteristic? "I loht theeventy-eight drollery." This was the only reference he made to the court-martial and six months' pay until the morning of the terrible December 31, at Stone River. In the hurry of the company formation for battle Potter was the first man in place after the orderly, and, though the shortest man in the company, he held his place there in the face of the rule to the contrary. There was a sweeping charge. That company left their dead further to the front than any other regiment in action that day. They were cruelly crushed, relentlessly driven. Little Potter was a giant in doing. He kept his place next to the orderly when the company was broken and scattered. With a precision that would under

other circumstances have been droll, he formed on the orderly whenever a charge was made, and while it was every man for himself. As he was ramming home a load a ball struck him in the fleshy part of the leg, cutting a great gash and tearing his clothes. He was advised to go to the rear. The reply was, "I will show them who is a coward." A shot struck him in the shoulder, and he became deadly pale. Still, with teeth and right hand, he managed to load his gun and fire. Another shot struck him in the thigh, and unable to maintain his position any longer he fell.

He was dragged to a stump, and placed so that the raking fire would not touch him. He deliberately crawled round, and placing himself so as to face the rebels, and as the company gave back in one of those hand-to-hand fights Little Potter kissed his hand to the men nearest him, and nestled down with a sigh of relief.

Days afterwards the sergeant found a pair of bright eyes glittering from festoons of white sheets in an hospital at Murfreesboro. They belonged to Little Potter, broken legged, and broken armed, and bandaged. He could not move and could hardly speak. But as the tearful men bent over him he lisped: "We wakthd them, didn't we?" The rebels had found him braced against the stump, punching at them with his gun, held in one hand, as they ran by. He was taken to the hospital, and here, day after day, went his old comrades to see him. They did more; they wrote to Gen. Rosecrans, telling the simple story. They carried the letter along the red-tape line, from brigade headquarters to division, from division to corps, from corps to army headquarters, returned with an order from Rosecrans himself directing that the six months' pay be restored to Little Potter, that all charges on the record be erased, and that an order complimenting his gallantry be read on dress parade, and the document, with all its array of indorsements and Old Rosa's letter, were carried to Little Potter by men who could scarcely speak. He seemed like one transfigured as one of his old-time friends read and re-read the order and letter. He had it held down to his eyes so he could see the red lines and official signatures. Then came his first tears. "Now, boys, I don't care to get well. It's all wiped out, ain't it? I was determined to get well to wipe it out, you know. But now, torn up as I am, it is better to die." And the next morning, with the order and old Rosa's letter on his breast, Little Potter died. And still can we hear the grizzly old Surgeon's words, as he came to the cot, "Dead? Why—God bless the boy!"

AFTER THE YANKEE BALLOON.

A matter which greatly exercised the Confederates during the early part of the war was the use of balloons by the Federals to spy out our position. At Yorktown, where almost daily ascensions were made, our camps, batteries, field works and all defenses were plain to the vision of the occupants of the balloon, and it was also quite easy to form a reliable estimate of our numbers.

These balloon ascensions excited us more than all the outpost attacks, and it was officially determined to put a stop to them at whatever cost. The longest range rifles in the South were sent for, and they were put into the hands of Confederates noted for their marksmanship, but, although the balloon *seemed* to be within easy range, it was too far away for any rifle to do execution from our outposts. Light artillery was then brought into play, using both shot and shell, but somehow the target could not be struck. We finally opened upon it with any and every piece of ordnance which could be brought to bear, but while we threw shot far beyond it, and apparently close to it, we could not even frighten the men in the basket. Between our outposts and those of the Federals was half a mile of neutral territory. One dark night thirty-five Confederate sharpshooters, each armed with the heaviest rifle known to our southern hunters, were sent out to creep as far across the neutral ground as possible, find hiding places, and to open on the balloon next morning. The result was disastrous to us. Ten of the men were captured before the balloon ascended, and the rest of us had hardly opened fire when a heavy force hunted us out and killed or captured all but six.

Rewards were then offered for the destruction of the balloon in the Federal camp, and I was one of the five who undertook the task. I was promised \$1,000 in gold and a commission as second lieutenant if I succeeded, and I presume the same promise was made to the other four. We left separately and also by different routes, each one being told to make arrangements to suit himself. I was nearly thirty-six hours getting in rear of the Federal army, and when I entered the camps it was as a peddler of tobacco and notions, who would have been in the ranks but for his lameness. It was nearly a week after I left the Confederate camp before I reached the vicinity where the ascensions were made, and it was then to discover that the greatest precautions were taken to guard against what I had been sent to effect. Sentinels were stationed about the place in such

numbers that it was useless to hope that I might pass them, and what made the matter worse was the fact that two of our spies had been captured and held on suspicion. Nothing but fire would answer our purpose. Rents could be mended and holes patched, and while it was likely that a balloon could be made in a couple of weeks, the interval would permit the Confederates to make many changes.

On the day that Fitz John Porter made his ascension and the rope broke and let the balloon float away, I was within rifle shot of the spot of ascension. As he floated away over our camp it seemed as if accident had sealed the fate of the balloon and given us a distinguished prisoner, but a change of wind occurred and back came the air ship to drop to the ground almost at my feet. I was one of the fifteen or twenty men who seized the basket and held it to the earth while Porter stepped out. I had matches, and I had only to strike a light to destroy the balloon at a flash. I meant to take every risk, but as I drew a match from my pocket, having a filled pipe already in my mouth as an excuse, a big sergeant who stood beside me seized me by the neck, flung me several feet away on my back, and shouted at me:

"You infernal idiot! do you want to fire the balloon?"

I did, but he had deprived me of the opportunity. Some of the men laughed. Some said I ought to be kicked out of camp, and prudence whispered to me to take myself off while I had the chance. Only two of us out of the five got back to our regiments. What became of the others was a mystery we were never able to clear up. Other plans to destroy the balloon were projected, but it made only two or three more ascensions. The trouble of inflating and caring for it, added to the peril of those who ascended, induced the military authorities to abandon the enterprise.

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General Buckner says:

During the Atlantic campaign, while the army was fighting by divisions, a movement of headquarters attracted the attention and drew the fire from the enemy's batteries. The horses of myself and staff were ordered up in order to change our position. A negro had charge of mine. When he came up to where I was standing, a shell burst close to him, and instead of handing me the reins, he mounted to ride away.

"Jim, Jim, where are going?" I exclaimed.

"Aye golly, General, you can't depend on dis heah nigger now."

"Who comes there?" "A friend!" "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." "Field and Post Room."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
FRANK E. KINNEARD AND WILSON C. FOX,
320 MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG.

ENTERED IN THE HARRISBURG POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Fifty Cents per year, in advance. Postage prepaid.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE ARMY.

The army of the Potomac is in winter quarters. Scattered over the hills and valleys at Falmouth, Aquia creek, Belle Plain and elsewhere, covering a territory of several square miles can be seen the winter camps.

Here a brigade of infantry has taken possession of a wooded vale, and as far as the eye can see there are lines of regimental and company streets, laid out with mathematical precision. Trees have been felled and cut into suitable lengths and both sides of the streets are lined with log huts, seven or eight feet square, covered with canvas roofs, each with a small door in front, while in the rear is a mud and stick chimney, generally surmounted by an empty barrel to increase the draft.

These houses are of almost as many varying degrees of elegance and comfort as the houses of a town, and are a good index of the skill, ingenuity and industry of their occupants. And so with their furnishing. The bunks, beds, seats, fire-places are all camp made; some neatly and some shiftlessly constructed. In some, shelves have been put up; walls papered with *Harper's* or *Frank Leslie's*; tin cups and plates shine; a pocket mirror, brush and comb are conveniently hung; a few good books are on the shelves; a bright fire is glowing and an air of comfort pervades. "'Tis the night before Christmas."

The thermometer is nearly down to zero; the ground is covered with snow which creaks and glistens in the moonlight, reminding the boys of Christmas in their northern homes. There are other reminders. Christmas greens and holly berries adorn both the inside and outside of many tenements. Christmas trees are in front of many a door. The sutler's train has arrived overland from Washington and the sutler's tents are full of Christmas goods. Pies, ginger cakes, cheese, doughnuts, crackers, canned goods, tobacco, cigars, pipes, paper collars, blacking, toilet soap, watches and chains, revolvers, playing cards, whiskey in bottles to be sold on the sly and a miscellaneous assortment of notions dear to the soldier's

heart but dearer to his pocket, crowd the sutler's shelves and the intermediate space. Nor is this all. For weeks the mothers, sisters and friends at home have been preparing boxes to be sent to the boys at the front. They have come by express to Washington free of charge owing to the generosity of the express companies, and from thence Uncle Sam's mail steamers have brought them down the Potomac, and the quartermaster's mule teams have brought them into camp. For two or three days they have been arriving and to-day the last and largest installment was received.

Almost every boy has his box and is busy inspecting its contents. Roast chickens and turkeys, mince pies and Christmas plum puddings, handkerchiefs, gloves, mittens, neckties, jellies and jams, home made bread, everything eatable, drinkable and portable; everything that a fond mother or loving sister can imagine will minister to the comfort and pleasure of her soldier boy, has been sent without stint.

One has a present of a new fiddle, another has received his old banjo, with an invoice of the latest army songs and new music books. There are Sunday School hymns for pious ones and sentimental ballads for those whose tastes lead them in that direction.

There are backgammon boards and sets of chessmen, Victor Hugo's latest novel, "*Les Misérables*" and other books in great variety. There are souvenirs and keepsacks which will be of little use to the recipients, and which look strangely out of place in a soldier camp; but they are none the less prized, for they come with a mother's blessing and a sister's love. Most highly prized of all are the pictures of dear ones at home. In mother's face are lines of care and anxiety and sorrow that shall deepen till the war closes and her boy returns, if it be so ordered—if not they will never disappear. Sister's face has grown mature and womanly very fast during the stress of war, and there are little ones—baby faces on which are no traces of sorrow or lines of

laughing eyes and dimpled cheeks that bring rays of home sunlight straight into hearts that have not been thus cheered in well nigh two years. Of men and boys who during all that time have not eaten a meal prepared by woman's hand nor heard the tones of a woman's voice, except perhaps, of a hospital nurse. Who during all that time have seen no household nor heard the prattle of children's voices; and though they give small thought to the mother and child at Bethlehem, their souls go out with a great longing to their homes in

the north, where mothers keep watch and baby brothers and sisters nestle in their cribs this Christmas eve.

During the last eight months they have met the legions of Lee and Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson in a dozen battles. They have stood amid shrieking shells that drowned the whizz of minie-balls, and seen courades by scores drop dead at their sides, or torn limb from limb by exploding shells; and have not been moved as they are by these miniature baby faces. But quick are the transitions of a soldier's moods and feelings. The two or three occupants of each tent having fully examined their treasures are off to the next; and so they go from tent to tent, inspecting the contents of each other's boxes and tasting each other's eatables and drinkables.

They sample all the mince pies and fruit cakes until they are full to repletion. Some of them add various drinks of sutler's whiskey and of better grades which have come from home.

They puff new pipes filled with Turkish tobacco and test all grades and qualities of cigars. Turkeys, chickens, pigs feet, head cheese—everything is fish that comes to their net. He with the new fiddle joins him with the old banjo, and they are joined by another who has received the gift of a new set of castanets of the most approved minstrel show pattern. They play the old walk round:

"Will you, will you, fight for the Union,
Will you, will you, fight for Uncle Sam,"

while some of the other boys take the steps and join in a regular breakdown.

But hark? Off on the hill sounds a cavalry bugle and soon another and another takes up the refrain. The drummers beat the "tattoo" and in a few moments it will be "taps" and all must "bunk in" and every light must be out.

The demands of military discipline are inexorable and cannot yield even to Christmas eve. And so they hasten to their quarters and are soon in bed. But not to sleep. They are too full of thoughts of home and friends and of mince pie and plum cake for that. They lie through the long hours of the night in silent reverie. The Christmases of long ago pass in review and with them all the scenes of their childhood. Occasionally they talk with their bunk mates in subdued tones and again try to sleep. As the stars begin to pale and a faint flush appears in the east they drop off into dream-land, a sort of troubled nightmare sleep, wherein the scenes of their childhood are strangely mingled with the experiences of camp and battle, until gradually they sink into

a deep lethargy, only to be broken by the gruff voice of the orderly sergeant; "Company——turn out to roll call," and as they go stumbling out half dressed and more than half dazed into the frosty morning air, a dozen voices in unison give the glad old greeting "Merry Christmas."

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

The name of the hero of the following incident, as well as the number of his regiment, are suppressed; because, although the incident, taken as a whole, is entirely honorable to him, there may be those who would be wounded by the publication of his name in this connection. There are certainly hundreds of the survivors of the First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, who will have no difficulty in supplying both name and regiment; and there is much in the incident so characteristic of our volunteer officers, that it has something more than a local coloring. I mean by this that the same scene before the court-martial was frequently enacted in our armies, and that there were not a few cases where the accused finally vindicated himself in the same courageous and resolute way. To preserve the incognito, I shall style the victim Captain Johns. His regiment was of the Connecticut infantry.

Sheridan's battle of Winchester was fought September 19, 1864. About one week previous to it I was detailed as one of a general court-martial ordered by the general commanding the division above named, and which court convened in camp near Berryville. We disposed of several cases before the advance of the army, on the morning of the 19th, and suspended our proceedings—among others, that of Captain Johns. This officer had acquitted himself well upon the battle-field in Louisiana and was brave and competent, but he had fallen before the soldier's besetting sin—strong drink. Shortly before Sheridan had pressed the enemy back from Charlestown beyond Berryville,—they retired slowly, declining battle until near the latter place, when several regiments on our left became engaged. The affair began and ended in a slight skirmish, but the enemy remained in force close at hand, and peremptory orders were issued for the whole army to stand under arms until further orders. The regiment to which Captain Johns was attached was ordered about noon to take ground further to the front. The line was formed, but the captain was not present to command his company, and it moved without him. Some of the men came back to the old ground after some missing canteens and discovered Captain Johns stretched

at full length, hardly concealed by an old blanket, in a stupor of drunkenness. His exposure, and arrest followed as a matter of course, and the charges came before our court-martial for trial.

The facts as they are given above could not be denied. The accused only sought to extenuate them by a statement which he made to the court, and which was regarded in our deliberations as true. He said that he had been up all the previous night on picket, and came in that morning wet and fatigued. After drinking some whisky he lay down to sleep, and from that time he knew nothing until informed that he was under arrest. He supposed that the heat of the sun had produced the effects which had disgraced him, and pleaded that he had been guilty, at the most, of a mere inadvertence, which might well be overlooked in view of his past good conduct. He also introduced something which corroborated his statement.

I think we deliberated over this case two full hours. The defense was very simple, but no human ingenuity could have devised a better one. The articles of war are peremptory as to this offense, declaring that an officer found guilty of drunkenness on duty shall be cashiered. His conviction was, therefore, inevitable, and then the tug comes as to the sentence. The court was at first about evenly divided, some favoring the extreme penalty, and others urging that a qualified finding be adopted, which would show the extenuating circumstances of the case and justify a lighter sentence. A majority finally inclined to the side of extreme justice and the utmost penalty, among whom was a captain of the delinquent's own regiment. Two or three of us, who thought we saw an opportunity to save a valuable and experienced officer to the service and rescue him from a disgrace that might utterly ruin him, held out stoutly to the last, but it was in vain. The finding was simply "guilty" of both charges and specification, and the sentence "to be cashiered." At least one of that court returned to his tent that night with a distressful feeling of sympathy and pity for the condemned. His fault was a grave one and it had found him out, but a very slight change of circumstances would have screened him from exposure, and the consequences to him were painful in the last degree.

It is the greatest misery of these courts-martial that weeks may intervene between the action of the court and the publication of the order from headquarters reviewing the proceedings and confirming or disapproving the

sentence; and in the meantime the victim remains in arrest, if an officer, and in confinement, if an enlisted man, harrowed by doubts and fears as to his fate, while all the members of the court are bound to the strictest secrecy as to the proceedings. A more galling and tormenting situation for a sensitive, high-spirited man it is impossible to conceive. While Captain Johns was waiting in this un-avoidable situation, the 19th of September came and ushered in one of the most desperate and glorious battles of the war—Sheridan's Winchester. The orders for the advance early in the morning were issued the night before, and instantly the fire of this brave man's nature was aroused.—How could he remain in the rear while the—Connecticut was in battle? I do not know whether his action then taken was with the consent, or merely with the passive non-interference of his colonel, but I believe there was an entire willingness in his regiment that the captain should have a chance to redeem himself. So, when the line was formed in the mists of the morning that ushered in that day of terrific slaughter, Captain Johns took the right of his company, without a sword, amid the cheers of the men. With the regiment and at the head of the men he had been used to lead he crossed the Opequan and threw himself into the raging cauldron of battle that whirled and seethed and smoked that afternoon in the valley. Spare muskets were not wanting, as the hours went by, of those who could never use them again, and one of them Captain Johns wielded, instead of his forfeited sword. He held himself and his men to the grim work, escaped unscattered, and his conduct during the day was fully reported to headquarters of the army.

He had, according to the articles of war, committed another offense in resuming duty without orders, but General Sheridan was not the man to censure such a breach of arrest as this. In a few weeks came an order from the War Department reciting that Captain Johns had been dismissed the service, by order of General Sheridan, upon the action of a court-martial, but that before the publication of the order he had been recommended to be reinstated by the same General for gallant conduct at the battle of Winchester, which was accordingly done. He resumed his sword to the satisfaction of everybody who knew anything of the case, and during the remainder of his service his conduct was unexceptionable and more than justified the opinion which the minority of the court-martial had held as to the proper disposition of the charges.

It was my fortune during the war to have a large experience as member of general courts-martial and more than once I voted for the infliction of the death penalty, but the case of Captain Johns stood alone in the extraordinary elements of interest that surrounded it and in its fortunate sequel.

MEN OF STEEL.

Captain John S. Cutler, during the war, was on the convalescent list, and so was left behind at Brashear City, with some two hundred other convalescents, among them an old soldier known as "Old Gig." When our boys drove the enemy from the field with an exultant cry, the assailants, who understood the country thoroughly, turned their faces toward the almost unprotected camp at Brashear, and at early dawn on Monday morning, the twenty-second of June, they deployed suddenly upon the camp from a large wooded swamp in the rear of the little town, and took the men entirely by surprise.

Under Captain Cutler an attempt was made at resistance, but the onslaught was so sudden and unexpected that the men could not be brought together, and the attempt at defense was feeble. "Old Gig" was a man of iron frame, slow to move, always good natured, but with the grit of a bull-dog in his honest face. He was one of the last to yield. And this he did not do, although covered by three Confederate rifles, until, shielding himself behind a hogshead, he laid one of the riflemen low, and before he could reload for the others they rushed upon him, and, disarmed him, demanded his surrender. Even then he refused, and was immediately knocked down by a clubbed musket, when of one the enemy, placing a foot upon him, plunged a bayonet clean through his body and into the ground under him.

The bayonet was so rusted it was only with considerable effort that he could withdraw it. He raised it for a second plunge—then for the first time the sturdy old soldier cried "enough." The upraised arm was stayed and the desperately wounded man managed to crawl to a building a short distance away, where the Confederate surgeon was attending to the wounded brought in and was cared for by him. "You don't stand more than one chance in a thousand of living though," said the surgeon when he looked at "Old Gig." The wound was in the region of the stomach, but its exact location I am not able to give. Strange to say, he did not die, but recovered sufficiently to return on crutches to his home in Sherburn,

N. Y., where he finally died of the wound some eight years ago. "Old Gig" never could walk without his crutches after that fearful bayonet thrust.

About the time the scene just related was being enacted, or directly after it, that still more bloody one which I set out to relate took place. Captain Cutler, as soon as he saw the utter uselessness of all attempts at defense of the camp, withdrew to a house in the back part of the town, and seating himself in a chair upon an open stoop or veranda, dressed in full uniform, with his sword and revolver by his side, coolly waited the certain coming of the victors. He had not long to wait.

As soon as the resistance ceased, the enemy broke up into squads, and began looking for Union soldiers, taking prisoners all they came across. A squad of five of them approached the house where the Captain was quietly sitting, each armed with a rifle and flushed with victory. As soon as the Captain was spied, the five rifles were brought to bear on him, and the customary demand was made for his surrender. The Captain deigned no reply, but grasping his sword in one hand and his revolver in the other, he returned the summons with a look of stern defiance. The enemy halted, for they saw they had a determined spirit to deal with. Again they demanded that he surrender, while the five rifles pointed threateningly at his head.

"Gentlemen, I am battling for the Union, and shall never surrender," was the only reply they received.

The Captain was a fine soldierly looking man, of tall, commanding form, hair slightly tinged with gray, cleanly cut features, and resolution stamped in every lineament. His would be captors were men of hearts, and they could not but admire his unflinching bravery. But the rules of war are inexorable. The vanquished must yield to the victor. They first demanded and then begged of the captain to give up his arms and not throw his life away. They stated to him that unless he surrendered they would be obliged to shoot him. But his purpose was unalterable. He said:

"When I enlisted I swore that I would never surrender to a Confederate, and so help me God, I never will."

And he did not. The crack of five rifles broke upon the air, and the tall form of the rashly brave man sunk lifeless upon the floor. He died grasping the hilt of the sword he had drawn in defense of his country, and which he would not surrender, and his very death-look was one of stern defiance.

FIFTEENTH CORPS LEGEND.

Up to the time of the arrival of the troops from the Army of the Potomac, under Howard, Hooker, and Slocum, such a thing as a Corps badge was unknown to the Western troops. The advent of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, however, introduced the innovation.

The badges of the Eleventh and Twelfth, (from the Potomac,) before consolidation into the Twentieth, were respectively: Eleventh, a crescent; Twelfth, a star; which the troops had the habit of wearing of various material, but mostly of red flannel, upon the front of their caps.

This incident happened in this way:

On the return of the Fifteenth Corps from the relief of Knoxville, after having marched all the way from Memphis to Chattanooga, a soldier of the 8th Missouri—one of Sherman's hummers, an Irishman who had been a roustabout on the levees of St. Louis—came straggling along behind the column on a cold, dreary day—for that section; his knapsack slung on one shoulder, his blanket over the other; across his breast, and tied at his left hip, a greasy but empty haversack; pants worn and rent in many places, others sewed with a cord; no peak to his cap, his musket at "reverse arms," altogether presenting the appearance of general disgust and demoralization. Off from the road he was attracted by a headquarter's tent, and sentinel in a neat and comfortable uniform, whom he approached and accosted, when the following dialogue ensued:

"I say, Shtinil, could you tell me where my regiment is?"

"What regiment do you belong to?"

"8th Missouri, sure."

"What division?"

"Morgan III (L.) Smith's, ay, course."

"What brigade?"

"Plawat brigade? Faith, an don't you know it's Giles Smith's—the second brigade of Morgan's Illinois division?"

"What corps is it in?"

"Plawat coor is it? Ah, thin, ye blackguard, desint iverybody know its the Fifteenth coor?"

"How could I tell what corps you belonged to when you had no corps badge?"

"Noa badge, is it.—'Coor badge? Now, thin, plawat's a coor badge?"

"Do you see that crescent on my partner's hat? Well, that's the badge of his corps—the Eleventh; and this star on my cap is the badge of my corps—the Twelfth."

"Ho, ho! I see now. Thin's the lights yez

Potomac byes have to show home dark nights. Yez takes the moon and sbtars along wid yez."

Laughing at the witty remark, the sentinel responded:

"Well, what's the badge of your corps?"

Hesitating a moment to gather thought, then making a left face and slapping his right hand on his cartridge box, the Irishman replied:

"D'ye see that?" [Then a moment's pause.]

"Forty rounds in me cartridge box and twinty in me pocket.—That's the badge of Logan's Fifteenth coor, do ye mind that! that kem all the way from Vicksburg to help yez Potomac fellers foight at Chattanooga."

The incident having been related to General Logan the same evening by an officer who overheard it, the cartridge box, bearing the legend, "40 Rounds, U. S." was at once adopted by General Logan as the corps badge, and a general order to that effect issued next day.

**A TENNESSEE LOYALIST.**

Of a similar character for boldness and intrepidity to Parson Brownlow, was Hurst, the indomitable Unionist of Purdy, Tennessee. On returning from West Tennessee to make his periodical report of himself—being under heavy bonds to the rebel powers to do so, and stopping at his home, he had no sooner entered his house than he was told to fly for his life, as a new accusation of being a traitor and a spy had been made against him by a malacious old rebel neighbor.

He'd hardly time to make an appointment with a bound boy, who loved him more than he did his own father, to bring a favorite horse, that somehow escaped the thieving confiscations of the rebels, to the entrance of a certain alley in the town. Scarcely had he made the arrangement when a file of Confederate soldiers were seen coming toward the house. He slipped out at the back door, passed through a neighboring garden, and in a minute more was walking composedly down the principal street of the town. His bold and unconcerned appearance created quite a stir in the town. Men whispered together, and winked and wagged their heads significantly, and now and then would dart off to give the information, to the rebel guard, who were searching for him. He knew his time was short, that in a few minutes they would come in upon him from all sides, and his chance for life would not be worth a straw. He quickened his pace a little and suddenly entered an apothecary shop; dozens of men were watching him, and said—

"Now he is trapped; he'll be nabbed as he comes out!"

Hurst walked quickly through into the back room, called the proprietor in after him. The apothecary entered smilingly, thinking, doubtless, of how soon he should see his guest dancing upon nothing in the air. The moment he had entered, Hurst grasped him suddenly by the throat, and placing a pistol at his ear, told him that if he attempted to raise the slightest alarm, and did not do exactly as he told him, he would fire.

By this time the crowd had collected in front of the shop, and as they could not see what was passing in the back room, they waited until the guard should come up to arrest him. Hurst now opened the back door, and looking up the alley, he saw the faithful bond boy with the horse standing partly concealed in the entrance of the alley. He beckoned to the boy who quickly brought the horse to him. He then turned to the trembling fellow, and said:

"Now, sir, in the spot where you stand, the rifles of four of my faithful friends are covering you, they are hid in places that you least suspect, and if you move within the next ten minutes they will fire: but if you remain perfectly quiet they will not harm you."

The apothecary had become so completely "frickened," as the Irish would say, by the touch of cold steel at his ears, that he did not recognize the improbability of Hurst's story. In an instant more, Hurst had put spurs to his horse, and dashed out of the alley, leaving the terrified apothecary gaping after him, and the bond boy absolutely crying at his master's danger, and in another instant the rebel soldiers and the crowd entered the store, rushed through the back room and out at the door, just in time to see Hurst dashing out of the alley at full speed. Horses without number were at once in requisition, but Hurst distanced them all. He soon joined the Union army, and on its subsequent triumphant entry into Nashville, Hurst was on hand with them, naively remarking that he came so as "to defend his bondsmen from any damage they might suffer by his non-appearance, and 'report' himself as he had agreed!"

A CONFEDERATE MATCH FACTORY.

The first match factory in the Confederacy was in or rather near Atlanta. The owner was an Atlanta man. These matches were sold from Richmond to the gulf. Unlike some of our recent experiments in that line, there was no trouble about igniting the matches. A man did not have to strike one sixteen times, and

finally hit it on the head with a hammer, or light it by the fire. His main trouble was to keep the thing from going off prematurely, and the only effectual safeguard was to keep it in a bottle of water. They were the most utterly too previous matches ever seen in this or any other country. The enterprise was never profitable, because half the stock was invariably lost by spontaneous combustion. Wagon loads of matches on their way from the factory to the city would burst into a blaze half way on the road, scaring the driver and his mules out of their senses. Several Atlanta stores handled these useful marvels of home enterprise, but customers were cautioned to tread lightly for fear of jarring the matches into a conflagration, and the clerks were detailed to sit up every night and watch the troublesome stock.

The owner of this match factory put up the stuff in which the matches were dipped, and sold it for rat poison. It certainly killed the rats, but the hasty character of the stuff created such a panic in the city that the industry had to be squelched. A Whitelall street merchant bought a box of the poison one day and carrying it to his store tried to spread a dab of it on a piece of dry bread as a bait for the rats. He gave it one spread when there was a "whish!" and the whole affair blazed up in his face, singing off his whiskers. A few similar experiments prejudiced the people against the new poison. They said it was too rough on the rats to burn out their stomach with such an explosive. A complete collection of Atlanta manufactured products from '60 to '65 would be worth seeing. As a museum of curiosities it would draw crowds in any part of the country. But it is too late in the day to secure such a collection.

General Buckner says:

One of my pickets and a Federal picket were on posts where a stream was between them. At that time the soldiers of the Confederacy resembled Jack Falstaff's soldiers in their march through the country. The Federal picket halloed over, saying: "Hello! Johnnie; you fellows fight pretty well in those clothes, don't you?"

"Fight, hell; just wait, till you see us naked."

Victor Hugo's work, the *Les Miserables*, got into the Confederacy. It was printed on all kinds of paper, largely wall paper. It circulated among the troops, who, when Longstreet's corps reinforced us from the army of Northern Virginia, got nicknamed "Lee's *Miserables*."

FOR WHOM ARE THOSE SOCKS.

Here I sit at the same old work,
Knitting and knitting from daylight till dark;
Thread over and under, and back and through,
Knitting socks for—I don't know who;
But in fancy I've seen him, and talked with him, too.

He's no hero of gentle birth,
He's little in rank, but he's much in worth;
He's plain of speech, and strong of limb;
He's rich in heart, but he's poor of kin;
There are none at home to work for him.

He set his lips with a start and a frown
When he heard that the dear old flag was shot down
From the walls of Fort Sumter, and flung away
His tools and his apron, stopped but to say
To his comrades, "I'm going, whoever may stay;"
And was 'listed and gone by the close of the day.

And whether he watches to-night on the sea,
Or kindles his camp-fire on lone Tybee,
By river or mountain, wherever he be,
I know he's the noblest of all that are there,
The promptest to do, and the bravest to dare,
The strongest in trust, and the last to despair.

So here I sit at the same old work,
Knitting socks for the soldiers from daylight to dark,
And whispering low, as the thread flies through,
To him who shall wear them,—I don't know who,—
"Ah, my soldier, fight bravely; be patient, be true,
For some one is knitting and praying for you."

**How a Confederate Congressman Announced Freedom to his Slaves.**

Last week as I hurried down the street by the court house four old negroes were on the steps. Three were seated and one was standing, as though he had just joined the group or was just leaving it. As I passed I heard him say, "I was jes forty years old de mornin' dat Mars Tom tole me I was free." Then followed a comparison of ages as I got out of ear-shot.

The old darkey's sentence haunted me as I walked to my office. It clung about me all day, and as I sat with my heels on the front banisters after supper it captured me completely. My thoughts wandered back over those twenty-one years which have made the negro a full-grown freeman or should have done so. I remembered that April night very distinctly when I heard that announcement made to the little group of slaves owned by my father. I do not recall how they were summoned to the porch, but I remember that I stood with them and not with my father as he talked to them. There were thirteen slaves dwelling in our yard and who acknowledged the man who talked to them that night as their owner. Jim, Lewis, Savannah and Mez were the men. They were all skilled workmen, young and valuable. They were good-natured and honest and have continued so until now, except that Mez, the youngest of them, is now dead.

Jim and Lewis were blacksmiths, Savannah was a carpenter and Mez was a gardener. Adelaide was the oldest of the women and the mother of all the group except Jim and Lewis. She was a quadron of fine sense and of a proud and rebellious spirit. She had been handsome in her youth and the blood of some of the best families in the South runs in the veins of her children. Her daughters were intelligent, and though young could all read when they were liberated. They began at once to teach after emancipation.

Such was the group that stood in the twilight above the steps of the back porch that April night of which I speak. I had seen the same group gathered there all my life. The scene itself was not new. The back steps were near the dining room door and were about two feet above the yard. It was here that the men came for their daily orders and to make their reports. During the years of the war the servants came to the steps to hear news of the war and to ask about my father's brothers in the army. It was here that they came always at Christmas for their presents and drams. Standing around those steps, after the battle of Chancellorsville, they shed sympathetic tears as my grandmother read them the letter that told of the death of the eldest of the young soldiers. I well remember their kind words of sympathy and lament. But one week before this meeting of which I write we had all assembled to hear how the younger of those two soldiers had been killed at Petersburg, as Lee retreated.

When we gathered again there was no change in the party except the addition of my father. Yet we all felt that a great change had come. We had all known for weeks that the negroes were to be free; but neither "us children" nor the servants themselves had much idea of what it meant. In every conference before this the talk had been between master and slaves. Tonight found them in a changed relation. The master was one of a conquered people, a Southern Congressman without parole or pardon, talking to people freed from his ownership and occupying a political position of an unformed and nondescript nature, undefined by law or custom. There was no municipal law and no law officers. This master nor his manumitted slaves had any position as citizens of the United States. The Second New York Cavalry had just ridden into Talladega and taken possession as a garrison. Neither master nor servants knew what the morning or even that night would bring forth.

The speech made by my father dwells in my

memory though I have heard and forgotten many speeches from him since then. He said: "I have called you to tell you what you have already heard, that you are free. The Yankees have conquered us, and all the negroes in the South are free. I don't know what will be done. I don't what I will do, and I don't know what to advise you to do. For the present, I think we would better live as we are now living. You can all eat and sleep here until the government is settled, or you can leave and go anywhere you please."

Then came a torrent of questions as to whether the Yankees would not carry them North; whether they were to have the rights of white men; whether they would have homes of their own, or would always have to live with white people. It was finally decided that all were to stay at the old home for a few weeks, doing their accustomed duties, and living in their old habits, until things became settled and events shaped themselves. In thinking back over that scene, I can compare it to nothing but a great business firm of long standing, which has suddenly failed, and a consultation of owners and clerks is held to talk over the future. The South was ruined. There was no government, no business, no money, no food supply, and it looked indeed as if the end had come. Men were coming home every day without money and without business.

The little scene that I have drawn was occurring in every yard in the South. Consternation was the spirit which presided over the South during those spring days of 1865. There was not a home without a vacant chair, and fear and despair drove sleep from every pillow. In many places the negroes left the plantations and flocked to town in droves, where garrisons had been established. All that summer chaos reigned, and not yet have all men become reconciled to the new order of things. One by one freedmen changed their homes and set up for themselves. The men who stood as slaves around our porch in the twilight of approaching freedom, with one exception, are freeholders and good citizens to-day, but they love to talk of the deal master and the days now gone forever.

CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

A western comrade, who is troubled with insomnia, was telling a friend, who is a noted wit, of his condition, when his friend said that he had been afflicted that way himself, but had found a cure for it.

"For heaven's sake, tell me what it is?"

"Well, Colonel, just before retiring I take a

big drink of whiskey, then I go to bed and if I don't go to sleep in an hour I get up and double the dose. Then I go to bed and if I don't go to sleep I get up and take two more big drinks and try it again. If I am still sleepless, I get up and take another big dose, and by that time I am so full that I don't care a blank whether I go to sleep or not."

HE LOST AN ARM AT GETTYSBURG.

"And so," said the lady of the house, after the transient personage had cleared the cloth and licked the platter clean, "and so you lost your arm at Gettysburg, poor man?" "Yes, 'm," replied the tramp, his voice trembling with emotion, so the lady thought, as he recalled that glorious field of conflict. "And on what day was it that you were wounded?" continued his fair interlocutor, "the first, the second or the last day of the battle?" "Oh," replied the tramp, "I was there but one day, and there was no battle at all. It was only a blasted cad on horseback that ran over me as I was sleeping under a fence." "But you were in the army?" "Army? Not me; it was last summer, during one of them excursions."

LET 'EM WAVE.

The following hit on an old captain in Connecticut is too good to be lost, so we give it to our readers:

An old veteran, rather grim and gray,
Scolded his buxom wife, one day,
Because some things that babies wear,
Were swinging in the front yard air.
He said he thought the better place
Was in the shady back yard space,
Since garments of that make and kind
Had best be always kept behind.
She only smiled to be thus blamed,
And asked him why he was ashamed
To see the Patriot's loving sign
Hang gracefully from their own clothes line.
"How Patriot's, madam," cried the man:
"Really, I do not understand?"
"Ha! ha!" laughed the wife,
Her face free from care,
"That's the Flag of our UNION
Waving there!"

P. S.—Then they kissed and made up, and the captain said: "Let em wave."

During the year 1887 we will devote a portion of our publication to scenes and incidents that occurred in Harrisburg and at "Camp Curtin" from 1861 to 1865. We have the data and propose to make them entertaining.

FOLLOWING "GENERAL PICKETT."

A dusty, grizzly, crippled man of fifty, leaning a good share of his weight on a cane when he walked, sat on the post-office steps yesterday while he ate a dry crust of bread. He was nibbling away, trying to find the soft side, when he looked up and saw that he was watched.

"Say, Yank, do you call this tuff?" he called out as he chewed away.

"Well, dry bread isn't much of a meat," was the answer.

"That's so, but when rations ar' low and the commissary wagon is in the rear you've got to fill up on the best you have. I've been camping out 'longside of dry bread and water for a whole month."

"Going anywhere?"

"I reckon. I'm allus goin' somewhar' and never gittin' thar."

"On the tramp?"

"Kinder, though I call it on the march. You see I got flanked by the hard times, and I'm changing my base. I'm looking for risin' ground now on which to form a new battle line. I've got a brother out here in Kent county and I'm marching that way."

"You were in the war?"

"Wasn't I! Can't I shet my eyes and see jist how General Pickett looked when he led us nigh your Second corps down at Gettysburg on the 3d of July? Wasn't it bilin' down thar' that day! Woof! but how one of us got back behind Wright's brigade alive is more'n I can tell."

"So you were under Pickett?"

"Right under General Pickett, and I can see the lay of the ground on that day as plain as that 'ere boss. If I'd been lyin' back under the wagon that day I wouldn't hey got two bullets in me nor been jabbed with a bayonet. Lord, stranger, but I thought I was a goner in that fight! I can't talk about it 'thout chills creeping up my back."

"Yes, it was hot."

"Hot! Well, when thirty-nine men out of a company of fifty are killed dead, and six of the other 'leven are wounded, you may reckon somebody was tryin' to hurt 'we nuss!" It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. All our guns had been boomin' away for three hours to break the Federal center, and Pickett was to send us 'n stormin' party. The regiments fell in like clock-work, lots of the boys looking white around the gills, and no one but the officers speaking above a whisper. We knew we were going to charge rifle-pits and old vets behind them, and that lots of us were goin' over

to the Emmettsburg road to stay thar' forever. Wah! but I crawl wile'n I think of it."

He tossed the crust away with a look of contempt, grasped his cane with a firmer grip, and said:

"Pickett led, and behind were Pettigrew's men. 'Attention! Forward!' And went down in steady lines, every company dressed as if on parade, and every body waiting for the ball to open. Boom! Boom! 'You uns' opened on us with forty cannons, all boomen' at once and it was awful, sir, to hear the screamin' of grape and canister. It tore men to pieces and sent their blood spurtin' on all sides. It took off legs and arms, and the poor fellows shrieked out in awful agony. 'March! March!' and by and by we rushed at the guns with a yell. Behind 'em were the rifle pits, and beyond were lines six or eight deep. Sieh a roar! Sieh screams and yells and shrieks! Stranger, I believe I got jist as near old Satan's headquarters that day as a live man can."

"And you were driven back?"

"Yes, but the ground was covered with dead men first. They lay thar in heaps. We trod on 'em as we surged up and fell back, and the wounded, driven to madness, caught at our legs or struck at us as we went past. We were among the guns when I got this bullet in the shoulder. Down I went and I got this one in the leg. I was hangin' to the wheel of a gun and pullin' myself up when somebody clucked a bayonet into me and that laid me, and it was months before I got out."

"And now?"

"Well, I dunno. I ain't of much account, but mebbe smthin' will turn up by and by. I'm marchin' on to see my brother, and like enough I'll go into camp thar."

"And forget your battles?"

"And forget nuthin! You 'uns and we 'uns are all right now—no more war to ever come between us, but I'd rather lose this right arm than to forgit how General Pickett looked that day, as 5,000 men behind him marched down to death. If ye fought on the Union side I'll divide my crusts with ye, give ye the biggest half of my bed, but when ye keep step with a man down to the jaws of death and go back alone, if ye ever forgit him ye are a wolf! That's me, stranger, and now—"Attention! File right—march!"

And he moved away with a slow and painful step, to pitch his tent again when his old wounds ached.



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Vol. 1

HARRISBURG, PA., APRIL, 1886.

No. 4

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HARRISBURG, PA., MAY, 1886.

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HARRISBURG, PA., JUNE, 1886.

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No. 11

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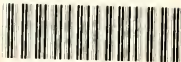
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